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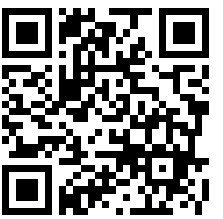

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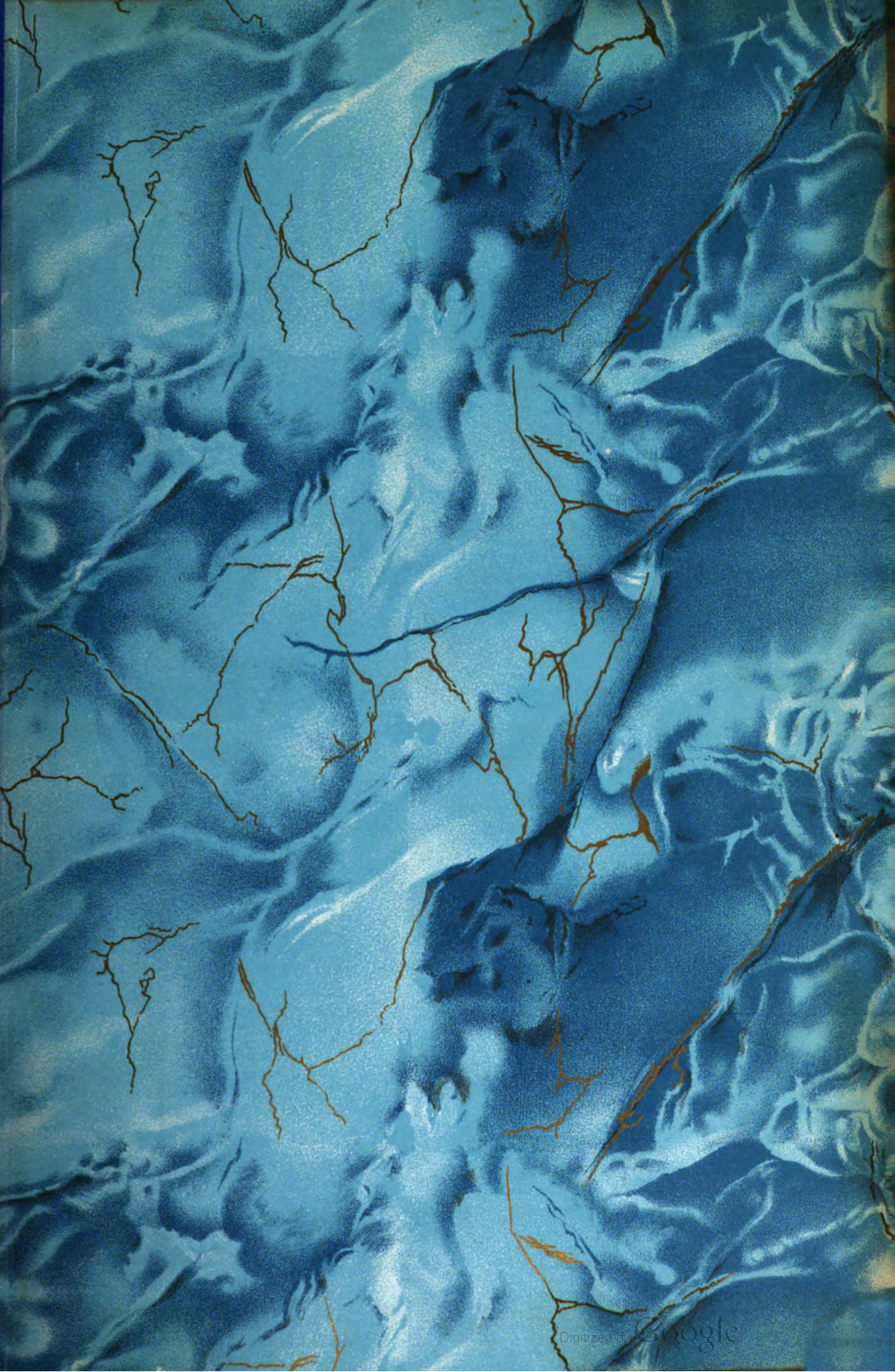
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Volume XXVIII
1926

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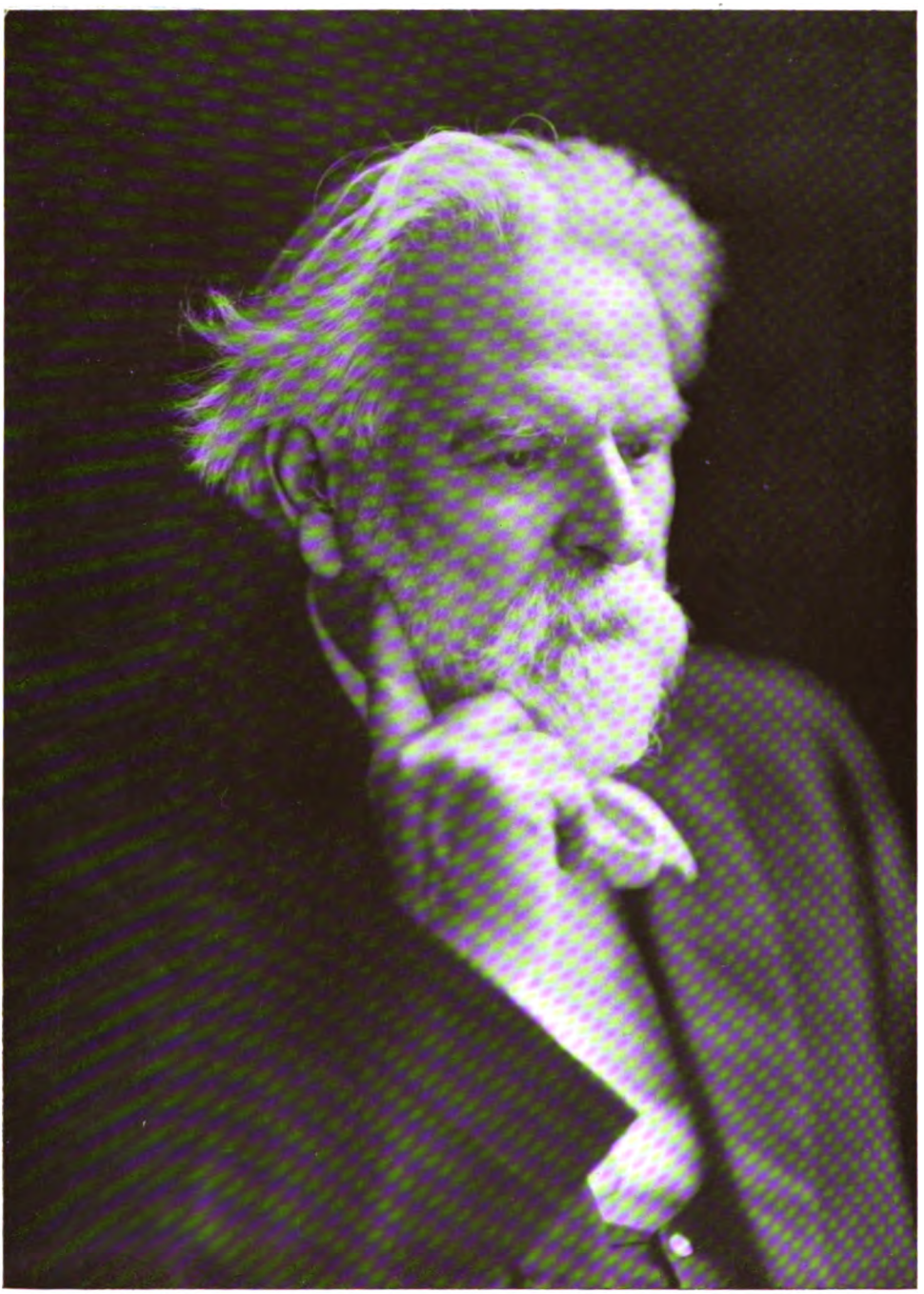

Edwin Markham

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
CHRONICLE

Vol. XXVIII JANUARY, 1926 Number 1

OUR ISRAFEL

IN MEMORY OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDWIN MARKHAM

A WORD OF INTRODUCTION

This remarkable poem appeared in the July issue of the POETRY REVIEW *(published in London) and was adjudged the best of some two hundred poems submitted by writers from many countries. The contest was for the purpose of focusing the attention of the literary world on the memorial cottage for Poe at Fordham. The judges were Alfred Noyes and five leading editors. It afterward appeared in a tiny booklet in order that visitors at the Poe Cottage might have the opportunity of purchasing copies. The poem is of such importance that a wider presentation of it seems imperative.*

In a letter to the editor, Mr. Markham says, "You are right in feeling that I have pressed all my energies into the work of this poem. It is indeed the burst of my whole mind, a mind which has been formed by fifty years of devotion to a study of the genius and fate of Edgar Allan Poe. I have read nearly everything that has been written about him; I have come more and more to feel the tragic misfortunes of his career and the sad injustice of many of the commentaries upon it. MY ISRAFEL *gave me what I was looking for—an opportunity to gratify the noble pleasure of praising."*

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I

The sad great gifts the austere Muses bring—
Breathing on poets the immortal breath—
Were laid on him that he might darkly sing
Of Beauty, Love and Death.
They laid upon him dreams of high romance,
A hunger for a loveliness more strange
Than earth can give in all her piteous chance,
In all her changeless change.
They sent him dreams of beauty's starrier birth,
Dreams of a beauty touched with tragic grief—
A wilder beauty than is known to earth,
Where beauty is so brief.
They laid upon him music's trembling charm,
The mystery of sound, of shaken air,
Whose touch can still the spirit or alarm—
Build rapture, build despair.
They struck him with imagination's rod,
The power that built these heavens that soar and seem—
These heavens that are the daring of some God
Stirred by the lyric dream.
And then (for, oh, the Muses do not spare!)
They set for him one final gift apart:
They gave him sorrow as a pack to bear,
Sorrow to break the heart.

II

And so they called the poet into Time,
The saddest and the proudest of the race
That ever came this way with sound of rhyme,
In quest of Beauty's face.
He knew life's immemorial grief—the cry
Of young Love with the ruined rainbow wings,
The pathos of the vanishing, the sigh
Out of all mortal things.

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For he was son to Proserpine, and she
Drew his proud bark to many a secret shore
Of the dim continents whose names shall be
Night and the Nevermore.
Steering toward Shadow with melodious helm,
He touched with sombre prow the wharves of Dis,
Exploring all the hushed and hollow realm
This side the last abyss.
He knew, too, all the melancholy sounds
That beat about the pale Lethean piers;
And in his side he felt the secret wounds
Known to the lyric seers.
He mused among the gray sarcophagi,
While far upon the rim of ruin fled
A host of hooded forms that hurried by
With laughters to the dead.
He lookt on cities in their crumbling hours,
Where Death obscurely mumbles out his rune,
Hoary, remote, alone, where time-torn towers
Hang spectral in the moon.

III

He walked our streets as on a lonely strand:
His country was not here—it was afar.
Not here his home, not here his motherland,
But in some statelier star.
Life was his exile, Earth his alien shore,
And these were foreign faces that he passed;
For he had other language, other lore,
And he must home at last.
His country was not here, but in the isles
Of Aiden ringed around with lustrous seas,
Where golden galleys skim the silver miles
Or sleep upon the breeze.
And there were gardens where the waters sing
In valleys of a many-colored grass,
Where strange-eyed birds go by on rainbow wing,
And rose-pale maidens pass—

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Gardens of hyacinths and asphodels,
Inwoven with the sound of warbling rills,
With triple-tinted suns and lilied wells,
Walled in by golden hills.
And there he built him palaces of song,
Lifting their spires against the pallid moon,
With corridors where shapes of shadow throng
When night is at her noon.
He sought his dream-love there by many names
Of beauty and of wonder and of peace—
Lenore, Ligeia (burning like pale flames),
Morella, Berenice.
He trod high chambers lit with ruby light,
And heard in the hush the ghostly arras stir,
And stir again, in the deep and secret night,
With memories of her.
He knew the demon whispers in the deep,
And songs of deathless love where seraphs are;
He saw the cliffs of Time, a ghostly heap,
But over the cliffs a star!

IV

O POET, not for you the trampling street,
The wrangling crowds that cry and clutch for gold;
And so you followed Beauty's flying feet
Into the dim and old.
O poet, life was bitter to your heart:
These stones have memories of the tears you shed:
Forgive the serpent tongue, the flying dart—
Forgive us from the dead.
You sang your song; we gave you scorn for pay;
For beauty's bread we gave a stone, and yet
Because our eyes were holden on the way,
Remember to forget.
Sing, Israfel: you have your star at last,
Your morning star; but we—we still must live!
So now that all is over, all is past,
Forget, forget—forgive!

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A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL AFRICA*

T. A. RICKARD

Our party consisted of three, James S. Douglas, George Kingdon, and myself, all mining engineers. My two friends live in Arizona, and are connected prominently with copper-mining operations on a large and profitable scale. We met at New York, and sailed on the 'France,' of the French line, on February 28, 1925. Soon after going aboard I renewed acquaintance with a French engineer, Captain Altmayer, who introduced us to three of his fellow-countrymen, so that our party found itself soon in the thick of international politics, with particular reference to postwar conditions. *Tot homines, quot sententiae.* Our French companions complained that England was too gentle to our late enemy, Germany; they said that this gentleness sprang from the desire to promote trade; they asserted that England forgave her enemies and forgot her friends; they talked of war and rumors of war as many of us talk of golf! Altmayer insisted that the partition of Germany into north and south, Protestant and Romanist, would have prevented Germany from doing further harm, particularly to France, and that Germany escaped proper punishment by reason of the influence exerted by the money-changers, *la haute Juiverie internationale.* To us Americans these Frenchmen said: "We had an unequal fight with Germany; you came to help us; then you let us down; why save us only to let us perish later?" The funding of the British debt to the United States, they

* A paper read before the Berkeley Club, University of California, on August 28, 1925.

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considered as an act of bad faith to the other allies; and, so complaining, they passed to the sinister suggestion that there were persons in France who advocated an alliance with Germany, to establish economic solidarity, and thereby to defeat the designs of perfidious Albion! Comment is superfluous. One is reminded of the blunder, to put it mildly, made by the English and French in the Near East, when one power assisted the Greeks and the other our late enemy the Turks, with results completely stultifying to the previous allied policy as expressed by the Treaty of Lausanne. Have governments no conscience? On arrival in London, I heard the English side of the controversy. The French, I was told, are too temperamental and individualistic as a nation, they can see only one side of a case, namely, their own, and they are too unwilling to compromise. They are inclined to shout rather than listen; therefore they are slow to help in restoring Europe to economic health.

My first impression of London was of a people serious and sad; their clothes seemed dull and shabby; old men were too numerous, and too many were the crippled soldiers that disguised their beggary by selling matches or pencils on the street. I went to a *revue* at the Duke of York theater; in the course of the play the chief actor said that "there was a time when England could laugh; now there is nothing to laugh about." The remark evoked applause. The next morning the manager of the hotel (a woman) asked me how I liked the *revue*, and when I mentioned the undertone of sadness she told me that there had been five men in her family, of whom four had fallen in the War, leaving only her aged father. Her plight was not so exceptional as it seems to us. We escaped the need for the greater sacrifice.

The British have lost a good deal, but they retain their adverbs. "Caution, Drive Slowly," I read. In the United States the adjective 'slow' would suffice. Nor have the British lost the habit of saying 'Thank you' when occasion arises. Small tips are acknowledged pleasantly, and one does not feel it an exaction to recognize courteous service.

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On March 13 we sailed from Southhampton for Cape Town. Our ship was the Union-Castle liner, the 'Saxon,' on which we made the journey comfortably in 17 days, the distance being 6100 miles. It was pleasant to escape from the cold east winds of London into the balmy air of summer seas. The romance of wireless telegraphy was brought home to us when one of our party exchanged greetings with his wife, who was entering the Mediterranean on a steamer from New York at the time when her husband was approaching the island of Madeira. This is a Portuguese possession. Next day we passed the Cape Verde Islands, which belong to Spain. The ship's company was mostly British, either insular or overseas, and the affairs of South Africa were discussed as much as those of Europe. My first glimpse of South Africa was in the early dawn, when the lights of Cape Town were being extinguished and the sunrise was bathing the battlemented cliffs of Table Mountain. This famous landmark has a tabular top, caused by the nearly horizontal stratification of beds of sandstone and quartzite, resting upon the basal granite. The town and the harbor lie at the foot of the mountain, together composing a picture that is worthy of the story in which they play so large a part.

Upon disembarking at the dock the first note of strangeness was struck by the black and brown skins of the porters and stevedores. The colored population of Cape Town is 125,000, as against 90,000 whites. Every shade of miscegenation is to be seen. The Union of South Africa consists of four provinces, the Cape, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State, the aggregate area being 473,000 square miles. The total population is 7,000,000, of which 5,000,000 are of native, that is, negroid, race. In Natal the natives keep themselves apart from the whites; in the Transvaal miscegenation is forbidden by law, but in the Cape Colony there is no restriction, and the result is lamentable.

On landing I saw a sign: 'No Smoking,' and underneath 'Niet Roken.' We were in a bilingual country. Cape Town is Kaapstad. Every public notice is printed in two langu-

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ages, English and Afrikaans. The latter is also known as the Taal; it is the speech of the Boers and is a dialect of Dutch, French, English, and Kaffir derivations. The old Dutch, or High Dutch, language is known to few. According to law, the proceedings of Parliament must be recorded both in English and High Dutch, the literary language of Holland, from which came the founders of the Cape Colony, in 1652. Six years later the first Negro slaves from the West Coast were landed, as well as slaves from the Dutch East Indies, Java, and Malacca, these last being known as Malays, and contributing further to the *cloaca gentium*. The English dispossessed the Dutch in 1814, and in 1833 the emancipation of the slaves released 39,000 of them in the Cape Colony. This act of the British Government, and the manner in which it was done, so irritated the old Dutch settlers that many of them went forth in their covered wagons into the wilderness, where they founded new settlements along the Orange River and across the Vaal, these becoming in due course the republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The English prohibited the use of Dutch in the courts, thereby causing further annoyance to the Boers, a name by which the Dutch, and French, farmers and herdsmen became known. The antagonism between the Dutch and English has survived to this day, despite the healing effect of loyal coöperation in the war against Germany, and despite the obvious need for similar coöperation in facing the insistent problem of exercising control over the overwhelming majority of negroid people.

While at Cape Town I went to the House of Assembly, to listen to a parliamentary debate. At the start of the day's session the Speaker recites a prayer; one day it is spoken in English; the next in High Dutch. Every motion, when put to the House by the Speaker is stated first in one language, then in the other. As I listened to the debate I discovered that four languages or dialects were being spoken: High Dutch, Low Dutch or Afrikaans, literary English, and illiterate English. The government of the Union just now is in the combined hands of the Boer and Labor parties,

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under the leadership of General Herzog, he, as premier, having succeeded General Smuts, who, like his predecessor, General Botha, had endeavored to obliterate the old antagonism by establishing goodwill between the two racial factions in an effort to promote the industrial and economic solidarity of South Africa. While we were there, however, General Herzog stated frankly in public that neither he nor his party had any intention of advocating secession from the British commonwealth. Nevertheless the attempt to introduce Afrikaans in place of High Dutch in the proceedings of Parliament marks a tendency that is regrettable, because it perpetuates a schism, which, to an American, seems out of date and highly prejudicial to the best interests of the country. Afrikaans is only a dialect; it is not a literary language, as is proved by the fact that it has not yet crystallized into a dictionary. Any boy or girl of Dutch stock that restricts himself or herself to the Boer jargon is cut off completely from the great body of literature in which the history and philosophy of the world are preserved. In Afrikaans, a dining-car is *eet salon*, and a railroad is *spurwegen*, which means track-way, so that it fails to signify the characteristic of the steel road on which our material civilization has progressed for a hundred years.

The Boer Premier resides in the house of his former antagonist, Rhodes, who left his place of residence, Groote Schurr, for the use of the premiers who would succeed him. The grounds that went with the house are now a public park. This is situated on the northern slope of Table Mountain, on which also, at a higher level, is the memorial to Rhodes, placed near the spot where he used to sit, and, looking steadily northward, dream his dream of extending the British dominion into the untrodden wilderness. A bronze statue, in contemplative pose, guarded by two rows of lions, in serried steps, is inscribed with the words: "To the spirit and life-work of Cecil John Rhodes, who loved and served South Africa." Yes, as Kipling has written, "living he was the land, and dead his soul shall be her soul." The spirit of Rhodes survives, the tradition of his work is strong through-

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out South Africa, and no orator can speak of the past or future of the country without invoking his memory.

From Cape Town we went to Kimberley, the center of the diamond mines whose story is so closely linked with Rhodes. When a boy of 18, in 1871, he came to the diggings from a cotton farm in Natal, to which he had gone from England for his health. Rhodes and his brother pegged some claims at Kimberley, and in due course he became one of the chief operators. Soon he acquired great wealth, which he used for the fulfillment of his political designs, to paint the map of South Africa pink—to make it British. He was, as Roseberry said, a practical visionary; he combined the commercial with the imaginative. The diamond industry of Kimberley not only yielded Rhodes the money needed to win success in his crude but effective methods of statesmanship, the mines were the first step of an industrial expansion that gave form and substance to the dream of the empire-builder. The slave-trader, the missionary, and the big-game hunter in turn had traversed the jungle and the wilderness of what in our schoolboy days was Darkest Africa, a blank on the map wherein the Mountains of the Moon, the sources of the Nile, and the caves of the pigmies lurked in tropic obscurity. The slave-driver, the missionary, and the hunter pulled the curtain aside momentarily as each in turn emerged from the darkness, but the curtain closed behind them promptly, and no light entered the gloomy hinterlands of South Africa. It was the miner that tore the curtain down and admitted civilization into the jungle. In 1867 a little child, playing on the banks of the Orange River, picked up a shining pebble. It was a diamond. The discovery led to the development of a greatly productive industry, which in turn supplied the capital for the gold mines of the Witwatersrand, when, in 1886, they were discovered in the Transvaal. Rhodes was one of the first to participate in the acquisition of mining rights in what became the greatest gold-field in the world. Last year it yielded $200,000,000 in gold. We went thither from Kimberley.

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This mining district is known as the Rand, which is abbreviated from Witwatersrand, or White Waters Range, the name given by the Boer herdsmen when they found clear water on these wind-swept highlands, six thousand feet above the sea. The mines are distributed for a distance of sixty miles along the strike, or line, of a seam of conglomerate that yields gold in the proportion of a third of an ounce per ton. The deepest workings are now 6500 feet vertically below the surface. The digging is done by Kaffirs, the generic term for various negroid races recruited in the adjoining regions. Of these 180,000 work in the mines under the supervision of 19,000 whites. The natives live in compounds, rectangular enclosures made by lines of single-storied housing facing inward. They are well fed, they receive medical care, and they are paid five shillings per day on agreement to remain at work for various lengths of time, from six to eighteen months. The white man underground averages 25 shillings per day. He is separated from the native by a color bar, that is, the native is restricted mainly to labor of a purely mechanical kind, leaving skilled work to the white. This differentiation is recognized by regulations, and even by law. The idea is chiefly Dutch, the purpose being to give the inefficient white man a better chance of employment. This question was being discussed in the Union parliament during my visit, and much intellectual dishonesty was apparent in the debate. The Dutch and the Labor party wished to restrict the native's chances, in favor of the poorer kind of whites, whereas those interested in the mines, the financiers and promoters, representing what we in the United States term 'the big interests,' wanted to enlarge the scope of the black men in order to curb the arrogance of the labor unions, and decrease the cost of mining the gold by lowering the average wages.

In approaching this question of racial ascendancy, we must recognize the fact that the Kaffirs are not a decaying, but a virile race; in the next fifty years they are likely to increase to 16,500,000, as against the 5,000,000 now in the

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Union of South Africa. The question is whether to educate them to the full privileges of citizenship or to limit their training to manual labor? It seems to me that it will be best for both races, the European and the African, that the limited intelligence of the Negro be not tried too severely by forcing upon him an education that is only a cerebral ferment, but that he be given a manual training, plus instruction in hygiene and agriculture. To give him the same teaching as a white child entails the eventual granting of citizenship, which would again bring an end to white domination, and result in the industrial ruin of the country, if not worse. The people of South Africa are faced with a condition, a deeply serious one, and not a theory, however attractive may be the generous thought of equal treatment for every member of the community.

While at Johannesburg we went by automobile to Pretoria, 32 miles distant, the capital of the Transvaal during Kruger's règime and now the administrative center of the Union. There we saw the new Government building, and also Kruger's cottage, in the porch of which rest couchant two lions in white marble, the gift of one of the Jewish mine operators. Opposite is the church that he attended, the clock in the tower being remarkable on account of having no hands to mark the time. It is said that another mining magnate gave two golden hands for this clock, and that when Kruger fled from Pretoria, in 1900, on the approach of the British forces, he took them with him in his flight to Delagoa Bay. The story may be only *ben trovato* but I can testify to the fact that the hands of the clock are gone!

Paul Kruger was a survivor from an older dispensation; he was an ignorant, obstinate, but shrewd man, who, in his attempt to maintain the Boer ascendancy, profited from the blunders of his opponents. Their chief blunder was a criminal fiasco; I refer to the Jameson raid, which was a piece of rank filibustering, and by its failure stultified all the efforts of Rhodes and others to promote goodwill between the Dutch and English settlers in South Africa. The Boer trek into the wilderness, and the founding of the Transvaal

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had much in common with the Mormon settlement on the shore of the Great Salt Lake. Brigham Young and his followers wished to be isolated, the better to live in their own fashion, including the practice of polygamy; Kruger and his followers likewise detached themselves from the Cape Colony in the desire to live in their own way, unhampered by the restraints of European culture, more particularly the British edict against slavery. Both the Mormon and the Boer communities thought they had isolated themselves completely, but the great tide of industrial civilization overtook them, swamped them, and left only a heroic memory of their great adventure.

From Johannesburg we went, by rail, to Bulawayo, a distance of 681 miles. We passed through Mafeking, a name now synonymous with hysteric jubilation, on account of the wild celebrations that marked the news of the relief of this town after a long siege by the Boers, on May 17, 1900. The day after our arrival at Bulawayo we went 30 miles by automobile to the foot of the Matoppo hills where Rhodes is buried. We walked for three-quarters of a mile to the top of a granite tor, a weather-worn mass of rock. In the granite floor, among several large boulders that shelter it, is the grave of the empire-builder. The inscription reads: "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." Nearby, outside the circle of granite boulders, sleeps Jameson. "Here lies Leader Starr Jameson." I like the absence of titles; in the presence of Death all prefixes and suffixes seem pitiful. Rhodes chose this site as the Valhalla of Rhodesia; he called it the View of the World, at the time when he found the body of Moselikatse, the famous Matabele warrior, in one of the caves on the top of these Matoppo hills. As a matter of fact the view is not anything wonderful, but today the eye of the imagination gains a wide perspective and all the romantic drama of South Africa development is recalled as one stands by the tomb of Rhodes and that of his faithful comrade. The town of Bulawayo has its monument to Rhodes, but I liked the other memorials of him even more, the avenues of trees that he planted in many parts of South

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Africa, the playgrounds and clubs that he established for the workers, the princely gifts of a great adventurer.

From Bulawayo we went, still by rail, 280 miles to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. The great leap of the Zambesi is one of the wonders of the world. The edge of the falls is 6,000 feet long, the drop is 400 feet. Niagara has an edge 2,500 feet long and a height of only 160 feet. We were there at the close of an unusually wet season, therefore the volume of water pouring over the brink was stupendous—about 120,000,000 gallons per minute! Owing to the tropical climate the spray does not condense quickly, therefore a huge cloud rises from the falls, to be seen at a distance of 28 miles. The roar of waters can be heard 15 miles away. Hence the native name, Mosi-oa-tunya, the smoke that sounds. When the river is in flood the falls can be seen best by going into the so-called rain forest, on the near side of the deep rift into which the water tumbles. This has to be done in bathing costume. When the wind blows aside the sheet of rain one obtains a fleeting glimpse of the stupendous cataract, as of ten thousand horses with white manes and white tails plunging headlong into the abyss. To an engineer the waste of this white horsepower makes an instant appeal. We could not see the whole face of the falls, but by moving from one point of vantage to another on the edge of the rift, only 150 yards wide, we obtained glimpses of different parts, and so gained a proper impression of the immensity of the phenomenon, the beauty of which is enhanced by the fact that its natural setting, in the tropical jungle, remains as yet unspoiled.

The falls were discovered by David Livingstone in 1855. From here to Zanzibar—a distance of 2500 miles—we crossed his trail repeatedly, for he spent many years in this central part of Africa, bringing the kindly light of his winning personality into the darkness and dirt of savagery. He tried hard, by his explorations, to solve the riddle of the Nile's source, and at the last was misled into believing that the upper tributaries of the Congo were those of the river of Egypt. Another subject that engaged his earnest attention

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was the slave trade, the horrible evidences of which pained his gentle heart and caused him, strenuously and successfully, to use his pen in an attempt to bestir England, and Europe generally, to make a determined effort to end the horrible traffic. He exposed the villainies of the Arab and Portuguese traders, and it was fitting therefore that his epitaph in Westminster Abbey should quote his eloquent appeal to heal "the open sore of the world." Not more than twenty years ago, mining explorers in these parts, on the Zambesi-Congo divide, came in contact with both slavery and cannibalism. I have met men who broke into a native village and released slaves that were in chains, expecting not only to be killed but to be ingested by their captors. A red trail of human blood crossed Africa from Zanzibar to Benguella, and over that bloody path came many of the forefathers of our own negroid population. The ivory trade was the incentive to traffic in human stock; when the supply of ivory ran short the natives, not the Arabs and Portuguese only, used captives for barter, to buy foreign goods. Four yards of cotton cloth was the price of a man. Legitimate commerce has proved the cure for the inhuman trade—that and the idea of compassion implicit in Christianity.

Rhodes and Livingstone respectively stood for two expressions of our civilization: the first represented the material and the other the spiritual manifestation of human culture. It was the miner, more than any other pioneer, that opened up the dark places of Africa and introduced modern industry into vast regions wherein slavery, witchcraft, tribal warfare, and disease thrived unhindered. Rhodes was the leader of the mining invasion; he was the master mind of imperial expansion and corporate finance; Livingstone was the messenger of human kindness and of the Christian idea of compassion. They supplemented each other; but even Livingstone himself understood that he could accomplish little so long as slavery survived, and that slavery found its excuse in the barter of people who had no legitimate commerce; he knew that the engineer, of mines and of railways, was the real forerunner of our civilization. His successor, a

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missionary, Dr. Laws, wrote recently to Robert Williams, a partner of Rhodes, saying that their work contributed to the same end, and that he often associated with the engineer's work the text: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." So a pioneer of Christianity in the equatorial jungle showed appreciation of the help he obtained from the pioneer of mining; nevertheless, proud as I may be of the members of my profession, and of their direct contribution to human progress, I am compelled, as a thoughtful observer, to come to the conclusion that the welfare of humanity depends, and will depend, not upon material advancement, not upon mines and railroads, ships and aeroplanes, telephones and radiographs, for these have failed to prevent, if they have not facilitated, the horrors and miseries of war, reproducing the very conditions that characterize African savagery, the slavery of mobilization, tribal fighting, the witchcraft of mob thinking, and diseases, some of man's own invention. Our civilization, like those which preceded it, and went down in ruin, will fail utterly unless it breed a spirit of kindness and establish world-wide peace. Civilization is the state of living in an enlightened manner, comfortably and happily. In its ultimate phase therefore, civilization as the expression of human progress means the attainment of peace on earth and goodwill among men.

From the Victoria Falls we went to Bwana M'Kubwa, which means 'big chief.' This mining center, 491 miles north of the falls, is in a copper-mining region that extends along the headwaters of the Zambesi, or, to state it in another way, along the height of land separating the watershed of the Congo from that of the Zambesi. While there we went by automobile along a road cut through the bush to N'Changa, a distance of 90 miles, in the course of which we went through a tse-tse belt that follows the valley of the Kafue River. It is remarkable how well defined is this fly belt; apparently the pest favors the moist, warm bottomlands, probably because it prefers, or requires, the damp vegetal débris as a depository for its larva. The tse-tse is a blood-sucking fly, like the horse-fly, which it also resembles in appearance, except that

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it is brown. Several kinds of tse-tse are known, the two most important being that which transfers a protozoan parasite to the blood of domesticated animals, killing them, and the other the fly that injects this poisonous protozoan into the blood of human beings, causing trypanosomiasis, or sleeping sickness, which must not be confused with the so-called sleepy sickness, *encephalitis lethargica*, of which, for example, Mrs. J. P. Morgan died recently. This latter is a germ disease of unknown origin. The true sleeping sickness, caused by the African tse-tse, runs a course of one to five years, starting with intermittent fever, and ending with drowsiness and coma. The poison is injected into the blood of the victim with the saliva of the insect during the act of biting. The bite is sharp, but the prick is not painful, and the subsequent irritation is less than that caused by a mosquito. The tse-tse has long been recognized as the scourge of tropical Africa; Livingstone's first book has a picture of this insect on the title-page; it has killed a million people in the last twenty years, and has done much to delay the exploration and development of Central Africa, by killing all domestic cattle, which do not become immune to it as the game animals do. Indeed, the coincidence of big game and tse-tse flies has caused the suggestion to be made that the big game be exterminated; but this would be ineffective, because the fly would continue to be parasitic to the smaller mammals, such as the rodents. After biting an infected animal, usually the big game, and particularly those with a thin skin, such as antelopes, the fly becomes infective only to the extent of one to five per cent. Immediately after biting, the fly can inoculate another mammal with the smear of blood on her bill, but after that the poison goes into her gut and ceases to be effective for 16 days. The fly herself, after feeding on blood, extrudes not an egg, but a larva, which is ready to pupate. Evidently the female of the species is more deadly than the male!

Emin Pasha's expedition, 37 years ago, brought the sleeping sickness, by means of infected native porters, from the Congo to Uganda, where it caused great ravages; and since

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then every exploring party and caravan has helped to carry it far and wide; so that it continues to spread, creeping northward into the Sudan and the Sahara. In its economic effects, it increased the cost of gathering rubber in the Congo region, and since then the cost of all forms of mining in Northern Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo has been high, because the prevalence of the tse-tse precludes the use of horses, mules, or donkeys for transport, and of oxen or cows, for transport and food. Much scientific research is being directed upon the subject today, in the hope of checking and eradicating this pest.

From Bwana M'Kubwa we proceeded across the border into the Belgian Congo, where we remained two weeks, visiting and examining the wonderful copper mines of the Katanga. These are controlled and operated by the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, a Belgian corporation in which the Belgian Government has a large interest, so that the company's operations are considered to be a national enterprise. Indeed, they constitute a notably valuable asset to Belgium, for the deposits are remarkable in number, extent, and richness. Already 5,000,000 tons of copper are exposed, in the form of oxidized ore containing 7 per cent of copper. Last year the production was 170,000,000 pounds of metal. The center of administration is Elisabethville, 2305 miles from Cape Town.

The labor of the mines, mill, and smelter is performed by natives, Negroes recruited from afar. The Belgians do not stand as much aloof from the natives, especially the women, as the British in Rhodesia. The blacks wear more clothing than in the South African mining districts, and when a native girl is seen gaily appareled one can conclude confidently that she is some white man's darling! Another safe inference is a white man's degradation. What we think of him, the natives think of the woman, for if she returns to her tribe with a hybrid child, she is disgraced, whereas a fatherless child entirely of her own race will not affect her social status. The legislators in the Transvaal were wise in making miscegenation illegal; any sexual intermingling of the white

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and black races in South Africa and in Central Africa today is a crime against nature, as well as a political blunder of the first magnitude.

We left the end of the railroad at Bukama, in the Belgian Congo 2697 miles from Cape Town, and embarked on a little steamboat, propelled by a paddle-wheel at the stern; this took us down the river Lualaba, or Upper Congo, to Kabalo. The distance northward was only 340 miles, but we spent five days on the water, because travel was restricted mainly to the daytime, navigation by night being rendered unsafe because of the windings of the river and the shiftiness of its channel through a series of morasses, which on the map are marked as lakes. We found ourselves in one of these on the second day, the edges of the channel being indicated by piles, set in the floating vegetation, which stretched as far as the eye could reach to a rim of purple hills. The vegetation, tall reeds with a feathery top, consisted of papyrus, the stems draped with the pink flowers of the convolvulus. On the water also floated large buds of green that I failed to recognize until the sudden emergence of a crocodile gave me the cue—it was the lotus of Egypt. Papyrus and lotus! With a thrill of remembrance the imagination responds to the call of the past. From the Greek *papuros* comes our word paper; from the pith of the papyrus reed was made the first material for writing; 'bible' comes from the Greek word for a book, but originally *biblos* was used to designate the pith of the papyrus, the trade in which flourished greatly at Alexandria in the days of the Ptolemies. They held the monopoly in this writing material until Eumenes of Pergamum, in the second century B. C., introduced the use of calfskin and sheepskin for literary purposes; but even this competition did not cause the Ptolemies to abate their profiteering, for it is recorded that, when the Athenians were in need of wheat, the Ptolemy of that day refused to sell them any unless they presented him with the original manuscripts of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripedes. The lotus bud was the *motif* for the capital of the Egyptian temple columns; indeed the papyrus and the lotus, by the appeal of their beauty, gave

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an incentive to the first stone architecture conceived by man. At Sakkara, only ten miles south of Cairo, near the tomb of Zoser, a Pharaoh of the third dynasty, about the year 3100 B. C., has been unearthed recently a temple in which are stone columns simulating the papyrus. They are triangular in section, as is the stem of the papyrus, and their capital is essentially a swelling of the stem, like the sheath at the joint of a reed. The fluted column discovered in the same temple represents a bundle of stems with a band at each end. Such was the first Egyptian stone architecture, more than two thousand years earlier than the earliest known example of Greek fluted columns. The lotus idea likewise was taken from Egypt to Assyria and Greece, the beauty of the circular bud being linked with the thought of a wheel, the symbol of eternity.

Some of these ideas swarmed in my mind as our little vessel pushed her way through the floating masses of palm-like reeds, the papyrus being from eight to twelve feet high. We had to proceed slowly, as was evident from the fact that we met a small freight steamer that had been disabled by allowing its paddle-wheel to become entangled in the floating vegetation, or *sud*, the word from which Sudan is derived. A big pelican was disturbed and flew in front of us, alighting on the water at intervals as if meaning to show the way. Large pieces of papyrus, like small islands, were torn apart, and went floating down the river. Garlands of lotus clung to their edges. At last we emerged into a clear channel, and shortly we moored alongside the bank at a trading-post named Kadia. The day was drawing to a close; looking across the river, here about three hundred yards wide, we could see several mud islands on which native huts were grouped, an indigenous Venice, with a background of lordly palms, silhouetted against a superb sunset. The river gave back the beauty of the sky, and on its dark flood in stately slowness came the masses of papyrus, as much as a hundred yards long, gliding like floating islands across the portals of the dying day.

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The next evening we stopped at Kamukesi, a Belgian military post. A lovely sunset had been succeeded by a moonless night; in these latitudes the day dies quickly and the sky of the tropic night is of velvet blackness. The lights of our little ship illumined the dark flood, on which lotus buds came floating past, singly and in festoons, the rate of their passage being marked exactly by the fixed stars in the water, like a firm faith in the flux of phenomena called life.

By this time the river had widened and straightened, so the next evening we continued on our way in the dark. Again a moonless night and a clear sky of velvet blackness. The reflections of individual stars could be recognized in the water as we proceeded northward, and we kept our course northward so steadily that the seven stars of the Great Bear seemed tied to our prow.

One more recollection of beauty I venture to record. At Dar-es-Salaam—Haven of Peace—lying sleepless in the hot night, I looked through a door to a verandah, under an arch, into a dark sky that showed a single star above the fronds of a stately palm. Why the curving stone, the arching tree, the profundity of the sky, and the light of a distant world should make an emotional appeal—that, my readers, I leave for you to decide.

We left the Congo at Kabalo and proceeded by train, during the night, to Albertville, 166 miles east, on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, which is at an altitude of 2600 feet and five degrees south of the equator. Tanganyika is said to be the longest lake of fresh water; it has a length of 400 miles. At one time this lake was supposed to be a source of the Nile; later its outlet was sought in vain, until explorers ascertained that such small surplus of water as made a visible exit did so by the Lukuga River into the Congo. At Albertville we were examined by the Belgian doctor, who certified that we were free from contagious diseases, more particularly tuberculosis and trypanosomiasis! In the evening we went aboard a small steamer, which took us diagonally across the lake, 80 miles, to Kigoma. Five miles away, at Ujiji, is the

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spot were Stanley met Livingstone on October 28, 1871. "Mr. Livingstone, I believe" were the polite words of greeting. Stanley's expedition came thither from Zanzibar, and not without much hardship, caused by malarial fever and lack of proper food. The first American flag to be seen in these parts was the one borne by the Welsh-American explorer, financed by James Gordon Bennett, of the 'New York Herald.' From the lake we traveled by rail to Dar-es-Salaam, on the Indian Ocean, over the railroad that the Germans completed just before the Great War. The distance across this former German colony, now held by the British under a mandate, is 773 miles. At each terminus, and at the stations along the railway, the Germans erected substantial buildings, some of them of an imposing appearance, especially at Kigoma, which they meant to be an African Simla. They were severe in their treatment of the natives, and needlessly dictatorial to everybody. By the acquisition of this Tanganyika territory, the British possessions in East Africa have become a large dominion, covering a little more than a million square miles. The population consists of 12,000,000 natives, 18,000 whites, mostly British, and 60,000 Asiatics. More than half the British are in the Kenya Colony. The Asiatics are from India; they present a troublesome problem, because they are disliked by the Europeans and despised by the natives. Most of them are small traders, of the pedlar type, underselling the European merchants, non-productive middlemen, alien in race and religion, but claiming the status of British subjects. The acquisition of land by them in the Kenya Colony has been met by restrictions that have caused irritation on both sides. They first came to these parts in the wake of the coolies employed in railroad construction. In South Africa this year a bill was introduced in Parliament to establish the color bar, that is, to prevent natives and Asiatics from being employed in certain categories of skilled work in mines and factories; this merely legalized the existing practice in the mines of the Rand, but it applied to the whole Union, and aroused particular objection in the Cape Province, where

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there is no color bar in industry, and where the parliamentary franchise is exercised irrespective of race or color. Later the wording of the bill was altered, the phrase "native and Asiatics" being dropped, and in the end this legislation was rejected, by vote of the Senate. Here we have another striking example of that clash of color which today is so large a factor in the world's unrest. In this context I may mention the fact that in the mines of the Rand I saw natives running 10-ton motor trucks, and in the Belgian Congo I saw them acting as engine-drivers on the railroad. The chief problem facing the whites is the natural increase of the native population as against the low birth-rate of the white immigrants. The dominant race will continue to dwindle in power as the native increases in numbers and intelligence.

We went on a local steamer to Zanzibar, on the island of that name, 60 miles from Dar-es-Salaam, and there waited eight days for a Messagerie steamer. Zanzibar is a picturesque Arab town set amid palms on a coral strand. Formerly it was synonymous with slavery, filth, and disease. Livingstone, writing in 1866, said:

> The stench arising from a mile and a half, or two miles square, of exposed sand beach, which is the general depository of the filth of the town is quite horrible. At night it is so gross or crass one might cut a slice and manure a garden with it; it might be called Stinkibar rather than Zanzibar. No one can enjoy good health here.

Again he writes:

> On visiting the slave market I found about 300 slaves exposed for sale, the greater part of whom came from Lake Nyassa and the Shiré river. All who have grown up seemed ashamed at being hawked about for sale. The teeth are examined, the cloth lifted up to examine the lower limbs, and a stick is thrown for the slave to bring, and thus exhibit his paces. Some are dragged through the crowd by the hand, and the price called out incessantly; most of the purchasers are Northern Arabs and Persians.

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England exchanged Heligoland for a protectorate over Zanzibar in 1890. That meant the end of the slave trade, and also the introduction of sanitary methods. Today one can drink the water of Zanzibar safely. It is piped from a large spring three miles inland; and as for the filth that made the town smell to heaven, that also has been swept aside by the broom of civilization; so that today one can stroll along the narrow picturesque alleys and smell only clove and copra, the two chief articles of export. The people are quiet and orderly. Zanzibar today proves that the white man, particularly the Englishman, can assume the burden of dominion for the benefit of all concerned.

From Zanzibar we sailed along the east coast of Africa, calling at Mombasa, on our way to Aden; thence we proceeded up the Red Sea and through the Suez Canal to Port Said. Three days at Cairo and four at Alexandria measured our brief stay in Egypt. At Alexandria I had the pleasure of spending a few days with my sister, who is the wife of a distinguished Egyptian, a Pasha and a Senator. He is a Pharaonic Egyptian, a Copt, a devout man, for the Copts have been Christians twelve centuries. Egypt, as Herodotus said, is a land of paradox. The Mohammedan Egyptian shouts "Egypt for the Egyptians"; but he is no Egyptian; until recently he boasted that he was an Arab. Young Effendis sent telegrams to Europe asking for the expulsion of the English infidel; their loyalty is not to Egypt, but to Islam. The so-called Egyptians of Cairo and Alexandria are mongrels, who bear in their veins the blood of successive invaders, Greeks, Arabs, and Turks. The true Egyptian is the race of which my brother-in-law is a sample, the native of Pharaonic stock and Christian religion. These are quiet reasonable people, who recognize that Egypt is not yet ripe for self-government and are willing to live under British protection, if only the government in London will give the educated natives a chance to learn the art of administration by allowing them the minor offices, and not filling these with the sons and nephews of British dignitaries. This was done excessively after the War, when England was full of unem-

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ployed young men suddenly demobilized. Before the War, Egypt was under the nominal suzerainty of the Turkish Sultan, but under the military occupation of the British. When Turkey joined our Germanic enemies, Egypt became a British protectorate, chiefly, of course, to safeguard the Suez Canal. This protectorate was contested after the War on the basis of self-determination, that piece of political dynamite which Woodrow Wilson threw into the chaos of after-war conditions. British officialdom was distasteful to the Egyptians because there was too much of it, as I have stated. In 1922, on the report of the Milner commission, the protectorate was withdrawn, with reservations, and the Sultan of Egypt was made King. A constitution was established, the British representative becoming a High Commissioner, supported by a military force, which was needed to maintain order. Unfortunately, during the War requisitions for labor and provisions were made on the Egyptians, through Egyptian sub-officials, in a manner, unavoidable perhaps in a state of war, but nevertheless irritating to the native population. It is claimed that educational methods are planned deliberately to keep the Egyptians subservient. The present King is a poor thing; he was in the Italian army, and is not truly representative of his people. The leader of the nationalistic party, Zaghloul Pasha, is an able man, but somewhat lacking in political sagacity. He suggested that the Suez Canal be put under the control of the League of Nations or be protected by Egyptian troops, both of these suggestions obviously being entirely unacceptable to England, which could not take such a chance of having the Canal jeopardized. Another grievance is the control of the Nile water. The big barrages, or dams, at Assuan and Senaar conserve the flood-water, but they check the spread of the sediment to which the great valley of Egypt owes its fertility. The new dam at Senaar holds the water of the Blue Nile for use in the Sudan, but utilizes only the water that otherwise would run to waste during the season of flood. Egypt is the gift of the Nile, it is true, but modern Egypt is undoubtedly the beneficiary of British rule. The peasants, the fellaheen,

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are no longer under the lash; the precious water of the Nile is no longer wasted; the people are prosperous. At Port Said, Ismailia, Cairo, and Alexandria I saw what we would call a building boom, a great activity in the erection of homes, most of them of beautiful stone and in a style that we might envy. On enquiry one is told that this one is built on cotton, that one on cigarettes, another on sugar. Egypt is restless, not by reason of misgovernment or tyranny, but because it has drunk the heady wine of self-determination, which was meant by Woodrow Wilson for the smaller peoples of Europe—the Czechs, Poles, and Slovaks—and not for the seething masses of awakening heathendom. These, having seen the European peoples killing each other, and having obtained a smattering of education, including the half-baked ideas concerning liberty that Europe has developed, are now in a ferment of unrest, presenting a task before which modern statesmanship appears to be shrinking in obvious ineptitude. The granting of political rights to a people should be contingent upon their ability to exercise those rights intelligently.

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TWIN SONGS OF AUTUMN

MIRA MACLAY

I

Now Autumn comes a desert queen,
Tawny; inscrutable; serene;
With flaming eyes that seem to see
All summers past, all springs to be.
She knows what winters lie between—
What sleep—Nor cares!

II

O Spring is a bride and Summer a wife,
While Autumn's a woman unwearied of life;
A prodigal, she hastes to spend
Her gold, her smiles, as if no end
There were. Perchance she knows both strife
And end—Yet dares!

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REFLECTIONS ON DESIGN AND THE PRIMITIVE

PAUL LOUIS FAYE

Three years ago the writer of this article, momentarily the victim of a certain *cacoethes pingendi*, came out with a series of about three hundred reproductions of Indian pottery designs. To anyone interested in primitive life painted ceramics is an unfailing arbiter. Better, perhaps, than rugs and basketry it wields the spell of symbolism. Even beyond the pale of sentimental iconography it may promote the attention of the student of design. As he plied his brush from motive to motive the writer felt dawning upon him something like the revelation of a technique. Summer came. The road lay open. The work remained a prelude to a trip to Pueblo land.

Several points had by then impressed themselves. First, that the ancient Hopi had an unusual, not to say, unerring sense of design. Second, that although endowed with such a sense of design they were comparatively uninterested in realistic representation. Third, that they could conceive representation quite independently of the actual form of the object to which their inspiration may be traced. They not only stylized but decomposed the object, rebuilding the elements thus obtained into a new and distinct unit. This, for instance, is what the artist Hopi seems to have done. He sees a bird and wants to represent it. After a fashion he can do so realistically. There are examples of such attempts, generally gauche and uncouth. But a demon seems to be at work in him. Unavoidably certain parts of the bird demand his attention. These are organized into patterns of growing complexity. Sometimes an element is emphasized till all the others disappear. The outline is now

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AN ELEMENTARY MOTIVE

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lost. Parts militate against the whole. Through abbreviation, suggestiveness is created and withal a curious impression of liberation from the real that no artist can help sensing. A world of "intentions" arises, as an aesthete might call it, indeed, a true world of art.

By treading in the footprints of the ancient Hopi the writer felt he had, to a certain extent, caught their gait. He wanted to test his theory. As the primitive decorator proceeded so should he. Having reproduced their steps he wanted to see how far, by a sort of technical mimicry, a craftsman's progress, he had regained their style.

Simplified motives were assumed as intermediate between realistic forms and the more complicated abstract wholes. It might be objected that abstract wholes can be derived immediately from realistic representations without having to go through the intermediate stage of disassociated parts. A glance at the plates accompanying the studies of Fewkes and Holmes would not here be amiss. The point is generally granted that simplification is a result, not a start, a final, not a primary stage.

First, a photograph of a flying eagle was selected, closely studied, and greatly simplified in reproduction. Immediately, the following parts assumed importance: the bill, the wings, the tail, the claws. For the first motive the wing was selected. It yielded a form not unlike the drops characteristic of the Paisley shawls. Within that drop certain motives were arranged to fit, like the bill, the feathers, the claws. These organized themselves into a system of curves, breaking one another at various angles so that a pattern of irregular areas resulted. This pattern was enhanced by washing certain areas black and leaving the rest white. Further interest was added by the use of a third value, dark red, suggested by Hopi pottery. In some cases stippling was resorted to, also an aboriginal idea. These systems of curves eventuated at first quite unsymmetrically; balance had to be secured through the interplay of black and red spaces. Formal composition was also attempted. It was found that a certain motive, such as the

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wing with head inside, was susceptible of elaboration only to a certain point. Then it became almost imperative to return to a semi-realistic interpretation and get a fresh start in a new direction which, in due course of abstraction, yielded new forms. This sterilization of a motive, however, ceased to be a remora as soon as a fair degree of complexity was reached. At that stage the writer found himself in possession of a medium, so to speak, and began to use it to translate subjective moods. Each picture represented a bird, but the placing of parts, the sweep and breaking of the curves, the general system of elaboration and decoration, it soon became apparent, offered endless variations; emotions could be suggested. At a third stage the writer was making portraits of people he knew. In the same manner as emotions it appeared possible to suggest personality. The artist's emotion in regard to a person was substituted for objective representation.[1]

For what the writer was then in possession of was a language. Certain features became immediately conventionalized. The head was, except in some early ventures, definitely painted black, the eye being left white and so the bill. A large claw came to identify males, a slender one females. Indian motives such as the swastika, the mountain steps, the double curve, the hourglass, were to some extent used. The representation of volume was attempted; it may not yield anything. As to color, it conflicts with the special effect of illumination derived from the combination of black, red, white, and stippled spaces. It destroys the line pattern. It was abandoned except in formal compositions. Color is a language in itself and when spoken will be heard above all others.

At this point the writer of this article and joint-author of the accompanying designs stands. What does it all mean? Let us, for the sake of additional illustration, return to the primitive, this time, to another province of North American

[1] After all, is it likeness that makes a portrait? In some cases the color harmony in which it is painted is certainly more expressive of the personality of the sitter, more poetically expressive—and expression is nothing if not poetry—than the more finely limned likeness. A likeness aims at deception. It vies with the real. It is therefore not a language. Art instead of being helped by it has to contend against its sway.

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A SYMMETRICAL COMPOSITION

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culture, the Northwest Pacific Coast. There live the Kwakiutl, well known among that group of tribes for their elaborate lumber houses and carved totem poles. Boas, who authoritatively studied them, notices in their art that same tendency to indulge in arbitrary reconstructions of the object dealt with that we have found among the Hopi, while noting, also, that they were quite capable of realistic representation. Thus a Kwakiutl very soon sees in a killer-whale but certain parts, sometimes nothing but the dorsal fin. The dorsal fin is the killer-whale. Should somebody ask us what we mean by *is*, we might answer that art in truth is a predication of the real. It is also knowledge by intuition. Synechdoche is its favorite form. The conspicuous is a sign of magic activity. Synechdoche, a familiar turn of the primitive mind, makes of the conspicuous the condition of knowledge. Magic may thus be scored as the philosophy of intuition at the primitive level, the precursor of aesthetic. We see now why both the moralist and the intellectualist have no patience with art. Through the part art signifies the whole. Your artist sees all the lions in that particular lion, and the lion in a paw. The intellectualist sees in the paw that concept, the quadruped. Now there is not, never was, and never will be such a thing as a quadruped. But if we know by first apprehension such a thing as a lion, only through certain significant features do we recognize it. Of course, art has no other function than thus to signify the general through the particular. This, however, neither means imitation as the intellectualist would have it, nor lends itself to moralizing as the practical man insists. Art being a spiritual activity is not to be conceived in terms of purpose. But in art as in language you must primarily have something to say. Dearth of anything to say can be coupled with great intellectual activity, with the worthiest feelings. Significance, indeed, depends upon imagination, a quality which always baffles those who would merely understand or govern. But without imagination you cannot see the lion in a paw. Without imagination you will think that painted blood is blood and legitimately denounce the picture as gory.

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Without imagination you will go to a picture to get the same thrill from it as you would from life. This is sentimentalism, not to call it by other names.

Rather interesting, isn't it, that primitive man with his "untutored" mind should so quickly escape from the morass of realistic, imitative, deceptive representation, while we who know so much, with our well trained and well stored intellect, make frantic efforts at significance. Philosophically, the realistic doctrine of art is untenable. First, it would be useless. Plato knew that and, unable to go beyond, like a good Puritan ruled out poetry. Second, nobody knows what reality is. Both intuition and intellect try to bring it down. But unless he be one of the tyros of Renaissance, no one would pretend that art hinges upon the intellect. For the artist there is no such thing as objective reality. All he can do is to select certain aspects, emphasize qualities, exalt attributes, and therewith build units which, owing to his individual capacity for seizing upon the significant, will suggest the whole. But the success of this depends upon the caliber of the man. It is a matter of temperament. He may also spoil his work by trying to represent everything; a good many artists are intellectual enough for that, certain have only been taught how. Whereas the primitive decorator has, in style, an interest, on the whole, limited, the modern artist expresses his temperament through endless variations of style. These represent partial aspects of the real to the same degree as, if by another method of abstraction, a dorsal fin is an aspect of the killer-whale, is the killer-whale, or the bill may represent the bird. Thus, to cite a few of these stylistic departures, we had *chiaroscuro* against pure color, thus color itself with its possibilities for expressing the third dimension as against light and shade, thus divisionism, and later cubism and vorticism. There will be more and plenty such aspects of the real; or, to put it the other way, such exfoliations of the spirit are innumerable. For instance again, the Renaissance painted in rich golden browns; modern painting favors blues. The "bitume" held good till Delacroix and Courbet. The first violet shadows

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A DECORATIVE ARRANGEMENT

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called forth imprecations. Now we are used to them. What made the public of the eighties object? This, and only this, that we never see the real. We see in it but that which tradition has taught us, made for us easy to see. Seeing the trees green is but an abstraction like seeing shadows black. It saves effort. It is also a form of abbreviation, the stenography of a long-hand we shall never write. It is a current language. Violet shadows were studio slang when they first struck the eye of the public. They have now acquired significant value in that flow of meanings which forms language, an activity which for most of us, unhappily, became reduced to the spoken word.

Just as certain phonetic sounds form the words expressing intuitions, so can color, and light, and line, and planes, those aspects of the real upon which style fastens itself, be selected to form images and signs. Thus again can certain definite aspects of the real assume that language-forming quality. The nude is, at the hands of Michelangelo, a language expressive of humanistic ideals. He knew enough to make the human body do that which it never does, and we accept it. This we can also take from a Rodin. To Claude and Turner landscape was a language. An artist paints what he wants to say, not what he sees. Finally we get to see what he painted. The nocturnes of Whistler, so utterly arbitrary, so exasperating to the excellent Ruskin, are now to be found in the suburbanite home.

Now language expresses reality and that is truth. Truth is nothing more. Truth is not reality. There cannot be language without an attempt at clarification of experience. Reality does not carry any such concern. That clarified experience is truth. Variations occur along two lines, either in content or form. To supply variations in form is the special function of design. To appreciate reality through changes of content is a practical, not an aesthetic activity. When the practical uses the aesthetic for its satisfaction we have sentimentality. We also have lying. But the artist never lies. He is above the practical as artist, though often as a man he may resort to tricks. On the practical plane,

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travel enables us to feel ourselves as distinct from reality, as apprehending reality anew. Art may be transformed into a substitute for travel. Cheap Japanese prints have frequently an humble and irresistible appeal: they embody an aspect of the real to which we are not used. They assert themselves as distinct from our own experience of the real. Venice, thus, for a long time attracted painters.. It was easy to paint. It was already abstracted from reality, as obviously paintable as a sunset. It has become the most difficult thing to paint. We now know what can be done with it. Let a Whistler tackle it: we still come around and look. At his hands it reassumes aesthetic instead of purely material significance. Form is extracted again. The spirit obtains. A meaning is brought up. Language flows. Reality, once more, has been forced from its dumb formlessness into the magic of a sign. Venice as it is, however, still retains its usefulness to honeymooning couples. Let those couples use a cheap print as a substitute for Venice and you have sentimentality. Let them read Baudelaire and Swinburne as the immature youth reads them and you have sentimentality. Sometimes trouble ensues. But those who understand form will never run foul of the activity depicted. There is something baffling, however, about this form, for if you carry it from the gorgeousness of Venice to a tenement house in all its drabness there is no difference. But watch out for the aesthete. He lives on the pretense of form.

What have we here in last analysis? Abstraction, pure and simple, as the term is understood in studios, that is, design. There is not one superior, scientific, intellectual type of abstraction. All art is abstraction. Abstraction is the mode of the aesthetic function. No expression is possible without abstraction. It can, however, proceed along different lines, as we have seen, through disjoining and simplification of parts of the object as with the primitive, or through stylistic means involving the whole, as in modern art, a line drawing of Matisse as against the letter aleph. There is abstraction as soon as a meaning is aimed at, and there is no art without meaning. (There is plenty of meaningless

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY

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"art." That is another matter. Let us not discuss the word art.) The ways of abstraction are innumerable and primitive man is a master of it. We fumble about it because our means for apprehending the real are infinitely greater; we are, so to speak, technically pampered, and we are trying to make our intellect guide a tool that was devised only to express meanings. For art and language vastly antedate the time when man was able to think by concepts. But even then he had something to say. On the other hand we cannot help feeling sorry for the physicist who must perforce express concepts through images, that is, signs not abstract like those of mathematics or logic, but each one carrying a particular content, each one expressing an intuition, not a relation. Nevertheless, and this is a major point—even in Neolithic times man must have felt the behest of the relation. His intellect was already at work. The form of the concept was on him, only his experience lacking. The road was laid, traffic had not been released on it. It is then that he must have tried, in a clumsy way, to express a universal in terms of a magnified particular, the whole in terms of the conspicuous part, the killer-whale through the fin, the bird as a wing, the ox by its head. And we know that such is the way writing started both in the old and the new world. But it took an artist to see the thing as significant, whereas every man-jack of science can tell us all there is to know about everything. He tells us only that. But when a scientist arrives at meaning he is an artist.

The writer therefore inclines very much to see in primitive man as an artist, not any evidence of a special mentality, but simply an assertion of the capacity for design far in advance of cultural development.[2] There has been no sharp break between primitive man and us. And even in the days when man had not turned his intellect to the apprehension of the real, but spiritedly externalized his personality, when he saw everything in terms of meanings, not actuality, even then, man was a great artist. His first achievement as

[2] Central American ruins lend their testimony to this view. Interest in art seems there to have been paramount while coupled with an almost childish ignorance of elementary architectural principles.

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an artist was to create language. As intellect developed it threatened art. It produced prose. Plato would have nothing but prose. Of course, nobody speaks prose. One has to think in a special way to speak prose. It is a vice of the human mind. Language is poetry; prose is poetry—hamstrung, the most artificial possible way of using words. Twice in the history of mankind there seems to have been an attempt to enforce a prose of the plastic arts, in Graeco-Roman times and during the Renaissance. Oriental Christianity, how magnificently, blasted the former; we are emerging from the latter. Even Vinci who by means of a complicated system of intersecting planes arrived at a faithful rendering of the third dimension and could make us feel volume through shade and light, even he finally ran foul of his method and created *chiaroscuro*, an abstraction. But it is in an artist's sketches that the power of intuition is most apparent, that poetry exerts itself. All art is poetry, and poetry is lyrical movement—an ode. Movement, a great movement, is that which makes poetry. It is there in germ in the sketch. Men like Rubens and Fragonard preserve it in their painting. Cave paintings were after all sublime sketches. The movement of them! A sketch by Dürer or Claude is not very different from one by Cezanne. In the sketch you have the artist, he of today, as he was in the beginning of time. And man was an artist first. For in the sketch you have pure intuition. It is a sign, it suggests, it makes us see. It carries that felicitous directness of anything intuition controls to a degree the later, sometimes intellectualized, picture completely destroys. This was Vinci's and is many an artist's tragedy. The lure of intellectually controlled representation leads them away from intuition. They doff the mantle of aesthetic at the feet of such scientific disciplines as perspective and anatomy. In their unwarranted search for illusion they forget what, from the primacy of the unconscious, they have to say. They forsake the single conspicuous instance for a drivel of factual observations. It is the grace of the primitive to remind us that intuitional knowledge is the condition and measure of art.

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POETRY IN CHINA

E. T. WILLIAMS

In the twenty-third century B. C. an ancient ruler of China was represented as appointing a Director of Music, to whom he addressed these words:

> Poetry is the expression of earnest thought; singing is the prolonged utterance of that expression.

The sentiment was elaborated in an introduction to the Book of Odes, which has been ascribed to Confucius:

> Poetry is the product of earnest thought. Thought cherished in the mind becomes earnest; then, expressed in words, it becomes poetry. The feelings move inwardly and are embodied in words. When words are insufficient for them, recourse is had to sighs and exclamations. When sighs and exclamations are insufficient for them, recourse is had to the prolonged utterance of song. When this again is insufficient, unconsciously the hands begin to move and the feet to dance. . . . To set forth correctly successes and failures, to affect Heaven and Earth, and to move spiritual beings, there is no readier instrument than poetry.

If we accept this statement, I presume we ought to look upon the practice of some of our friends of using their hands and shrugging their shoulders when they talk, as real poetry,—the poetry of motion.

At any rate, in ancient China, in the worship of God and sometimes in that of one's ancestors, the hymn was accompanied by orchestral music and by the dance. In the earliest period of Chinese history of which we know anything, they already had songs; they had a pentatonic system of music and eight kinds of musical instruments and they had religious

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dances accompanied by the waving of plumes and the brandishing of battle axes. The worship at the Temple of Heaven in Peking, up to the time of the overthrow of the empire in 1911, had all these accessories.

The Director of Music under the ancient dynasties was a state official. He accompanied the King when the latter made his customary visit to the vassal lords once every five years, and made a collection of the popular songs of the various states through which they passed. These songs, it was believed, would give evidence of the happiness or misery of the people and thus testify to the character of the local government. Many of these ancient poems have been preserved to us in the Book of Odes, one of the oldest books in the Confucian canon. They give us interesting glimpses of the social life in those early ages. In the collection we find ballads of love, songs of war, and hymns of worship. There is a school of Chinese commentators who are unwilling to believe that their great master, Confucius, could have thought it worth while to include in the collection, which he is supposed to have made, such productions as mere love poems. They have therefore endeavored to explain away the ballads of love by allegorical interpretation. These attempts at allegorical interpretation remind us of the mystical meanings attached by the Sufis to the voluptuous quatrains of Omar Khayyam. The Chinese commentator supposes the lover to be the King or Vassal Lord, and the lady to be the Minister of State who complains of the neglect of his advice by his ruler. But even Christian divines have in similar fashion interpreted the Song of Solomon, that much-wived monarch, as referring to the love of Christ for his Church. We ought rather to look with satisfaction upon these evidences of a common human nature, shared even by the greatest of the sages.

The ancient Chinese had great faith in the power of poetry and music to mold the manners of men. On one occasion Confucius asked his son: "Have you studied the Odes?" The son replied in the negative. "If you do not study the Odes," said his father, "you will have no material

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for conversation." Confucius also taught that education should begin with the Odes, that character was to be built up by the Book of Rites, that is to say, through religion, and that it would be perfected by the treatise on Music. The Sage was himself an accomplished musician, with a very exacting taste. He was very decidedly opposed to a popular kind of music that in his day was replacing classical compositions.

Among the Chinese, rhyme is regarded as an essential element of poetry. This was true in the most ancient times and is still true. Rhymes are plentiful, of course, since there are but four hundred and seventeen sounds in the Chinese language as spoken at the capital, that is to say, four hundred and seventeen syllables as represented in our alphabet. This number is greatly increased, however, by the device of tones, of which there are four at Peking. Several Chinese ideograms may be represented by exactly the same combination of letters in our alphabet, but a difference of meaning may be indicated by a variation in the tone in which the sound is uttered. Most words in Chinese are monosyllables, although there are some that approach the dissyllable in utterance. Since each Chinese word has, as a rule, only one syllable, it is impossible to preserve the meter of a Chinese verse in translation. The shortest meter has but three syllables to a line. In the Book of Odes the poems usually have four words, that is four syllables, to a line, and the stanzas four lines each, although some have eight. The rule is that the second and fourth lines rhyme, and if the stanza have eight lines, the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth will all have the same rhyme. Other lines need not rhyme.

We sometimes meet with poems whose verses are not all of the same length, but the rule as to rhyming remains unchanged. This sort of irregular versification became very popular between the fourth and the second centuries B. C. It was chargeable to the influence of an allegorical poem, called *Li Sao*, written by a Minister of the State of Ch'u, who bewailed in striking metaphor the degeneracy of the times. Having lost his influence at court, he drowned him-

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self in the Tungt'ing Lake. It was the search for his body that gave origin to the Fifth Moon Festival with its dragon boat races.

Another characteristic of Chinese poetry is its use of parallelism, similar to that of the Hebrews. Here is a common proverb that teaches us the swift flight of time:

> Days and months like the shuttle,
> Light and darkness as the arrow.

The Chinese language is full of proverbs arranged in couplets where parallelism is shown, sometimes suggesting a comparison, sometimes a contrast:

> Medicine can't cure an imaginary disease;
> Wine can't alleviate a real sorrow.

> On the mountains are thousand-year trees;
> On the earth are no hundred-year men.

> He who knows others is clever;
> He who knows himself is enlightened.

This fondness for parallelism takes a more subtle form in some poems. In the first part of a stanza a natural scene is depicted; in the second part a human experience seems to correspond with it. The first poem in the Book of Odes illustrates this. A picture is given of the water fowl calling, each to his mate, as they fly about on the islets in the river. So, too, a royal prince is asking for a beautiful maiden in marriage:

> Kua', kua', the ospreys are crying
> To mates in the mid-river marshes,
> And lovelorn our prince who is sighing
> To claim yon sweet maid, as his own.

The second stanza has eight lines, the first two of which present the tangled water plants swaying in the river as typical of the conflicting emotions of the lover:

> But lo! how the mallows are tangled
> That sway in the swift-flowing current,
> And shy is yonder sweet maiden
> Whose face fills his dreams in his sleeping,

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Whom vainly he seeks in his waking.
Distracted his waking and sleeping,
Affection with fear ever struggling
In endless and restless revolving.

Some of these ancient ballads show that love laughed at locks and bars then even as in later times. Here are two stanzas translated by Professor Giles:

Don't come in, Sir, please!
Don't break my willow trees!
Not that *that* would very much grieve me;
But alack-a-day, what would my parents say?
And, love you as I may,
I can not bear to think what that would be.
. . . . . .

Keep outside, Sir, please!
Don't spoil my sandal trees!
Not that *that* would very much grieve me;
But alack-a-day! what the world would say!
And, love you as I may,
I can not bear to think what that would be.

Humanity has changed but little throughout the ages. The same emotions found expression in verse in the twelfth century B. C. in China as in California today. Here are some exquisite verses from the Book of Odes translated by Cranmer Byng:

The sun is ever full and bright,
The pale moon waneth, night by night.
Why should this be?

My heart that once was full of light
Is but a dying moon to-night.

But when I dream of thee apart,
I would the dawn might lift my heart,
O sun, to thee.

When the vassal lords visited the court of the King, they assisted him in the worship in the temple of royal ancestors, and at the conclusion of the service they sang a hymn to him. Here is a translation of such a hymn that, according to tradition, dates from the twelfth century B. C.:

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Heaven protect and preserve thee!
Grant thee security,
Make thee virtuous indeed,
That happiness may be thine!
Heaven grant thee much increase
That all things be in abundance.
. . . . . .

Auspicious and pure are thine offerings
And filial thy worship each season
Of ancestors ducal and royal.
May they in response to thy service
Say: "Thine be the years ever endless."

Their spirits forever attend thee!
And shower their blessings upon thee.
So shall thy people who trust thee
Have daily their food and their raiment.
The black-haired myriads, thy people
In virtue make thee their exemplar!

Like the moon in her glory,
Like the sun at his nooning,
Like the hills of the southland,
Never waning, never sinking,
Like the fir and the cypress—
So lasting the reign of thy children.

The desire of the Chinese for sons to carry on the family name and keep up the sacrifices to ancestors is well known. The comparative value to the family of the girl and the boy, as judged by Chinese standards, is indicated in the following, also from the Book of Odes:

He then shall have a son
To sleep upon a couch,
To wear a costly dress
And play with toys of jade.
Imperious, too, his cry;
His pinafore of red,
The house's lord he'll be.

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A daughter, too, he'll have
To sleep upon the floor,
A napkin for her gown,
A potsherd for her toy.
No choice is hers to make
Save choose the food and drink
And spare her parents pain.

In the second century B. C. a five-word verse became popular. It was the poet, Mei Sheng, according to Professor Giles, who "brought home to his fellow-countrymen the extreme beauty of the five-word meter." Subsequently a seven-word or, as we should say, a seven-syllable line, was invented, which is today perhaps the most commonly used meter. A seven-syllable line and a four-line stanza with a non-rhyming third line is very often found and at once reminds one of the stanza used in the quatrains of Omar Khayyam. The following is a closely literal translation by Rose Sickler Williams of such a stanza:

False men are like the flowers: the true and tried
Are like the pines upon the mountain side.
One wintry eve there falls a bitter frost;
The pine trees still are green, the flowers have died.

Sir John Francis Davis, one time an officer of the British East India Company and in 1834 the Chief Superintendent of British Trade in China, was an enthusiastic student of the Chinese language and was perhaps the first European scholar to discover that the caesura has a fixed position in the five and seven-word lines. In the five-word line it follows invariably the second word, while in the seven-word line it comes after the fourth, that is to say, it always precedes the third from the last word in the line. He noted, also, that there are certain words in Chinese so commonly associated as to form in reality what we should call compound words. The caesura must not fall between two such words. It is impossible in an English translation to illustrate the five-word meter, but Professor Giles gives a translation of one of Mei Sheng's poems, one stanza of which will show the character of his work:

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Green grows the grass upon the bank,
The willow shoots are long and lank;
A lady in a glistening gown
Opens the casement and looks down.
The roses on her cheeks blush bright,
Her rounded arm is dazzling white;
A singing girl in early life,
And now a careless roué's wife. . . .
Ah, if he does not mind his own,
He'll find some day the bird has flown!

Mei Sheng's style is said to have been modeled upon that of a contemporary, Ssu-ma Hsiang-ju, of whom the Chinese histories tell us that he was not only a brilliant poet, but a skilful musician. He played so well upon the lute that he played himself into the affections of a young widow, who heard him at a dinner given by her father. The father frowned upon a marriage with a penniless ne'er-do-well, but the lovers eloped and set up a wine shop in which the wife served as barmaid. Subsequently the father relented and brought the couple home. The verses of the poet came to the notice of the Emperor, who summoned Ssu-ma to court. In his prosperity the poet forgot his devoted wife, who was also gifted. A poem by her has been translated by Arthur Waley:

Our love was pure as the snow on the mountains:
White as the moon between the clouds—
They're telling me your thoughts are double:
That's why I've come to break it off.
To-day we'll drink a cup of wine,
To-morrow we'll part beside the canal:
Walking about beside the canal,
Where its branches divide east and west.
Alas and alas, and again alas!
So must a girl cry when she's married,
If she find not a man of single heart,
Who will not leave her till her hair is white.

There were other women poets, the most celebrated of whom was the Lady Ts'ao of the first century A. D., sister of the historian, Pan Ku, author of the *History of the Early*

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Han Dynasty. When her brother became involved in a palace conspiracy, he was thrown into prison, where he died, and his talented sister was commanded by the Emperor to complete her brother's work, which she did. As a widow she entered the palace in the capacity of Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress, but became a favorite of the Emperor and retained her influence over him while her beauty lasted. As she grew older, he neglected her for a more youthful woman. This led her to write a poem that is often quoted, *The Autumn Fan*. She likens herself to a fan, a constant companion and much appreciated in the warm days of summer but laid aside when the autumn comes.

Waley has translated two burial hymns that belong to an early period, one that was sung at the burial of kings, called "The Dew on the Garlic Leaf," the second sung at the burial of common people:

1. How swiftly it dries, the dew on the garlic leaf!
   The dew that dries so fast to-morrow will fall again.
   But he whom we carry to the grave will never more return.

2. What man's land is the graveyard?
   It is the crowded home of ghosts,—
   Wise and foolish, shoulder to shoulder.
   The King of the Dead claims them all;
   Man's fate knows no tarrying.

These stanzas may be compared with the celebrated hymn of Shirley:

> The glories of our earthly state
> Are shadows, not substantial things.
> There is no armor against fate:
> Death lays his icy hand on kings;
> Sceptre and crown
> Must tumble down
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

There are many names of poets who made themselves famous in the early centuries of the Christian era, names of emperors and princes as well as of men who made a pro-

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fession of literature. In China every educated man is a poet, and under the old régime that has but recently passed away, every student who entered the civil service examinations was required to write a poem on a theme handed to him after he had been fastened in a cell.

Buddhism, which was introduced into China in A. D. 65, exercised, in the succeeding centuries, a great influence upon the philosophy of China and consequently upon its poetry. It was as though a window, giving a new outlook upon the world, had been cut in the walls of palace and cottage. The belief in the unity of all life, in Nirvana, in the transmigration of the soul, and later the teaching which pictured the delights of heaven and the tortures of hell, all had a profound effect upon both art and literature. New themes, new phraseology, new metaphors began to appear. Combined with this influence was that of a new Taoism almost contemporary with the introduction of Buddhism. This new Taoism was no longer a system of philosophy, but a religion, characterized by belief in necromancy and magic, by the use of the ouija board, and by tales of the elixir of immortality and the Isles of the Blessed.

By the time we reach the period of the T'ang Dynasty (A. D. 618–905), we find all these elements fused in the wonderfully rich vocabulary of the muse. This period was the Golden Age of Chinese Poetry. A collection of *T'ang Dynasty Poems* which is still extant contains not less than 48,900 poems, by some 2,300 poets. The greatest of them all by universal consent was Li Po or, as he is sometimes called, Li T'ai-po. The most faithful translation of Li Po's poems is no doubt that of Obata, who, being a Japanese and a life-long student of Chinese poetry, is perhaps better able than a European to interpret that poetry to us. But, while the beauty of the thought is preserved, the charm of Li's rhythm and the music of his rhyme are somewhat lacking. The most celebrated reign of the T'ang period was that of Hsüan Tsung, better known as Ming Huang or the "Brilliant Emperor." He was not so great a monarch as some of his predecessors, but the title "brilliant"

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was an appropriate one for his reign in the middle of the eighth century, a reign that was distinguished for its patronage of literature and art. Some of the most famous poets that China ever produced were gathered in his court, and there, too, were found some of its most celebrated painters, musicians, and actors.

In the year 735 an incident occurred that changed the whole course of Hsüan Tsung's career and profoundly modified his character. One day, while passing through one of the courts of the palace, he met the Lady Yang, a concubine of his son, Prince Shou. He was so enamored of her that he took her away from his son and made her his own concubine. She acquired such influence over the Emperor that her every whim and caprice became his pleasure and an imperial fortune was squandered on her desires. Relays of couriers were maintained to bring the fresh *li chih* from Fukien to the capital, because she liked it. She introduced her two sisters to the harem that they might share the favors of His Majesty. Her father was raised to high office, and her brother became Premier. She, herself, was raised to the first rank among the concubines and therefore is known to history by this title, Yang Kuei Fei. But to her imperial lover she was T'ai Chen, "Most Ethereal," the name of the legendary daughter of the Fairy Queen.

The great poet, Li T'ai-po, attached to the Court, was called upon to sing the praises of this beauty, which he did in appropriate language:

> The glory of trailing clouds is in her garments,
> And the radiance of a flower on her face.
> O heavenly apparition, found only far above
> On the top of the Mountain of Many Jewels,
> Or in the fairy Palace of Crystal when the moon is up!
> Yet I see her here in the earth's garden—
> The spring wind softly sweeps the balustrade,
> And the dewdrops glisten thickly. . . . .

The translation is by Shigeyoshi Obata. The Palace of Crystal on the Jeweled Mountain was the traditional abode of the Fairy Queen. But Li T'ai-po made one slip; in other

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lines he likened the favorite to the "Flying Swallow," the sobriquet of a dancing girl and courtesan of the Han period who had been taken into the seraglio of Ch'eng Ti. Yang Kuei Fei was offended and the poet whose hairs had grown white with dissipation was sent out again into the cold world. He was over fond of wine, but there is no real foundation for the tale that, when enjoying a pleasure ride in a boat, he became so intoxicated with wine that he tried to embrace the image of the moon in the water and was drowned. Like Omar of a later generation, he sang the praise of wine and the beauty of love, and his song was accompanied by that minor strain, a melancholy lament over the brevity of life. The following is a translation of one of Li T'ai-po's poems by Rose Sickler Williams which preserves very faithfully the sentiment of the poem and its metaphors as well:

The Yellow River's waters ceaselessly
Flow downward to the bosom of the sea:
    In slow content they pass their destined way,
Nor turn again to gladden you or me.

The old man weary with the weight of years,
Views in the mirror's depth his whitening hairs,
    Glossy at morning like the raven's wing—
Silvered at evening with a thousand cares.

And since life's morning mounts to highest noon,
And since the evening cometh sure and soon,
    Let us now fill until they over-brim
These silver goblets that outstare the moon.

'Tis said that Heaven shapes man's destiny.
Then surely Heaven takes note of you and me,
    And when we drink three hundred goblets round,
Heaven knows that we have feasted thankfully.

So comrades fill the cup with sparkling wine,
And pledge our friendship in a draught divine.
    Then fill again—and drink again—nor pause
To listen to this foolish song of mine.

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Full many an ancient worthy strove for fame,
Seeking in abstinence the world's acclaim:
The world forgets them when the rich wine flows,
And only merry topers leave a name.

Some find in gallant horses their delight,
And some in broidered robes and jewels bright.
All these I'd sell, were such the need, to buy
One heady cup to drink your health aright.

It is to be remembered, however, that many of the rhymes in these poems are no longer rhymes as the words are pronounced today, for the language has changed with the passing of the centuries; but they are allowed in the Book of Rhymes.

Modern Chinese poetry is often very artificial. Since every Chinese student under the old régime had to write poems in the examinations, guides were prepared for the poetasters, which prescribed very carefully the metaphors to be used. The real poet was able, of course, to rise above these artificialities. There is one rule, however, that is of importance to the preservation of the rhythm. Of the four tones in Pekingese, the first is a natural and even one; the second has a rising inflection, the third a falling inflection, and the fourth is quick and emphatic. Now these last three tones may be interchanged indifferently in a verse of poetry, but they must alternate with the even tones, and in the succeeding line the order of even and deflected tones must be reversed.

After the departure of Li T'ai-po from the court of Ming Huang, conditions in the palace and in the provinces went from bad to worse. The Yang family used the government to advance their own fortunes. Corruption led to rebellion. The rebellion was headed by a Turkish commander who had once been in the confidence of the Emperor, and who was on that account better able to make his preparations. The Eastern Capital was taken and the army of the rebels was approaching the Western Capital when the Emperor and his favorite took to flight. The Imperial Guard mutinied and refused to proceed unless the Yang family were put to

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death. His Majesty had no option but to sanction the strangling of Yang Kuei Fei. He then abdicated in favor of his son, but he never recovered from the shock of that calamity. The remainder of his days he spent in grieving over his lost love and in vain efforts to communicate with her spirit through the aid of Taoist necromancers. This tragedy formed the theme of many poems in later years. The best is that by Po Chu-i (A. D. 772–846). It is too long to quote here, but the following are three stanzas of it as translated by Cranmer Byng:

Clouds upon clouds of dust enveloping
The lofty gates of the proud capital.
On, on, to the southwest, a living wall,
Ten thousand battle-chariots on the wing.

Feathers and jewels flashing through the cloud
Onwards, and then a halt. The legions wait
A hundred li beyond the western gate;
The great walls loom behind them wrapt in cloud.

No further stirs the sullen soldiery,
Naught but the last dread office can avail,
Till she of the dark moth-eyebrows, lily pale,
Shines through tall avenues of spears to die.

Most of the great poets held office, but frequently they found the duties irksome. Su Tung-p'o (A. D. 1036–1101) wrote some verses on the birth of his son:

Families when a child is born
Want it to be intelligent.
I through intelligence,
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he will crown a tranquil life
By becoming a cabinet minister.

The translation is by Arthur Waley. There are many satires on official life, and there are numerous denunciations of militarism and the cruelties of war. The gruesome sights

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of the battlefield are depicted with a faithfulness that recalls the realism of Verestchagin's paintings.

In the sixth century B. C. when the states that made up the Chinese empire had become independent of the central government, fourteen of them entered into a covenant to preserve the peace. The argument advanced by one statesman in behalf of the cause was that "War is a curse to the people, a consumer of wealth, and the great foe of small states." Still earlier the old philosopher, Lao Tzu, said: "Where armies encamp, there briars and thorns spring up and famine stalks ever in the rear of marching hosts." Mencius, two hundred years later, seeing the approaching fall of the dynasty, urged a king of one of the states to seek the supreme power by promoting the welfare of the people. "The hearts of the people," he said, "will turn to him who does not love to kill." But, unfortunately, the people in those days had no power, and in the end it was the king that had the best army who won the empire. Waley has translated for us an anonymous poem of the second century B. C. of which these lines form a part:

> They fought south of the castle,
> They died north of the wall.
> They died in the moors and were not buried.
> Their flesh was the food of crows.
> . . . . . .
> The waters flowed deep
> And the rushes in the pool were dark.
> The riders fought and were slain:
> Their horses wander neighing.
> By the bridge once was a house.
> Was it south? Was it north?
> The harvest was never gathered.
> . . . . . .

In the second century A. D., Ts'ao Chih, a son of one of the war lords of that period, lamented in touching verse the destruction of the ancient capital by his enemy, Tung Cho. It has the pathos of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, but lacks the relieving touch of humor. Li T'ai-po in his day also

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wrote in condemnation of nefarious war. Here is Obata's translation:

Last year we fought by the head-stream of the So-kan,
This year we are fighting on the Tsung-ho Road.
We have washed our armor in the waves of the Chiao-chi Lake.
We have pastured our horses on T'ien Shan's snowy slopes.
The long, long war goes on ten thousand miles from home,
Our three armies are worn and grown old.

The barbarian does man-slaughter for plowing;
On his yellow sand-plains nothing has been seen but blanched skulls and bones.
Where the Chin emperor built the walls against the Tartars,
There the defenders of Han are burning beacon fires.
The beacon fires burn and never go out,
There is no end to war!

In the battlefield men grapple each other and die;
The horses of the vanquished utter lamentable cries to heaven,
While ravens and kites peck at human entrails,
Carry them up in their flight, and hang them on the branches of dead trees.
So men are scattered and smeared over the desert grass,
And the generals have accomplished nothing.

Oh nefarious war! I see why arms
Were so seldom used by the benign sovereigns.

A more common and a more pleasing theme is friendship, for friendship in China is an institution. Sometimes two friends prick their fingers and each lets a drop of blood fall into a single cup of wine. The two drops of blood mingle, and the two friends each take a sip of the wine. Thus they become brothers of one blood. They are bound as by the most solemn oath to defend one another to the death. The Book of Rites says: "With the enemy who has slain his friend one should not live in the same state." The meaning is that he should avenge the murder. Such, perhaps, was the friendship between Po Chu-i and Yuan Chen. A poem by Po Chu-i, translated by Arthur Waley refers to this friendship:

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Since I left my home to seek official state
Seven years I have lived in Ch'angan.
What have I gained? Only you, Yuan;
So hard it is to bind friendships fast.
. . . . . .
The bond that joined us lay deeper than outward things;
The rivers of our souls spring from the same well.

Li T'ai-po and Tu Fu, his younger contemporary, were as devoted friends as Byron and Tom Moore, and drank endless cups of wine and wrote many a verse in honor of their friendship. So, too, Wang Wei and his friend Meng Hao-jan, who retired to a Buddhist monastery, celebrated their affection. A stanza in farewell by Wang Wei is translated by Giles:

We parted at the Gorge and cried: Good cheer!
The sun was setting as I closed my door;
Methought, the spring will come again next year,
But he may come no more.

Innumerable verses evidence the love of nature, and especially a fondness for picturesque scenery. A poem by Tu Fu has been translated by Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell; it relates an experience at the Dragon Gate on Mount T'ai in Shantung:

I had already wandered away from the People's Temple,
But I was obliged to sleep within the temple precincts.
The dark ravine was full of the music of silence,
The moon scattered bright shadows through the forest.
The Great Gate against the sky seemed to impinge upon the paths of the planets.
Sleeping among the clouds, my upper garments, my lower garments were cold.
Wishing to wake, I heard the sunrise bell
Commanding men to come forth and examine themselves in meditation.

To the same translators we are indebted for this poem of Li T'ai-po on a visit to a mountain temple, whose monk was missing:

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A dog,
A dog barking,
And the sound of rushing water.
How dark and rich the peach flowers after the rain!
Every now and then, between the trees, I see deer.
Twelve o'clock, but I hear no bell in the ravine.
Wild bamboos slit the blue green of a cloudy sky,
The waterfall hangs against the jade-green peak.
There is no one to tell me where he has gone.
I lean against the pine trees grieving.

But the muse in China is sometimes harnessed to a work-a-day plow and made to turn a furrow for political or religious propaganda. Often one can see a proclamation by a local official posted in rhyme on the city gate, and many a tract appeals to the popular ear in doggerel verse. Some day, so the Sun threatens, he will refuse to get up, if he is not more faithfully worshiped, and the meat-eater is warned by the vegetarian in such lines as these, which register the complaint of the ox:

They take my hide to make a drum,
And at its sound the devils come;
And heaven and earth are moved to see
This proof of man's impiety.
My murderers shall come to grief,
Along with all who relish beef;
When I'm a man and you're a cow,
I'll eat you as you eat me now.

The more profound teachings of Buddhist and Taoist philosophy also find poetic expression, but were we to follow this inviting path, we should go too far afield.

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THE SERENADE

(*Mexico*)

REGINA KAUFMAN

Oh the moon is full and ripe like a fruit hung in the sky
And the stars are yellow blossoms that unfold to peep and spy,
For below my balcon window, Don Diego softly sings
And my heart stands still to listen as he strums the muted strings
Of his guitar:

Love is a fluid thing
And never can be measured—
A touch of sleeve or hand
Can make the pulses sing—
A glance like gold is treasured!

Soft and magic then the night wraps me in its scented shawl
And my breast holds fast the echo of the tones that rise and fall:
As the night was made for lovers, so were lovers made for song
In each cadence lies a meaning that goes deep and lingers long
And reaches far:

Love is a fluid thing
And never can be measured—
A low and labored sigh
More joyous than the ring
Of laughter long and leisured!

Amor mío, time is passing and the new day comes too soon,
And the cruel stab of dawning puts to death the fainting moon:
Sleepy linnets in their cages wake and twitter plaintively
And I send my lover from me as the morning gems a tree
With her star:

Love is a fluid thing
And never can be measured—
The lowering of an eye
More ecstacies can bring
Than kisses ever pleasured!

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YOUR ABSENCE

REGINA KAUFMAN

So many days have passed and still I yearn
For you, as some lost child yearns for its home
And for its mother's arms: hopeful, I roam
The old familiar paths, trusting to turn
And find you there: wistful my eyes they burn
To vacancy; and weighted as a stone
The graying silence presses to atone
For your caress with moments cold and stern.
You are not anywhere that I can see
And still of me you seem a very part—
Illusive as your presence is to me
Your voice still echoes here within my heart,
While all this nearness wakes an ecstacy
That cries aloud, "Come back,—come back to me!"

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IN GARDENS GRAY

REGINA KAUFMAN

The little winds are never quite so warm
As once they were.
Sullenly they lift and stir
Empty of charm.
The purple grapes that once hung lush with bloom
Seem cold and wet
As marble carved and set
Upon a tomb.
The seeding flower like some ragged clown
Offends my mood
That cries for sweeter food
Than thistledown.
And yet it was but magic yesterday
You walked with me
Here by a flowery sea
And all was gay:
Each winding path was splendid with the day—
But now alone,
I feel each bruising stone
In gardens gray!

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OUT OF BEATEN PATHS

ANDREW C. LAWSON

Probably at no time in history has the peaceful expansion of empire been so rapid as in the Northwest of Canada. During the *ante bellum* decades of migration to the middle west and the west of the United States in the quest for rich farming lands and for gold, the region to the north of the 49th parallel remained a primitive wilderness. The only pioneers to invade that vast territory were a few trappers, some buffalo hunters, the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company and some explorers lured by the spirit of adventure. There was no Dominion of Canada in those days, no nation in the east that looked to the west as its land of promise; but only discrete crown colonies, each absorbed in its local affairs and in perennial arguments with Great Britain over the principles and practices of colonial government. On the Pacific, Victoria had long been an outpost of the empire, and there was a settlement at the mouth of the Fraser River. Prospectors moving up the Fraser had discovered the gold fields of Cariboo, and these three centers of activity, representing commerce, agriculture, and mining, became the crown colony of British Columbia, which embraced a 'sea of mountains' far beyond what is now the Northwest of Canada. Even the name Canada, as a comprehensive designation for half a continent, was not in use before 1867, and the maps of the time referred to it simply as British Possessions.

In the absence of railways the region could not even be approached except through adjoining United States territory. For the hinterland of Ontario, the country to the

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north of Lake Huron and Lake Superior nearly to the Red River, was impassable for horses and oxen. In the early part of the nineteenth century the Earl of Selkirk obtained from the Hudson's Bay Company a grant of land on the Red River and there established a Scotch settlement; but in 1835, when the colony amounted to about 5000 Highlanders and half-breeds, the grant was transferred back to the Company. Beyond the Red River the land was a veritable *terra incognita*. There were no rumors even of its native richness to tempt the inhabitants of the old provinces in the east to move out and try their fortunes in the west. The hinterland with which they were familiar was rocky and barren in the extreme, and good only for the timber that flourished there. Beyond the hinterland, far to the west and north, a tillable soil was undreamed of. This barren hinterland of the Great Lakes, lying as it did between the old eastern Canadian colonies and the potential farmlands of the northwest, was doubtless the primary cause of the lag of the Westward, Ho! movement in Canada behind that in the United States. For the continuity of arable lands across the Mississippi Valley to the base of the Rocky Mountains there was substituted a discontinuity of over one thousand miles, a gap which the popular imagination of the time was unable to bridge. To the physical obstacles which barred westward migration was added the handicap of lack of political unity and national feeling. There was nothing to engender a sense of national ownership in whatever might lie beyond the hinterland, nothing to stimulate large policies of national development and political vision. Separation was the bane of the British colonies in North America, retarding and blocking all concerted action.

This separate colonial stage of the development of Canada came to an end in 1867. Under the statesmanship of Sir John A. MacDonald the discrete colonies were united in a federation, which became the Dominion of Canada and included all of the British Possessions of North America, except the island of Newfoundland, which preferred the colonial status. This federation was the result of years of

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effort and was a great political act, the achievement of which awakened in the Canadians a sense of nationality, independence, and strength which they had hitherto lacked. I remember well the first Dominion Day, the first of July, 1867, and how, though but a young boy, I had caught something of the spirit of exaltation which pervaded the people in their celebration of the event. I remember the making of a great flag by my mother, on which was represented the emblem of the New Dominion, the lashing of an extemporized flag pole to the chimney of our house by my father, and the hoisting of the flag with great rejoicing early on the morning of that gay day.

The federation of the Canadian colonies into a Dominion with a central government left the existing colonies as constituent states or provinces in the new federation, each with its own provincial government and control of its local affairs. But these constituent provinces enjoyed only such powers as were expressly granted to them by the Act of Federation. All residual authority and general sovereignty were vested in the federal government, limited, however, by the veto power of the Crown, represented by a Governor General. By this arrangement all Canadian territory beyond the limits of the original colonies came under the jurisdiction and disposition of the Dominion government.

The Confederation Act of the British Parliament was an enabling act which empowered the New Dominion, originally embracing only Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, to take in other provinces and to create new ones. Out of the Selkirk Colony was created the Province of Manitoba in 1870, when its mixed population of whites and half-breeds amounted to 12,000. To facilitate this creation of the new province the Hudson's Bay Company in 1869 transferred to the Dominion through Great Britain nineteen-twentieths of its possessory right for £300,000. In 1871 British Columbia was admitted to the Confederation on the stipulation that the New Dominion should forthwith construct an all Canadian transcontinental railway to connect the Pacific Coast with eastern Canada. This project was

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the first large national enterprise to engage the attention of the people of Canada, and in the years of discussion, negotiation, and legislation preparatory to financing so heavy an undertaking, they learned much as to the character of the country beyond the Lake Superior hinterland. The acceleration of the westward movement of population in the United States after the Civil War, due to the building of transcontinental railways, and the great economic expansion which attended that movement, had stimulated the imagination of the Canadian people. Immediately after the confederation agricultural pioneers began to invade the valley of the Red River, and stories of the wonderful fertility of the soil of the prairie land became common talk throughout eastern Canada. The construction of the transcontinental railway was begun in 1874 as a government enterprise. To connect with the railways of the United States a railway was built north from the Dakota line and entered Winnipeg in 1878. It also built a line the following year for 100 miles west of the Red River. The construction of the main line was delayed by changes in government and by the failure of Canada to sell its bonds on the London market. In 1881, however, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was organized, which, for a consideration of $25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land, contracted to build the railway across the continent, and construction was begun the same year.

It was my good fortune to see something of the Northwest of Canada just at the time when the gates to it were being opened, and before the great migration had reached beyond the new province of Manitoba. In the summer of 1882 I accompanied Robert Bell of the Geological Survey of Canada as his assistant on an excursion across the prairies to the waters of the Athabasca. It was a very simple sort of an expedition. We had two buckboards and two horses. Bell drove one and I the other. The country that we traversed was a wilderness full of charm and wonder to an untraveled youngster like myself in his third year in college. We journeyed for days and even weeks without seeing a

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habitation, and the only people met with in a thousand miles were those at the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, or an occasional pioneer making his lonely way from one post to another. A vast solitude possessed the landscape, which, though ever shifting, was ever the same, an endless rolling surface of waving grass and myriads of flowers beneath a bright blue sky, with drifting snow white clouds. Here and there the poplar bluffs and the gleam of saline waters in small lakes accentuated the glorious monotony of the prairie.

We outfitted at Winnipeg, reaching that city by rail from Chicago early in July. Winnipeg was then in the throes of a boom. The inauguration of construction of the transcontinental railway had been the signal for the influx not only of real settlers looking for homesteads, but also of an army of speculators, who clearly realized the impending appreciation of land values. The city was entirely inadequate for the housing of the flood of people that suddenly poured into it, so that tents and improvised shacks appeared on all sides. The streets were almost impassable for vehicles, since there were no pavements and the wheels in wet weather sank to their hubs in the soft blue clay of the Red River bottom lands, forming ruts of appalling aspect when the ground dried out and the clay baked in the hot summer sun. The wooden sidewalks which bordered these impassable streets were thronged with men, not in leisurely promenade, but rushing frantically as if fearing that the world would come to an end before they could close their deals. To cross the street was to risk the loss of one's boots, the clay being a most excellent bootjack. With all the rush and excitement of a boom in full swing nobody appeared to be disappointed. Good nature and cheerfulness, if not happiness, beamed on every face. It was a boom the bottom of which never dropped out.

Having procured our horses and buckboards and laid in a stock of provisions, we secured transportation for ourselves and outfit from Winnipeg to Brandon in one end of a box car, the other end being occupied by a young man and a

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thoroughbred stallion which represented his capital investment, upon which he hoped to build a fortune in the west. Today Brandon is less than a four-hours' run from Winnipeg, but the train we were on took two days to make the trip. It was, however, far from tiresome. In the long waits at sidings we had ample time for cooking, and for beds we had a great quantity of fresh straw and new blankets. The door on one side of the box car remained open, so that we had plenty of fresh air and a continuous view of the landscape. Whatever other diversion was needed the stallion provided, and time was never heavy on our hands.

Beyond Brandon the track of the new railway was still under construction, and not available for passenger travel even in box cars. So the day after our arrival there we hitched our horses to the buckboards, loaded them with our tent, blankets, provisions, and two sacks of grain for the horses, and commenced our journey. Our route for the first 180 miles paralleled the line of the railway and at Indian Head, on July 25, we passed the end of the steel, where an army of 2000 men were at work grading and laying track at the rate of several miles a day. The construction was proceeding faster than had ever before been attempted, and I doubt if the rate has been exceeded since.

Leaving the construction camp we headed northwest across the prairie following a trail leading to Fort Carlton on the North Saskatchewan. This trail was typical of the traveled roads of the region. There had never been a shovel on it, yet in the dry summer weather it was smooth and comfortable for riding, although there was probably not a piece of it 100 yards long that was perfectly straight. It had never been surveyed, but had been located by the man who first made his way across country steering by the sun; and its sinuosities remained to record his uncertainties and vacillation. Occasionally on low ground ruts had been developed in wet weather; but these were easily avoided by a detour through the grass of the firm even surface of the prairie. The features of the country that most deeply impressed me were the luxuriance of the grass and the

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wonderful profusion and variety of the wild flowers. The only grass that I was familiar with up to that time had been that of city lawns and country lanes; and great was my astonishment at this ocean-like expanse of grass as tall as ripe wheat billowing in the breeze and glistening in the bright sunlight. As for the flowers I do not recall anything that has so deeply stirred my aesthetic sensibilities as the gorgeous and splendidly extravagant blaze of color of that mid-summer blossoming of the prairie. The flowers, too, had to grow tall to be able to show themselves off against the fresh green grass, and they too were constantly waving in the breeze. As we went farther north the grass grew taller and eventually most of the flowers disappeared, unable to keep pace with the rank growth of the less showy vegetation. Beyond the North Saskatchewan River, as we approached the timber belt, the grass was so tall that we had to stand up in our buckboards to look out over the country. The water grasses were no less luxuriant than those of the dry land. On the shallow borders of the lakes which lie in the depressions of the prairie this kind of vegetation is very dense, and as it grows out from the shore into the deeper water it leaves the bottom and forms a thick mattress floating in the lake. In some lakes, not too wide, this growth meets in the middle, and so makes a sort of a raft upon which one may walk, sloppily and with much undulation, from one side to the other. In a few places the trail we followed, rather than make a long detour, crossed the lake on these rafts of matted grass. They afforded adequate support for our wheels, but the horses' feet sometimes went through into the clear, deep water below. One of our horses was a pessimist, and when this happened he promptly lay down in the swamp without attempting to pull out his lost foot and resigned himself to die in his tracks. With some exhortation and a liberal application of various goads, he was persuaded that his time had not yet come, and he struggled across the quaking bog.

There was little or no game to be seen on the prairie. The buffalo had disappeared a few years before, and only

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their bones were to be seen, although buffalo robes might still be bought for ten dollars at the Hudson's Bay Company's stores. We saw an occasional badger, and gophers were plentiful, but all the birds were in seclusion. Flies, however, were more than abundant. Mosquitoes plagued us continually and sometimes they swarmed in clouds so thick as to dim the light, necessitating the use of gloves and nets. Black flies and bulldogs pestered the horses and, indeed, devoured their hides till the raw flesh appeared in spite of all we could do to protect them. Brilliantly colored deer flies stabbed us with red hot needles, and the dog fly followed us steadily even in a strong breeze. In the twilight the sand fly appeared as a fine, brown, burning dust on any portion of our bodies that remained uncovered. To a tenderfoot the suffering caused by these various pests is beyond expression. Yet the suffering did not seem to dampen the joy of adventure; and for me it was a great adventure to invade this wilderness of grass and flowers.

Our daily routine was simple. We were up before dawn, and as our horses had been hobbled over-night and feed was abundant, they were soon brought in and hitched to the buckboards. To pack our dunnage was but a few minutes' work and we were usually on the road at sunrise, and traveled from ten to fifteen miles before breakfast. Occasionally we were delayed half an hour or an hour owing to the restlessness of the horses, and the distance they had wandered in the night. About eight o'clock we stopped at some convenient creek or pond, unhitched the horses, and spread out our tent to dry. The dews were surprisingly abundant, and every morning our tent was heavy with water, which added to our load and caused the canvas to mildew in the heat of the day if not promptly dried. The hour devoted to breakfast was usually ample for the purpose, as the sun was then high and the days were warm. The scarcity of fuel determined that we should stop when possible near one of the poplar bluffs that were widely spaced over the landscape; and the irregularity of the conjunction of fuel and water varied the time of our stopping for meals. When

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the poplar bluffs were too widely spaced buffalo chips were our only fuel, so, as our load of provisions diminished, we carried a little wood with us. The fire necessary to boil water for tea and to fry our meat was a very small affair, and had none of the magnificence of a camp fire in a timbered country. Our meals consisted uniformly of hard-tack, bacon or ham, tea, and canned tomatoes or fruit. At noon we stopped for two hours or longer to rest the horses, and incidentally ourselves. In the afternoon our pace was slower, but we drove far into the evening, and we rarely stopped for the night before half-past seven or eight o'clock. The distance covered in a day averaged about thirty miles, and Sunday was indistinguishable from any other day.

Our mode of travel was not conducive to conversation, and our remarks were necessarily directed to the horses. As I frequently lost my whip I had to cultivate an eloquently impelling or appealing address to the beast in front of me; for he appeared to be quite indifferent to the distance that separated him from the horse in front. This indifference distinguished him from all other horses that I have had to do with since. In camp my chief was far from loquacious. He was a short, rather stout man, with a full beard, much given to meditation; the subject of his reflections I never discovered. His chief worry was that I should injure myself by over-eating, and I was frequently admonished of this danger. I continued, however, in the pink of health. There was no conversation between us. I was not only a tenderfoot but was also a shy youngster; he was to me a famous geologist, and, although I have since revised my opinion of his attainments, I was then most respectfully reserved. We were on a geological excursion and I was a student of geology, yet he did not encourage discussion of geological phenomena. He was hurrying to the Athabasca River and was unconcerned with the geological features of the country through which we were passing. At best he was a genially taciturn, self-satisfied individual, who neither reproached nor praised me; an experienced traveler averse to wasting words or time. I did learn, however, how to

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travel; and the impressions of the country that I gained without conscious effort have been of great value to me from a geological point of view.

At the South Saskatchewan River we found a ferry which carried us across, and the evening of the next day we descended to the North Saskatchewan and entered Fort Carlton. This was a fortified Hudson's Bay Company's trading post, and comprised a group of stout wooden buildings enclosed in a high stockade. The factor in charge was a pleasant, handsome young man and something of a dandy. Though living the life of a hermit, he evidently kept in touch with the fashions of the day. I saw no other whites, but there were a few Indians lounging about the place and some half-breeds in the Company's employ. The store was well stocked with provisions, dry goods, guns, and ammunition and trinkets for the Indian trade. The warehouse was filled with pelts assorted in bundles. The place seemed peaceful and secure; and there was nothing to suggest the impending Indian war in which the fort was burnt to the ground in 1885.

After resting a couple of days at Fort Carlton, we were ferried across the river and proceeded on our way to Fort Pitt, leaving the river on our left and taking a northwest course, to meet it again beyond the bend which it makes between Carlton and Battleford. Fort Pitt, on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan, was a small village of half-breeds and Indians adjacent to a Hudson's Bay Company's post similar to that at Carlton, but not so large. After calling at the fort and purchasing some provisions, we pitched our tent at a safe distance from the village, near the edge of a terrace about twenty-five or thirty feet above the river, on August 12. The weather for the past few weeks had been dry and the days warm. The river was low. After midnight, probably about 2 o'clock, we were awakened by deep booming noises which seemed so near that we were alarmed and looked out. We were greatly astonished to find that the river had risen many feet, and was several times wider than it had been the evening before.

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The booming was caused by the caving of the banks due to sapping by the current. In the dim light we could see up and down stream acres of the terrace suddenly slumping into the river. It looked as though the piece of the terrace on which we had been sleeping was due to go next. With that terrifying thought as a spur to action, we moved camp with celerity, and when reestablished went promptly to bed again. Next day we had a fine view of the river in flood. The rush of water was due to the effect of a spell of hot weather in the Rocky Mountains on the snows of the previous winter, and on the glaciers which abound at the headwaters of the river.

The next section of our journey was from the North Saskatchewan to Lac La Biche, which drains into the Athabasca River and is the beginning of a canoe route down that river to the Mackenzie, and thence to the Arctic. The divide between the drainage of the Saskatchewan and that of the Athabasca is low and is close to Lac La Biche. Between the North Saskatchewan and the height of land is Beaver River, the most westerly tributary of the Churchill River, which drains a great system of lakes to Hudson's Bay. Before reaching Beaver River we had left the prairie behind us and entered the timber belt, the southern limit of which crosses the continent from southeast to northwest. The prevailing timber is the Jack Pine or Banksia Pine, but spruce and fir are common. Tamarack is found in low ground. Poplar and birch are thick in areas that have been burnt over. The forests are open and park-like, rather than jungles.

The Beaver River was at a high stage and there was no ferry. At the ford the water was high enough to flood the buckboards, the current was swift, and the footing for the horses bouldery; so we had an exciting time. By swimming across with a rope, which I anchored to a tree, we were able to negotiate a passage. After we had crossed a family of half-breeds came along with a heavily laden cart drawn by a pair of oxen. They were prepared for the occasion; for they promptly took the wheels off the cart and stuck a stout

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ten-foot pole in the axle bearings, while over the wheels they stretched buffalo hides that had been sewn together in the form of a cradle and made water tight. Into this improvised and very capacious boat they threw the rest of the cart and all their belongings and children, and pulled themselves over by a rope that one of the boys had taken with him when he swam the oxen over.

The last fifteen miles of the run to Lac La Biche was made in the morning before breakfast, and we arrived at the shores of the lake about 8 o'clock. There we found a solitary half-breed cooking his breakfast. He had caught a white fish in the lake and was baking it in a dutch oven before a camp fire. We had not tasted fresh meat all summer since leaving Winnipeg, and we immediately offered the man a piece of bacon for his fish. He promptly accepted, and, having unhitched the horses and got out our dishes, we regaled ourselves on the most savory dish that I remember, while the water was boiling for the tea.

A Hudson's Bay Company's post was near by and there my chief obtained a canoe and canoemen for his trip down the Athabasca. His purpose was to make a geological reconnaissance of the river from Lac La Biche to Athabasca Lake with reference to the occurrence of petroleum, the existence of which below the surface was indicated by asphaltic sands exposed on the river banks. He returned from the Athabasca by way of Clear Lake, Methy Portage, La Crosse Lake, and Beaver River to Green Lake, at which point it was planned that I should meet him with the horses. He accordingly left me at Lac La Biche, and I with an Indian commenced the return journey to Fort Carlton for the purpose of getting to our rendezvous at Green Lake, which lies about 130 miles north of the fort. The water had fallen in the Beaver River and we crossed it without difficulty. The trail we followed went to the north of Fort Pitt, so that we did not have an opportunity to replenish our provisions, and four days out of Fort Carlton these were exhausted. About this time I was taken ill with fevers and chills, and had no appetite anyway. I was very weak

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and helpless, but managed to stay on the seat of my buckboard in a somnolent condition, without attempting to guide the horse. The animal behaved much better than when he had been headed for the north pole, and jogged along after the rig in front at a good gait. Having eaten nothing for four days I was rather weak when we descended to the ferry at Fort Carlton, but the fever had left me and my appetite had returned. The first thing I did when I got into the fort was to enter the store and purchase four pounds of raisins, which I ate steadily all that day and the next.

After thus recuperating at the Fort for two or three days and getting a supply of provisions which it would have been difficult to exhaust before Christmas, I crossed the river again and proceeded north to Green Lake, the Indian taking the lead as guide of the expedition. My horse seemed surprised at this turn of affairs, and relapsed into a melancholy drudge that could be kept moving only by much physical exertion on my part. The greater part of our journey was through the timber, and the roads were much inferior to those on the open prairie. In about five days we arrived at the south end of Green Lake, a long, narrow sheet of water extending north and south for about twenty miles. Here was a warehouse of the Hudson's Bay Company at which had recently been delivered a large consignment of goods from the Saskatchewan River, destined for the northern posts. When we arrived a crew of half-breeds was engaged in loading these goods on a York boat for shipment to the main post at the north end of the lake. The factor in charge of the work invited me to accompany him down the lake; so, while the loading was proceeding, we stored our buckboards and harness in the warehouse, and I sent the Indian with the horses around by the road to the post. The sail down the lake took about three or four hours, and was a welcome relief from the monotony of the buckboard. At first there was no wind and we had to row. In placing the cargo space had been left for eight rowers to stand each at a huge oar, and the propulsion of the boat was effected

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by the most exhaustive use of muscular energy that I have ever seen. Swinging on heel and toe the whole body of the rower was thrown into the work, first bending far forward and then falling almost on his back, to get the most effective pull and lift of the great sweep that was balanced on the gunwale. The operation gave me a vivid picture of what must have been the labor of the galley slaves of ancient times. The work was so exhausting that after rowing for fifteen minutes the men had to rest for five. After an hour of this a breeze sprang up, the sail was hoisted, and we had an exhilarating run down the lake arriving at the post at sunset.

I do not recall how long I remained at Green Lake, but it must have been two or three weeks, during which time I had an excellent opportunity of getting familiar with the routine of a Hudson's Bay Company's post and with its dealings with the Indians. There were several wigwams in the neighborhood, each housing a large family of Indians most of whom spent some part of the day in the Company's store thinking longingly but hesitatingly of the various articles that they would like to own. Their prolonged visits generally ended by making some small purchase which was charged to their account. All purchases by Indians from the Hudson's Bay Company are on a credit basis, and their indebtedness is liquidated yearly, when the pelts are traded in at the end of the winter's trapping. I lived in my own tent, and my chief trouble was to protect myself from the thievery of the Indian dogs, who even went so far as to rip my tent open when I was sleeping in it, to get access to my belongings. They devoured the oats that I had for the horses, and they chewed my soap till they frothed at the mouth. They even made off with my iron kettle. These dogs are valuable animals, in constant use by the Indians and regularly fed in winter; but in summer they are allowed to 'go the limit' in starvation, and, thus driven to desperation, they become a pest in their search for food. It is not considered good form among the Indians to kill a dog, so one night I tried keeping them off by filling my shotgun

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with salt and giving them its contents as they approached my tent. My theory was that the salt would sting them and would have a restraining influence when they were meditating a raid. I was more than successful, for next day one of the dogs died, and the whole community rose in expostulation at the outrage. It required the good offices of the factor of the post to allay the hostile feelings I had aroused. He explained to the Indians that the death of the dog had been purely accidental, due to an overcharge of salt in my gun; that I had good intentions, but was very ignorant, and did not know the value of a dog. A piece of bacon which I gave the owner of the dog also acted as a sedative to the inflamed passions of the whole community. After that, however, the surviving dogs were incarcerated, and I had time to go hunting other game. My Indian at this time spent his days and nights gambling, and, having been stripped of all his earthly possessions, he left in disgust for Fort Carlton on foot, with maledictions on the whole Green Lake Post and myself in particular for having brought him there.

Finally my chief came along and we began our homeward journey. In a few days we were at Fort Carlton again and thence proceeded down the river to Prince Albert, then the most flourishing settlement in the entire Canadian Northwest. At that it was but a straggling village of a few score of inhabitants, mostly half-breeds. Its chief importance was as a distributing point for the Hudson's Bay Company in supplying goods for the fur trade to their northern posts. Here we loaded our buckboards with provisions for the trip to the railway, including several sacks of grain for the horses, and bought additional blankets, for the nights were now cold. In the prairie the transition from summer to fall is sharp and is marked by yellowing of the aspen leaves in August. The autumn days are the finest of the year, but there are heavy frosts at night throughout September and October. The skies are generally clear and the air is still. On these still cold nights the heavens are glorified by very wonderful displays of the aurora borealis, which flood the

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land with a mild yellow to rosy light. These ever shifting, flaming banners of the northern sky are often accompanied in their movements by rustling and crackling sounds, which intensify the weird and mysterious sensations of the beholder. I had often seen the northern lights, but never on so magnificent a scale and in such brilliant deployment as during these autumn nights on the prairie. Night after night the whole northern sky, from the horizon halfway to the zenith, was ablaze with vertically banded streamers of colored light spasmodically appearing and disappearing. Two or more horizontal zones of these streamers were usually active at the same time, and the shifting of the bands was independent in the different zones. The intensity of illumination in the different zones varied irregularly, and when this temporarily faded, the stars could be seen shining through.

After crossing the South Saskatchewan, the prairie presented an aspect very different from its appearance in July. Then it was a limitless, fenceless field of tall green grass relieved by myriads of gaily colored flowers. Now it was a bare waste, black with charcoal. The grass had matured and thoroughly dried in the hot summer sun, and had been consumed by a vast prairie fire. Nothing could exceed the desolation that stretched before us day after day as we traveled south. Over the blackened landscape the whitened bones of the buffalo gleamed everywhere, and we could now see the long straight furrows which these vanished animals had used as well-beaten paths from one watering place to another. On some parts of our route the fire was still in progress, and we had to seek wet ground near lake shores for safe encampment. As the fire advanced we could see various animals seeking escape, but not apparently greatly alarmed. Some foxes on their retreat studied us carefully before continuing their scamper from the burning grass. Some portions of the prairie were missed by the fire in its onward sweep, doubtless owing to a shifting of the wind, and on the days that we passed through these areas of still standing grass, we encountered great numbers of prairie

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chickens. These ran in great flocks through the grass, or perched on the leafless limbs of the trees in the poplar bluffs. Throughout the entire homeward journey we had abundance of fresh meat. The chickens were so plentiful that we often used only their breasts, which we broiled as steaks, discarding the rest. The ponds and lakes, too, were alive with ducks; but these were not so easy to get, as we had no means of following them on the water. We got sufficient, however, to vary our menu. In the early morning hours it was no uncommon experience to find the ponds frozen over except for a small area in the center where a flock of ducks, busily moving about all night, had kept the water open. These presented a very tempting pot shot to travelers who preferred duck meat to chicken, and were not troubled very much by the ethics of hunting. Having slaughtered a number of teal in such a situation the next problem was to secure the birds. The only solution that we could discover was for one of us to strip and wade in after them, breaking the thin ice with his bare feet. *I* was invariably elected for this rather ticklish service.

The nights were so cold in October that the blankets in which we slept were frozen stiff every morning, and the tent was rigid. To sleep comfortably on the ground in cold weather one rolls himself in his blankets and laces them up, or crawls into a sleeping bag. When such a bed freezes stiff, due to the escape of perspiration from the body, the sleeper may be perfectly warm and comfortable in the center of the roll, but the only means of escape in the morning is to wriggle out at the end of the tube that is thus created.

The great comet of 1882 was high in the heavens in October, and challenged my attention every morning at four o'clock, as I emerged from the tent to look for the horses by the light of the aurora borealis, while my chief continued to dream of life in the tropics. Having unhobbled the horses and tethered them to the wheels of the buckboard I proceeded to make life uncomfortable for my companion by folding up my frozen blankets, and pulling up the tent pegs, till he arose and followed my virtuous

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example. In less than half an hour we were shivering on our buckboard seats urging the horses to get somewhere before sunrise. When we stopped about eight o'clock for breakfast our tent and blankets were still stiff from frost, and our first care was to spread them out in the sun to thaw and dry. Then we fed the horses, built a small fire and cooked our breakfast. Food was abundant and my appetite was a daily cause of wonder and alarm to my chief. In the few weeks of the return journey I added twenty pounds to my weight and have never since lost them. The time allotted to breakfast was too short to dry our tent and blankets, and when we stopped in the middle of the day the drying process was continued. At evening we rarely camped before dark.

Traveling thus steadily day after day with no rest, the horses became worn out. The legs of both animals began to swell and their gait was inversely proportional to the size of their legs. I have a very vivid memory of our last day out. We stopped early for the evening meal and instead of pitching the tent we hitched up the horses after dinner and continued our journey. This was a most unusual proceeding from the horses' point of view, and to their physical incapacity was added the psychological handicap of equine resentment. It was a glorious night. There was not a cloud in the sky and a harvest moon was rising, so that we could see the trail almost as well as in daylight. Finally, the horses concluded the game was not worth the moonlight, and by concerted action brought our advance to a stop. We had only a few more miles to go, however, so we got out and walked with the horses, one hand on the bridle and the other operating a switch with a steady rhythm. We crawled into Indian Head about eleven o'clock on October 25. This was now a tent city, with tent hotel and tent stables. We handed the horses over to the stableman, got another square meal, and turned in about midnight, to enjoy a well-earned rest. We both slept next morning till ten o'clock. When we arose the sun was shining brightly but the prairie was covered with twelve inches of snow.

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After breakfast my chief spent the rest of the morning trying to sell the horses, but found no buyers. No one would accept them even as a gift. He was always very reticent as to how he did dispose of them, and I never discovered their fate. While he was thus engaged I succumbed to the wiles of a real estate agent who led me out on the prairie, laboring through the snow along certain rectangular rows of stakes, the heads of which we could just see, and which he informed me indicated the business section of the future metropolis of the Canadian Northwest. I admired the wintry landscape, wondered at the length of the rows of pickets, and was captivated by the agent's enthusiasm and eloquence; but, although those fine business lots were only $200 apiece, I did not buy.

That evening a Pullman train came in from the west. In the three months that had elapsed since we passed the end of the steel, the railway had been completed and put on an operating basis as far as Swift Current, 190 miles to the west. On that train we got berths to Winnipeg, and thence proceeded to Ottawa via Chicago.

Since that early trip I have crossed the Canadian Northwest several times by rail, and have watched its development with more than ordinary interest. Today it is covered by a network of railways, and there are scores of cities and towns where in 1882 the prairie dog, the gopher, and the badger were the only squatters. Its fertile soils have made it one of the great granaries of the world, and the handling of its produce is one of the pressing problems in world transportation. Its population is rapidly increasing, and out of it have been created two great provinces as additions to the Canadian Confederation, each of them twice the size of California. Manitoba's boundaries have been extended till it now has a sea coast of over 300 miles on Hudson's Bay, with a deep-water harbor at Churchill. The coal fields of Alberta are second to none on the continent, and have been actively exploited for more than three decades. The people are homogeneous, intelligent, and vigorous, and are

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devoted to the political ideals of the great empire of which they have so recently become a part, and whose institutions they have so firmly established on a new soil. To have seen the beginnings of this great expansion of empire, to have traversed the land in its pristine condition before the invasion set in, was my first great adventure, an experience which I look back on with that peculiar pleasure that arises from participation in events which are unique as well as great. I had seen a piece of the New World, as new as was New England when the Pilgrim fathers landed. I had seen it as it will never be seen again, and I have the feeling that my youth was in a certain sense synchronous with the youth of the world, before it was filled up with people.

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NOSTALGIA

CRISTEL HASTINGS

Oh, I have seen the blue of summer skies
Reflected on the bosom of the sea,
When snowy sails that filled and fled the wind
Were as a glimpse of happiness to me.

But now—a curving shore line only means
An aching longing for a land I knew
And loved. While gulls that follow ships all bring
Me tales of home where skies are full as blue.

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CUBAN ELECTION EVILS

CHARLES E. CHAPMAN

The legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the Cuban government are notoriously corrupt or inefficient, usually both, moreover, this condition of affairs is generally recognized and deplored, except by the political class, which profits from it. Why, then, do not the people make a clean sweep of their rulers through use of the ballot? This question might be asked seriously outside of Cuba, but hardly in that republic itself. The people do not overturn the politicians because the latter will give them no chance to do so. All that the people may do, at the best, is to choose among candidates that are perhaps equally bad, and sometimes not even this much of a privilege is accorded them.

Social and economic conditions in Cuba make political life very different from what it is in the United States. As in most Hispanic lands, so, too, in Cuba, the native-born 'better class' elements have had but indifferent success in competing with foreigners in business. There are, indeed, some noteworthy exceptions, but they are in the decided minority. Americans do most of the 'big business,' with Englishmen contributing a prominent share, while Spaniards carry on a great part of the retail trade of the island. A number of Cubans have their place in agriculture on a large scale, especially in the sugar industry, but they are usually in a position subordinate to the American-owned mills. So the great majority of the educated Cubans feel that they have no alternative save to go into one of the professions (law, medicine, teaching, arms, literature, journalism, engineering, architecture) or into politics. Often, indeed, they combine the two, the better to make both ends meet;

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for the pickings in the professions are not sufficient to enable all who are in them to live on a moderately good scale.

Such a combination is almost a necessity, for there is a wide separation of classes in Cuba, with very little of the middle-class element that is the back-bone of a country like the United States. The well-born Cuban would on no account engage in manual labor. He has reached a stage where he will consider a good business position, but even business has not yet attained to a very high place in the social scale. Certainly, the humdrum life in the lower ranks of business, with its slow progress toward a remotely possible affluence, has, for the Cubans, nothing to compare with politics, not even with the light-paying, but highly respected small government job. The game of politics, with all its risks—even risk of death in troubled times—appeals to the Hispanic love of adventure. For the more fortunate it points the royal road to wealth, a wealth that may run far into the millions, on a financial capital of less than a 'shoestring.' To be sure, riches can be obtained only through utilizing one's opportunities for corruption, but so firmly rooted is the Spanish colonial practice of "government for the sake of the office-holders" that almost no social stigma is involved in graft, and there is hardly any need for concealment. It is the traditionally expected thing, and merely evidences the fact that the man who engages in it is "not a fool."

The successful politician has more than himself and his own immediate family to look out for. He must do what he can to see that all his relatives and his wife's relatives get jobs that will at least yield them a living wage, or more if possible. The curse of nepotism is an important evil of Hispanic life. In Cuba it has frequently happened that a president has appointed, not one, but several of his relatives to some of the highest posts of government. President Zayas (1921–1925) has been especially notorious for this. Other politicians do what they can in proportion to their opportunities. And father, brother, son, uncle, nephew, far distant cousins, and various "in-laws" are all members of 'the family' in Cuba. Besides, one may also help a *friend*

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by feeding him at the public crib. The thing is criticized, but it is doubtful if those who object the loudest would act otherwise themselves.

Thousands upon thousands of government employees make only a bare living out of their positions; and these are the men who render almost the only really honest service in the workings of the Cuban state. Yet there are other thousands from all ranks of society who want similar posts. In consequence there is a constant tendency to multiply jobs, while the competition for the more profitable places is lessened momentarily only as these, too, are increased in number. In fine, there has developed a "political class," which, as one writer has put it, takes the place of the middle class (non-existent in Cuba) that a republic needs to have. It is, indeed, a parasite class, which has made "politics our only industry and administrative fraud the only open road to fortune for our compatriots." This writer went on to describe it as an industry stronger than sugar, more lucrative than railways, and surer than banking, shipping, and commerce. It brought many ills in its train, such as upsets of public order, lowering of social and moral standards, and a retarding of individual betterment, but was inevitable under the peculiar social conditions of Cuba.[1]

A detailed story of the different Cuban elections is not appropriate here. So far as presidential elections go, the following comment hits the mark:

> In the history of Cuba no Candidate for the presidency has ever lost an election who was backed by the government. [Estrada] Palma reëlected himself to be ousted by a revolution; Gomez, leader of the revolution, who was favored by the intervention government, became president; Menocal was supported by Gomez with the rural guard and defeated Zayas, and four years later he reëlected himself, and in the following election threw the support of the government to Zayas who was declared president by a decision of the supreme court.[2]

[1] Carrión, Miguel de, "El desenvolvimiento social de Cuba en los últimos veinte años," *Cuba Contemporánea*, vol. 27, pp. 6–27 (September, 1921).

[2] "A Sage," "Sagacious Remarks on Current Events," *Havana Post*, July 15, 1924.

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In like manner Zayas supported Machado, who was elected in 1924.

The evil has grown progressively worse. A first period of increasingly bad conditions reached a culmination in the election of 1905, which caused the revolution of 1906, followed by the intervention of the United States in 1906-1909. During this period a law of elections was promulgated which was primarily the work of the then Colonel Crowder, head of the Legal Advisory Commission. This law was an outgrowth of a careful taking of the census, and contained a number of excellent features, including the following: public registration of voters; the holding of elections on a single day; district electoral boards containing representatives of all parties; official tickets; proportional representation in the House and in provincial and municipal councils; the secret ballot; a first scrutiny of the vote by the officials of the district electoral board; municipal, provincial, and national electoral boards for the hearing of cases on infractions of the law; and an appeal from them to the law courts.

No objection could be found with the elections of 1908, and those of 1910, 1912, and 1914 were at least reasonably well conducted. But by 1916 fraud on a large scale had made its appearance, and it became worse in ensuing years. As the writer has previously set forth:

> The buying of votes and voting of dead men are within an American's ken, but in Cuba the latter, at least, is indulged in to a degree that would hardly pass muster in twentieth-century United States. The number of votes at a presidential election has been known to be about double the total number of voters in Cuba, and this in spite of every conceivable device to keep adherents of the opposite party from voting at all. Soldiers have patrolled the polls or ridden through the country to intimidate the opposition. Clocks are moved forward or backward as the exigencies of the voting hours demand. There are innumerable tricks to delay the voting so that the opposition voters never get to the booths. Criminals have been pardoned to serve as hoodlums and to get the votes their 'family influence' represents.

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> And if the vote of a particular precinct is still adverse, one may burn the polling place and destroy the record. A President, in control of the army and the political machinery, must have a veritable national uprising against him to lose an election, if he takes advantage of his powers. The precedents are generally to the effect that he would be an unusual President who would not do so.[3]

It might be added that, in view of the recent policy of the United States in lending support to a government in power in the event of a revolution, a national uprising would probably be ineffective. A much clearer idea of the meaning of some of the practices referred to will be obtained if a few of them, at least, are discussed in more detail.

Forros is a term used for false voters, recruited from many sources. There have been many falsifications of the census and the voting-lists, in order to get names upon them that could be voted. An examination of these lists reveals such names as Cristóbal Colón (Spanish for Christopher Columbus), Diego Velázquez (the Spanish conqueror of Cuba), Valeriano Weyler (the notorious "Butcher" of the War of Independence), and the names of all the other numerous captain-generals of Cuba. The falsifiers evidently exercised no very great amount of imagination. It was indeed difficult to find names enough, for prior to 1919 there were more *forros* than actual voters! This was an abuse practiced by both parties. In a hard-fought presidential election, the number of *forros* would be kept down, through challenges from both sides, except in cases where the government was exerting special pressure. In that case the government *forros* would be counted, and the others not. The evil was more noticeable, however, in the partial elections which took place between elections for the presidency. At such times political interest was not nearly so intense, and in consequence the number of *forros* might well decide an election.

The *forros* grew out of corrections of the voting-lists as established by the census and electoral law of 1908. Down

[3] Chapman, Charles Edward, "The Cuban Election Problem," *American Review of Reviews*, vol. 70, pp. 413–419 (October, 1924).

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to that time there had been special registrations for each election, as in the United States. But in 1908 it was provided that the register of voters should be permanent, plus those who should subsequently gain the right to vote, and minus those who from death or other cause should lose it. The addition or removal of names was intended to be merely a clerical task in the keeping of the municipal electoral boards. But these clerks seem to have been much better at addition than subtraction, for by 1919, in a man-suffrage country, the voters represented the impossible number of 44.2 per cent of the population. A striking case was that of Candelaria in Pinar del Río. This town, with a total of 9234 inhabitants, was able to muster 25,820 voters!

Come now to the *refuerzo*. This evil political condition appeared especially in the case of elections to Congress and to the provincial and municipal councils. It grew out of the fact that one voted for the full number of representatives or councilors allotted to the province or municipality, instead of for just one from a limited district, as in the United States. Thus, if a province were entitled to twenty-five representatives in Congress, one might vote twenty-five names. In such an event a man might vote for some of his party's candidates, and not for others, thus giving a *refuerzo*, or reinforcement, to those whom he favored. So far, the proceeding was quite within the law; indeed, it was just what had been contemplated, on the theory that it would bring about the election of the best candidates. In practice, however, there developed the peculiar anomaly of a candidate running against other candidates of his own party, as well as against those of the opposition. The situation was still further complicated by the fact that, by an enactment of the Magoon era, Cuba had adopted the system of proportional representation as the means for securing the influence of minorities required by the Constitution. To get around the possible confusion that might result from a straight ticket vote it was further enacted that in case of a tie those names coming nearest the top of the ballot should receive first consideration.

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So, quite apart from the maneuvers in the nominating assemblies to get a place at the top of the ticket, there was a considerable competition among members of the same party to get a *refuerzo* at the time of the vote. It will be seen, therefore, that the straight party vote, for which a politician in the United States might normally strive, was one of the last things to be desired by a candidate of either party whose name was toward the lower end of the list. The voters were therefore bribed or otherwise influenced to vote only for one name in the party list, and not vote at all for other names, or even to vote all the candidates but one of another party! And since those candidates whose names were far down on the ballot needed to get a greater vote than those at the top, the latter engaged in the *refuerzo* as well as the former, in order to safeguard their own candidacies.

But the *refuerzo* did not stop there. Politicians of the two parties might get together and arrange fraudulent trades—say of votes for a senator of one party as against votes for the presidential candidates of another. It sometimes even happened that one entire set of party officials would be bought up, in which case they would throw their influence to a *refuerzo* all along the line in favor of the candidates of the other party. Frequently, members of opposite parties got together and appointed an administrator to handle the purchase of the vote for all members of the group. Even after an adverse vote had been turned in, there was still a chance to win the election through a falsification at the time of the count or during transmission of the vote to the capital.

Many of the practices employed are also included in current definitions of the *refuerzo*. For example, it was often arranged by officials of both parties to mutilate enough straight tickets or vote a sufficient number of partially blank ballots to secure a result that would be other than that in the vote as cast. This was done in collusion with the municipal electoral board which first counted the vote, and it was not so difficult to arrange as might seem likely. Municipal boards were made up of an equal number from

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the two parties, together with a municipal judge who determined the result in case of a difference between the party representatives. So, if officials of the opposite parties agreed, their representatives in the boards could control the situation. But if it were deemed desirable to secure the co-operation of the judge, that, too, was a simple affair, for municipal judges are political appointees who do not even have to be lawyers. They are therefore menaced with being relieved of their post or transferred, while their appointment in the first place, together with promotions or other favors, is purely a matter of political favor. This factor assisted not only in the illegal *refuerzo*, but also in presidential control of elections!

But there was plenty of opportunity in which to complete the fraud even if it had not been accomplished by the time of the first scrutiny of the vote. The votes were left in the hands of the judge of the electoral board, with no guaranties whatsoever. So he might open the package and change the vote, or it could be done afterward by postal officials before its delivery at the capital. Meanwhile, it went through a further scrutiny on the part of higher electoral boards. Falsification in these later stages was indulged in only in case the opposite parties could not agree, being especially employed by the government party in a presidential election. According to common report, there was a great deal of fraud at this stage in the election of 1916.

These dishonest practices were the more easily engaged in because of other evils in Cuban political life that made escape from the legal consequences easy and reward for success alluring. As already stated, there was an appeal from the findings of the lower electoral boards to those higher in the scale, and from them to the courts, but the appeal to the higher boards may be said to have involved a distinction without a difference, and the courts were notoriously corrupt. At best the courts were given to the adoption of legal devices to avoid rendering a decision. As most of the appeals against frauds in the electoral boards came at the time of a presidential election, and as the government party was more likely to have perpetrated them, the judges

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did not wish to take the responsibility for upsetting the vote and thus risk losing their posts. Even a conviction for electoral frauds held few terrors, for pardons and amnesties followed crime in rapid succession in Cuba, and election crimes were always forgiven. On the other hand, there was that "compensation for fraud to the political servant" known in Cuba as the "*botella*" (bottle), which has been defined as "pretended employment, without any work to do"—the soft government job.[4] All these fraudulent practices are without taking into account the factor of intimidation of the voter, already alluded to, which was accomplished not merely by use of the army, the rural guards, and the police, but also by employment of thugs called "*matones*," or "killers."

Yet another evil flourished to assist the politicians in their control of the vote. Political parties were recognized by the law as having an extra-legal position, without any provision for the control of their internal management, in imitation of the system in the United States. But all sorts of frauds were perpetrated within a party to determine the candidates and their position on the ballot at an election. When, for example, President Menocal found that the majority in his party assembly (as the conventions are called) would be against him, he caused his eight cabinet secretaries to be included as members of the assembly *ex officio*, and thus dominated the vote. There was no law to stop him, and he had the supreme argument of force on his side. The dominant position of the president in the party assembly is one of the principal causes for the formation of fractional groups. Unable to gain what they want within their own party, some men get out, form an organization of their own, and make headway as a pirate party, to which favors must be granted to keep the balance from swinging in the opposite direction. The most notable instance in recent years was the formation of the Popular Party by Alfredo Zayas in 1919, a maneuver which carried him to the presidency.

The law of 1908 was not responsible for these evils, but it was associated with them in the popular mind. There-

[4] Ortiz, Fernando, "La reforma electoral de Crowder en Cuba," *La Reforma Social*, vol. 20, pp. 214–225 (July, 1921).

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fore, when the bitterly criticized election of 1916 was followed by fraudulent elections in 1918, there was an insistent demand in many quarters for a new law, though its reputed author, the former Colonel Crowder, was held in great respect—all the more so, perhaps, in the light of the great reputation he had won in organizing the American army in the World War. So in 1919 President Menocal issued an invitation to this famous officer, now become a general, to come to Cuba and give his advice in the drawing up of a new law of elections. Both the Conservatives and Liberals announced their willingness to coöperate in the plan, although the latter (then out of power) set forth, through a committee of their members in the House, that the trouble was not in the laws, but in the failure to observe them. No reform, they said, could do away with an improper conduct of the elections unless accompanied by a preventive action on the part of the United States, for "the evil was in the men in the government, not in the precepts of the law."

This assertion was in perfect accord with the facts. It is therefore hardly worth while to devote much space to the Crowder election law of 1919, though allusion should be made to a most valuable preliminary work in the form of a new census. The ratio of voters turned out to be 17.2 per cent of the population, instead of the 44.2 per cent previously on the registration lists. The law itself was a bulky document, making a fat volume, but it is primarily interesting for the way it was *not* carried out. For example, it provided that where the voting ratio in any voting district (*barrio*, or ward) was one per cent higher than at the last election it was presumptively fraudulent, and if over three per cent, conclusively so. On this basis the following result was obtained in the elections of 1922:

Total voting districts	Number with less than one per cent increase	Number with over one per cent increase but less than three	Number with over three per cent
1193	387	512	294
100%	32.4%	42.9%	24.7%

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Thus only 32.4 per cent of the vote was presumptively legal under the terms of the law, and 67.6 per cent was fraudulent. This would seem to imply that the *forros* still live.

General Crowder also attempted to overcome the 'pirate party' evil by a provision forbidding different parties from carrying the same names as candidates for office. As already mentioned, these groups, called 'parties,' were merely for the purpose of traffic in votes. They were not confined to national politics, but existed also within provinces and even within municipalities, so that the leader could get one or two places in a trade whereby his group would support the larger party in its other candidacies. But President Menocal had this paragraph of the Crowder law amended, following which he formed the Conservative-Popular alliance for the elections of 1920. In that year these two parties had identical lists of candidates. The same thing happened in 1924, but this time the Popular Party joined with the Liberals.

The 'repeating' evil had been so evident prior to 1919—that is to say, plural voting by individuals, who, of course, had but a single legal vote—that the new law required that each man have a certificate (*cédula*) showing his right to vote. The idea was to prevent repeating by checking each certificate, since no one without a certificate was to be allowed to vote. But the only effect of this paragraph was to add a new commodity to the Cuban market, for the certificates were sold freely to the highest bidder. In 1922 the market price in Havana was fifty dollars, while from ten to fifteen dollars was the normal range in the country districts.

Despite the efforts of the new law to overcome it, the *refuerzo* in its worst forms continued unchecked. In the elections of 1922 *refuerzos* were quite generally sold by political chiefs to candidates for municipal and provincial office, as well as to those who were running for election to the national House. In Madruga, province of Havana, seven Liberal, five Conservative, and two Popular candidates for representative, together with several aspirants for provincial and municipal posts, formed a coalition to buy

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up the electoral board. Each candidate for representative contributed $1500, and nine others gave $500 apiece, while the rest got on the ticket free, for personal reasons. In all, the sum of $22,500 was paid, of which each of nine 'college,' or voting district, boards got $500, while the municipal electoral board got $18,000. The work was done by substituting false ballots for the real ones. Yet the case was by no means unique; such things probably happen in every election in each voting district, and were notorious in the elections of 1922.[5] What with *forros*, the *refuerzo*, and the sale of voting certificates, those elections were possibly the most fraudulent ever held in Cuba.

Another feature of the law, supplemented by a law of June 11, 1921, had led to the hope that the evil political machine could be overthrown through a free reorganization of each party prior to an election. The politicians found an easy way to get around that by a law of January 2, 1922, against the reorganization of political parties. President Zayas allowed the bill to become a law without his signature —a procedure often followed by him in the case of undesirable legislation that should be vetoed. According to this law, the men comprising the existing executive committee of each party (so framed as to include the Liberal, Conservative, and Popular parties only) were to nominate all municipal, provincial, and national candidates for the elections of 1922. Great care was taken to see that these committees should be composed of the 'right men.' For example, provincial executive committees were to appoint municipal executive committees in localities that did not have them, and all vacancies on existing committees were to be filled by members of the committees themselves. The lists of candidates selected by these committees were to be printed on the official ballot.

And yet the elections of 1922 are often styled 'good,' because there was no armed interference by the president,

[5] The writer has personal knowledge of what happened at one of the sugar mills. Just two men went to the polls, but when the announcement was given out it seems that three hundred had 'voted.'

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since the outcome of the election was a matter of indifference to him. The Liberals were successful, but the pseudo-Popular-Conservative occupant of the executive chair has since found no difficulty in getting an almost unanimous vote in Congress whenever he wants it. This fact, however, does not directly concern elections, though it may help in a measure to explain them.

The fraudulent character of the elections of 1920 and 1922 caused General Crowder (who had become United States ambassador to Cuba in 1923) and a number of leading Cubans to consider the drafting of a new law to overcome some of the evils that had persisted or developed despite the law of 1919. To overcome the *forros* evil, it was proposed to require frequent meetings of municipal electoral boards in order to have the voting-lists ready before January 1, 1924, since by the law of 1919 nobody could vote at an election unless he were a registered voter. Besides being excluded from the elections of 1924, those who should register and did not do so were to be fined. The article that Menocal had derogated, to the effect that no man could appear as a candidate on two party lists, was to be restored. The voting certificate was to be replaced with a requirement that officials of a voting district electoral board should reside in the district, so that they might know the voters personally. Other safeguards against 'repeating' were also proposed. To guard against the *refuerzo* it was suggested that individuals be required to vote a straight ticket; the adoption of the "single member district" plan in use in the United States was considered but dropped, as it would have required an amendment to the Constitution, a virtual impossibility under the circumstances.

The law was introduced in the House on February 22, 1923, by Fernando Ortiz (a Liberal and a conscientious man who has since withdrawn voluntarily from that body) and Santiago Rey. The latter, who was president of the Conservative party, was to have charge of the bill. Just at that time President Zayas raised his 'nationalism' issue against

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the United States, and Rey went over to his side. Zayas did promise to call a congressional committee "later" to discuss the matter of a new election law, but a precise date was never set, and nothing was done.

The elections of 1924 have been heralded abroad as 'fair,' but they were so only in so far as they represented the preference of the people for Machado over Menocal. The same evils manifested themselves as before, and if there was comparatively little violence, it was probably because the victory of Machado was so overwhelmingly sure that force was unnecessary.

In conclusion it may be said that there is probably no law that would serve any better than the election law of 1919. To be sure it has not checked fraud, and, furthermore, it has some features that are distinctly bad. As one keen-minded Cuban gentleman of Santiago told the writer,

> The Crowder law is based on party conventions, beginning with the election of ward delegates, then municipal, then provincial, and finally national. No decent man has a chance to get far in politics by this course. It is too democratic for Cuba. The Spanish system, based on property-holding, payment of a poll-tax, or the literacy test, was much better.

But there is probably no way to bring about honesty in Cuban elections, except by evolution toward better standards or by an upheaval that will overwhelm the present political class. Until one or the other happens, election laws are likely to be just so much waste paper, and there is nothing in sight at present to make one expectant of either eventuality for many years.[6]

[6] This article is based in part on the various election laws, which may be found in the official Gazette, or *Gaceta*, at the appropriate date. The volumes of *Diarios de Sesiones* of the two houses of Congress were also helpful, especially in periods when amnesty bills were being discussed, for they almost invariably included election crimes. Nearly every volume or article dealing with political happenings in Cuba has something to say about election evils. The volumes of Barbarrosa, Collazo, Dolz, Ibarzábal, Martínez Ortiz, and Varela Zequeira are particularly noteworthy, and among scores of articles those of López, Marvin, Ortiz, Scott, and Spinden are perhaps outstanding.

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Recently the Phrontist had occasion to speak of a certain man as being a "brisk man in the broil," and his cell-mate (who is a Mr. Boffin for pouncing) immediately pounced upon him demanding the origin of the phrase. It was, for a moment, a puzzling question, but it seemed to the Phrontist to come down from some remote period of his life, fragrant with memories of his boyhood days, and this fact was sufficient to identify it. If it reached back to that lonely farm on the Nebraska prairies where the Phrontist spent his youth it must have come from one of a very limited number of books. It could not be a phrase from the Bible. The Phrontist does not pretend to know the Scriptures as intimately as he did half a century ago when he was much more of a fundamentalist than he is now, but the picture involved in the phrase did not seem Biblical. Pilgrim's Progress? Perhaps, . . . but .... Aha! We have it! Not Pilgrim's Progress, but John Bunyan, at any rate! That little black volume there in the corner of the bookcase side by side with Chaucer, Milton, and Boole's *Difference Equations!* It is dated MDCCCLIII and good luck to the martyr that attempts to translate that date into anything but graveyard symbols! On the title-page we read THE HOLY WAR MADE BY KING SHADDAI UPON DIABOLUS for THE REGAINING OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD OR THE LOSING AND TAKING OF THE TOWN OF MANSOUL by JOHN BUNYAN WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES BY MASON.

The Phrontist was certain that he was on the right track so he felt like prolonging the chase luxuriously and avoiding a too hasty termination of the pleasures of pursuit, as one sometimes scorns to look at the verticals in a cross-word till all the horizontals have been tried out. Besides, one cannot take up John Bunyan and turn over the leaves idly. In spite of the "explanatory notes

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by Mason" the tinker of Bedford will have his will. One glance at the opening paragraphs and the thing is done. Off you go!

> In my travels, as I walked through many regions and countries, it was my chance to arrive at that famous continent of Universe. A very large and spacious country it is: it lieth between the two poles, and just amidst the four points of the heavens. It is a place well watered, and richly adorned with hills and valleys, bravely situated; and for the most part (at least where I was) very fruitful; also well peopled and a very sweet air. (*a*)
>
> The people are not all of one complexon, nor yet of one language, mode, or way of religion; but differ as much (it is said) as do the planets themselves: some are right, and some are wrong, even as it happeneth to be in lesser regions. (*b*)

At this point one is conscious of a leaden weight pulling him down out of the regions of fancy, or rather of a Mason who has tied one's feet to a huge block of granite. The references (*a*) and (*b*) are to footnotes at the bottom of the page, or rather to the lower three-quarters of the page where Mr. Mason sits busily chipping off all sparkle from John Bunyan's building material. Thus we have at (*b*) the paraphrasing of the second paragraph as follows:

> The world, with respect to its inhabitants, is here delineated in the disordered state it was reduced to by the fall of our first parents who involved all their posterity. Before that fatal event, all was harmony, beauty, and united praise to the beneficent Creator; but sin introduced discord, a comparative deformity, disease and death, and entailed a curse on the whole creation: thenceforward the mind became depraved and debilitated in all its faculties, so that the understanding will, and affections were not only alienated and estranged, but branched out into various species of error and discordancy, in proportion as mankind increased, whose hearts being thus infected became utterly blind and their imaginations vain; giving themselves up to committing all kinds of abominations with greediness. . . . .

How the Phrontist, as a little boy, hated those notes by Mason! Imagine a youth of some poetic instincts thrilling with the glamour and mystery of these immortal lines, setting out on some great adventure with this Pied Piper of Bedford only to find the door in the mountainside shut fast, and walled up by this Mason! To this very day he has never quite recovered from his abhorrence of footnotes. He often misses the most important point in a memoir because it happens to be given at the "bottom of the page" from which his eyes turn away instinctively.

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There is a note in the preface that this little volume has been carefully collated with the best editions, and particularly with the one edited by the reverend George Burder. The Phrontist has never seen this edition by Mr. Burder. It is a very suggestive name: John Bunyan would have rejoiced in it.

It is astonishing to consider how little imagination the reverend editors credit their readers with! How every happy turn or conceit of the author is the signal for a deadly sermon! "Mr. Unbelief," says Bunyan, "was a nimble Jack, him they could never lay hold of though they attempted to do it often." This, thinks Mr. Mason, is too obscure. It needs clearing up. It might (horrible to think) provoke a smile, and perhaps in some sinner's heart there might be a lurking sympathy for this "nimble Jack," so we are informed that the "feeblest believer groans under an evil heart of unbelief, and will till the warfare is accomplished and this corruption shall have put on incorruption."

But we shall never get to the "brisk man in the broil" at this rate! Let us cast to the winds the footnotes that so easily beset us and plunge into the midst of the "hot skirmish."

> Now, when they that took part with my Lord Understanding and with Mr. Conscience perceived that they were like to come by the worst, for that force and power were on the other side, they came in for their help and relief; so a great company was on both sides. Then they on Incredulity's side would have had the two old gentlemen presently away to prison; but they on the other side said they should not. Then they began to cry up parties again: The Diabolonians cried up old Incredulity, Forget-good, the new alderman, and their great one Diabolus; and the other party as fast cried up Shaddai, the captains, his laws, their mercifulness, and applauded their conditions and ways. Thus the bickerment went awhile: and at last they passed from words to blows, and now there were knocks on both sides. The good old gentleman, Mr. Conscience, was knocked down twice by one of the Diabolonians whose name was Mr. Benumbing. And my Lord Understanding had like to have been slain with an arquebuse but that he that shot failed to take his aim aright. Nor did the other side wholly escape; for there was one Mr. Rash-head, a Diabolonian, that had his brains beaten out by one Mr. Mind, the Lord Will-be-will's servant: and it made me laugh to see how old Mr. Prejudice was kicked and tumbled about in the dirt; for though a while since he was made a captain of the Diabolonians, to the hurt and damage of the town, yet now they had got him under their feet; and I'll assure you, he had, by some of the Lord Understanding's party his crown cracked to boot. Mr. Any-thing also became a brisk man in the broil; but both sides were against him, because he was true to none. Yet he had for his malapertness one of his legs broken; and he that did it wished

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> it had been his neck. Much harm more was done on both sides; but this must not be forgotten, it was now a wonder to see my Lord Will-be-will so indifferent as he was; he did not seem to take one side more than another, only it was perceived that he smiled to see how old Prejudice was tumbled up and down in the dirt; also when Captain Anything came halting up before him he seemed to take but little notice of him.

Here then we have the "brisk man in the broil," and with him a memorable lot of other worthies. The Phrontist has always cherished the name of Mr. Benumbing with especial love. He would give much to know what further happened to him. He has met many orators, and some professors who, he fondly believes, are direct descendants of Mr. Benumbing. D. N. L.

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REVIEWS

The Old Yellow Book: Source of Browning's "The Ring and the Book." A New Translation with Explanatory Notes and Critical Chapters upon the Poem and its Source. By JOHN MARSHALL GEST. Chipman Law Publishing Company, Boston, 1925. xv+699 pp. $7.00.

To say that the world has not been suffering from a dearth of Browning criticism is not so reassuring as it may sound, since abundance does not insure satisfaction. Famine has certain advantages over plethoric malnutrition. When the latter occurs, however, it calls for an antidote. And such a corrective of the erroneous and misleading in critical diet is supplied by this latest commentary on Browning's behemoth of a poem. What the world has been waiting for, in all childlike unconsciousness of what it lacked, is an estimate by a qualified legal expert of a legalistic work of art. And at last it has arrived. In a fine legal-looking tome Judge Gest presents the results of long and laborious investigation. His study is based on a large special library of medieval and renaissance criminal law, collected for this particular purpose, and the work has been done with the high enthusiasm that spares not time, trouble, or expense.

The only superfluous item in the whole huge volume is the author's modest doubt as to the worthwhileness of his effort. The present reviewer at least had long been wishing so hard for this very thing that its sudden appearance brought all the excitement of direct answer to prayer. No makeshift answer, either, but gratifyingly adequate. Judge Gest has done what needed doing and done it with the scholar's thoroughness, the jurist's technical skill, the humanist's graciousness, and the wit of the man of the world.

Why it needed doing is another story, long, complicated, and as interesting as the episode which started the whole business. The tale of *The Old Yellow Book* is as dramatic as the tale in *The Old Yellow Book*, though happily less calamitous. And like a good and proper drama it is divisible into five acts, which might be captioned as follows:

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I. A poet's chance stumbling upon a mass of raw material peculiarly congenial to his taste and suited to his genius.

II. His curious hallucination as to the rôles played respectively by fact and fancy in his transformation of this crude stuff into an artistic product.

III. The natural acceptance of his statement by the critics as long as the original documents were not available.

IV. The continued but now incredible reaffirming of that tradition by a specialist who became intimate enough with this hitherto hidden source to translate it and write extensive reports thereon.

V. The correction of that error by another specialist who by means of a more accurate translation, citation of authorities, and unhypnotized viewpoint, showed what had been saluted as a noble ensign to be simply a picturesque totem-pole.

It is evident that the fourth act might have been the final if it had been of a conclusive nature, and that its very inadequacy made a really definitive sequel necessary.

These two examinations of *The Old Yellow Book* are similar in procedure. They both consist of translation from the original Latin and Italian, with exposition and interpretation. But they differ in purpose, method, and effect; and this difference happens to be pithily symbolized by the keynote quotations chosen by each critic from *The Ring and the Book*. The selections are variants of Browning's own clamorous contention and sound much alike. The motives with which they are presented give them the opposite tastes of sugar and salt. "So absolutely good is truth," echoes Professor Hodell. And again, "Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?" with the poet's own implication that this is a rhetorical question, a prompt and emphatic negative reply being taken for granted.

If Judge Gest had chosen to repeat that question, his answer would have been a grieved but decided affirmative. He contented himself, however, with the quoted exclamation, "All for the truth's sake, mere truth, nothing else!" Only the exclamation point twinkles with a double meaning.

Professor Hodell's citations front you with the grave and innocent air of those who beg to be taken literally and seriously. Judge Gest's wink at you in sly, mischievous irony.

The spirit of irony indeed presides over this whole situation. That Robert Browning, zealous and preëminent in unmasking

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deceivers, lobbyist for truth metaphysical (right thinking), and hobbyist for truth ethical (right acting), writer of whole plays and poems on the profound theme, Honesty is the Best Policy, that he should be caught—and that in his *chef-d'oeuvre*—making Baron Munchausen look as guileless as little George Washington, is as pretty a paradox as literature affords. Of course, it is a discovery that does him no harm, since it merely proves that, like all true poets, he had a rich endowment of imagination.

Although Browning not only made a mistake but defeated his own end in his sweeping assertion that "there is nothing good in or out of the world except truth," the amendment that there is nothing good in criticism except it be truthful is of vital importance. By that test alone Judge Gest's gallant excursion into Browning criticism is justified. By offering a maximum of information and a minimum of opinion it is a blessed relief from many of its contrasting predecessors. By officiating as a neat nemesis it appeases our sense of justice. The poet, with no known provocation, went out of his way to sneer and snarl at the Law. Now a lawyer, marshalling hard facts with deftness and urbanity, avenges his profession. Nor could Browning himself consistently object to this gracing with another garland that shrine of Truth to which he so persistently announced his own allegiance. It is an occasion for all-around pleasure, profit, and gratitude.

FRANCES THERESA RUSSELL.

ONE WORD MORE

After the above was written and in galley proof I chanced to read the treatment of the same subject by Professor Schelling. In his review of Judge Gest's volume for the *New York Sun*, the professor takes occasion to defend the poet against the critic's indictment for falsifying facts. For another reviewer to question the defense would seem to make confusion worse confounded, but I must ease my mind, at whatever cost to editor and reader.

Mr. Schelling's contention is that Browning was justified in warping his source material to suit his own purpose because that purpose was the higher of the two and should have ethical and artistic precedence accordingly. "The alloy of fact," he affirms, "is needful to the working of the gold of truth into a thing of a new artistic beauty." That is intended, of course, as an echo of Browning's own claim, but it turns the original metaphor upside down. It was the *facts* of this strange Roman murder case that

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the poet termed the "pure crude gold," and his imaginative interpretation of them that constituted the *alloy*.

Now no one is going to object to the infusion of fancy or make a fuss about the sacrosanctity of facts. But the real truth and unfortunate fact is that the poet's fancy, once admitted, took to masquerading as what but the primal verity itself; a performance that was permitted, nay, encouraged, because in this instance Browning was passionate partisan as much as artist. If he had merely "neglected the non-essentials," as Mr. Schelling observes, all this would be much ado about nothing, but what he did was to distort the essentials until he might have been sued for libel had not his victims been dead for a long time.

Mr. Schelling deprecates the notion of "mere fidelity to the gravity and learning of a group of forgotten pleaders." The pleaders themselves might well sigh, "Would we had been forgotten!" To be dragged out from peaceful oblivion and pinnacled undeservedly on a bad eminence is indeed a doubtful boon.

If it be asked why the fate of these obscure Italian lawyers one way or another is worth a debate, the answer is that they were at least actual men and able jurists. And if they are no longer in a position to be disturbed by this post-mortem, all the more do their memories need an uplifted voice, since they cannot speak for themselves. Next, the counter-question is appropriate: Who was this obscure Italian youth that he should be glorified, and who was this obscure Italian girl that she should be sainted? To vilify some in order to exalt others is an erratic sort of justice.

The real secret is that Browning had a violent prejudice against the law in general (heaven only knows why, for he had no court-room experience of any kind), and this he indulged in his cartoon of Archangelis; and against the prosecution in this case in particular because it was not so vehemently pro-Pompilia as he himself, and this he sated in his caricature of Bottinius. He was out for the blood of that enemy especially, and he meant to have it, and he got it.

That being the case, we must concede his victory but we may profitably dispense with all this big talk about his Higher Truth and Truer Idealism, mainly figments of the academic mind as they are. What that amounts to, the poet himself warns us in his own conclusion. "Learn one lesson hence," he exhorts,

> This lesson, that our human speech is naught,
> Our human testimony false, our fame
> And human estimation words and wind.

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That is to say, although this story did turn out right, although Pompilia was vindicated and the truth did prevail, it was a lucky accident, by which we are not to be betrayed into a credulous and specious optimism. Not such a dizzy height of idealistic rapture, after all.

And so I beg to reiterate the appreciation due to Judge Gest for the new light he has thrown on this dark situation, by his thorough investigation and sane analysis. F. T. R.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"So absolutely good is truth" that the editor must point out that Mrs. Russell, in an article "Gold and Alloy" published in July, 1924, in *Studies in Philology*, pointed out the remarkable discrepancy between the story of Browning's poem and the story in *The Old Yellow Book* upon which it is based. In fairness to Mrs. Russell, this previous work should be noted.

Konrad Wallenrod and Other Writings of Mickiewicz. Translated from the Polish by JEWELL PARISH, DOROTHEA PRALL RADIN, GEORGE RAPALL NOYES, and others. University of California Press, Berkeley, California.

The outstanding feature of Professor Noyes' numerous translations is their academic character. They are not merely translations from a foreign language. They are scholarly contributions to Slavonic studies which open a new era in the history of Slavonic research among the English-speaking scholars. For they not merely introduce the American public to a wealth of literary creations hitherto—with the exception of Russian literature—almost entirely unknown in this country; but they also build a solid and highly reliable foundation for the future history of Slavonic literatures yet to be written in the English tongue. It has been repeatedly complained in the past that the chief difficulty in presenting a fairly complete history of Slavonic literatures—be it in the form of a lecture course or a book—lies in the absence of well translated and philologically reliable examples. For it is seldom that a person combines a thorough knowledge of various Slavonic dialects with a mastery of English sufficient to enable him to render fragments of foreign poetry into good English verse. Professor Noyes has successfully overcome this difficulty by his method of producing faithful English prose versions and allowing his co-workers to turn them into verse.

To the long list of Professor Noyes' translations has been recently added perhaps the most successful of all—a selection from the works of the greatest Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz. This titan of verse, whose bewitching charm consists largely in the

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magic of words, affords a needed antidote to the present generation of prosaic businessmen and rather cynical young poets. Mickiewicz's volcanic power of expression, his ardent patriotism, and genuine religious instincts may stir some new or long forgotten strings in the devastated hearts of post-war humanity. One thing he indubitably shares with our generation, that is, a highly complex personality. The elements of his mentality are very different from ours, yet the very fact of his complexity makes him near to us. Psychologically he represents a strange combination of French revolutionist, Catholic monk, and Polish patriot. He thinks as a French revolutionist, feels as a medieval crusader, and lives as a typical representative of the Polish *émigrés* who invaded European capitals after the unfortunate year of 1831. These three aspects of the man find expression in the three principal fields in which his written work was done.

To the first category belongs the "Forefathers' Eve" translated by Mrs. D. P. Radin. It is a fantastic play, or rather a dramatic poem, partly autobiographical in nature. It relates the poet's own unfortunate attachment to a girl of a wealthier family who was forced to marry another man because the latter was considered by her parents a more suitable party for her. This situation gives the poet an opportunity to pour forth his sorrowing heart in laments over the unjust social order. The fantastic second part of the play, which standing by itself forms a fairly complete artistic work, is translated by Mrs. Radin. It contains in its best passages a sharp criticism of aristocratic vices. In the category of religious songs fall the following: "The Master of Masters" translated by Professor Noyes and very successfully versified by Miss J. C. Brown, "The Sages," versified by Miss Dorothy Todd, and to a large extent "The Books of the Polish Nation," translated by Mrs. Radin. The third category, preeminently patriotic poems, is represented by "Konrad Wallenrod," and "To a Polish Mother," versified by Miss Jewel Parish, and others.

On the whole, the volume deserves all praise as an amazingly successful experiment in coöperative translations. The original meaning—as far as I could verify—is everywhere rendered in competent and adequate form, and the versification displays occasional coincidences in consonance and inner rimes which are quite surprising for languages so distant from each other as English and Polish.

HENRY LANZ.

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The Way to Sketch. By VERNON BLAKE. Oxford, The Clarendon Press.

The Way to Sketch seems to be a very limited title for what would seem to be anything but a finite subject. Mr. Vernon Blake in a neatly designed little handbook presents a modern technical analysis of an artist's methods of arriving at a conclusion before he actually begins his sketch. In this alone lies the value of the book. To the artist it is reminiscent of his own struggles to comprehend nature and to interpret some of her simple truths. To the art student it is a series of valuable lessons; and it may help the Philistine to understand why a work of art need not tell a story, record an event, or present a scene in photographic focus of detail.

In illustration of principles involved in landscape sketching, the author has selected examples from Turner, Rembrandt, Corot, Renoir, Cézanne, Claude Lorrain, and the Japanese Sesshū.

The book concludes with the following advice:

> Never forget that a sketch is first and foremost the transcription of a mood, of an emotion of the artist, and that, "ceteris paribus," the value of his work will be in direct proportion to the completeness, to the genuineness, to the intensity of his emotion. Sketching consists, first, in analysing the cause of the emotion into its component elements; then in determining their relative importance among themselves, with a view to stating them in that order. A sketch is a statement of emotion. If you have no emotion to state, your sketch has no reason for its existence.

P. W. N.

T'ai Shan. By DWIGHT CONDO BAKER, M.A. Commercial Press, Limited. Shanghai, China. xx and 225, pp.

In all ages and in all lands the high places of the earth have been sacred places. The mountains lift their heads among the clouds. To primitive man they seemed to touch the heavens. From their hidden summits the flashing lightning seemed to be the sword of divine justice and the rolling thunder the awful voice of deity. For the Greek, Olympus was the abode of the gods. The Buddhist has his mythical Sumeru. The Hebrews received the commands of Jehovah from Sinai. For the Chinese there is no holier place than Mount T'ai.

Shantung is the holy land of China and T'ai Shan, which is by interpretation "Exalted Mountain," is the loftiest peak in the promontory, overlooking the birthplaces of Confucius and Mencius and keeping watch throughout the ages above their graves. Anciently there were four sacred mountains in China, one in each quarter. The expression, "Four Mountains," was a synonym for China and the Prime Minister was called "The Chief of the Four

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Mountains." Even then, in the twenty-fourth century B. C., T'ai Shan was the Eastern Peak, the guardian of the eastern quarter of the kingdom. In later ages a fifth peak was selected to be the Mountain of the Center. These five peaks are all still regarded with reverence, but T'ai Shan is the most sacred. In the third category of beings worshiped in the state religion of the Manchus, the spirit of Mount T'ai was included. That spirit is still regarded by millions as the Rhadamanthus before whose judgment seat they must stand, and outside the East Gate of Peking in the temple erected to that Spirit of the Eastern Peak one may see the ten wards of hell with representations of the awful punishments inflicted there.

From the earliest ages of which Chinese history knows anything, pilgrims have come from all parts of the land to visit Mount T'ai and to worship there. All three of the recognized religions of China have their shrines upon its slopes.

> No matter [says the author] whether the pilgrim be an ardent old Buddhist dame from the villages, a superstitious Taoist fulfilling his vows, or a worthy Confucian scholar intent on studying the weather-worn tablets of history, the desires of the heart may be fulfilled on the slopes of T'ai Shan, for here are 'the abodes of ten thousand immortals,' as the poetic words on the rocks tell us. Of the pilgrim path he says that it is that historic stairway which was consecrated by the feet of Confucius and a host of the emperors and statesmen of the Chinese Empire.

Mr. Baker has done us good service in gathering together in one volume so much of the history and folklore of this celebrated mountain. It is not only a guide for those who visit the mountain, describing for them the places of interest; it is of value to us also, who may never hope to climb the slopes of Mount T'ai, for it brings to us translations of the verses of famous poets and the sayings of the sages who have used the sacred peak to illustrate their teachings.

The work under review was begun by Mr. Henry S. Leitzel, of Taian, and was interrupted by his untimely death on Christmas Day, 1923. He had begun the translation of a twelve-volume history of the Mountain and had taken many photographs of historic spots on its slopes. This material was placed in Mr. Baker's hands, who added to it from various sources, Chinese and European, and who has given us a book very much worth while.

An ornamental gateway opens into the Great Stone Road that leads to the summit, and each shrine along the way receives due attention from the author. There we visit the Spring of White

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Cranes and, near by, the Grotto in which is shown the mummy of a Taoist monk of the seventeenth century. Farther on is the Hall of the Northern Peck Measure, as the constellation of the Great Bear is called. Another hall is dedicated to Lao Tzu. The Taoist wizard, Lu Tung-pin, has a cave assigned to him, in which he is supposed to have brewed the elixir of immortality. Kuan Ti, the God of War, is not forgotten, and the visit of Confucius is commemorated by an arch that marks the place from which he viewed the country round. It was from Mount T'ai that Confucius was said to have seen a white horse outside the gate of Soochow, some three hundred miles away. That would prove him to have been a remarkable seer. The Buddhist monks on the mountain have their headquarters at the Red Gate Palace, in the Peach Orchard Glen. There is a shrine to the Goddess of Mercy and beyond it the tomb of the White Mule, an animal that carried the T'ang Emperor, Hsuan Tsung, to the summit in A. D. 726 and then fell dead. Posthumous honors were conferred upon the animal, which perhaps enjoyed them as much as others, not mules, have enjoyed such belated homage.

But the shrines are many and each has its legend. The illustrations, many of them wood cuts of unusual beauty, add much to the charm of the volume, which is further enhanced by the translation of poems by Li T'ai-po, Tu Fu, and other Chinese poets who visited the mountain. These translations are by Cranmer-Byng, Florence Ayscough collaborating with Amy Lowell, Arthur Waley, Charles Budd, and the great sinologue, Dr. Legge. E. T. W.

The Novels of Fielding. By AURELIEN DIGEON. George Routledge & Sons, London; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1925. Price, $4.50.

To support his singular thesis regarding English literature, H. A. Taine chose to depict the author of *Tom Jones* as a thick-skinned brawler, "bespattered but always jolly," roaring through his books "with a broken head and a bellyful." What a simple-minded fellow that spiritual kinsman of Swift and Molière and Cervantes must have been! Misrepresentation could go no farther—though it is fair to say that certain English writers who supplied the colors for Taine's portrait have been equally culpable. Since Dobson, in Lowell's phrase, rescued the novelist from the "swinish hoofs" of detractors, however, Fielding has gradually become, as Henley always insisted he should, an author who demands and repays intensive study—such study, for example, as

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was bestowed upon his works by Professor Cross, some years ago, in his admirable three-volume biography. And now France herself is falling in line and making amends for the ravages wrought by Taine. Professor Cazamian's brief account of the Great Ironist in the *Histoire de la littérature anglaise* (written in collaboration with Professor Légouis) is particularly sane and satisfying; and there has appeared in English a critical study of *The Novels of Fielding* by Professor Digeon, a book which, with a supplementary monograph, came out in France several years ago.

In his detailed examination of the structure and materials of the Four Great Books, M. Digeon shows a genuine love for their author and, on the whole, a clear insight into his mind and art which expresses itself in various illuminating *aperçus*. To him *Joseph Andrews*, besides being a burlesque of *Pamela* is no mere story of adventure but a novel of character; *Tom Jones* is "a copy at once minute and sober of reality, social criticism, couched in a tone of veiled and pitiless irony," yet resonant with the true spirit of comedy; *Amelia*—so frequently neglected—is, beyond its purpose of reform, a "psychological novel in the most modern sense of the term," remarkable for its "artistic harmony." Fielding himself was the first conscious master of English fiction who probed deeply into the motives of his characters and was not, as Richardson was by Pamela, deceived by them. He was, as M. Digeon rightly asserts—though with some exaggeration—a disciple of the ironic Molière; not the slap-dash creature that Taine painted, who had "not even literary vanity," but—as we see from his revisions—a careful workman; in brief, one of the greatest writers of prose narrative that England has produced.

Thus does M. Digeon join the ranks of those who, for several decades now, have been endeavoring to replace with a truer presentment of the novelist the animated caricatures which have enjoyed so great a vogue. It is when he indulges in conjectures—and he is somewhat fond of doing so—that M. Digeon is less fortunate.

There is, for example, the conjecture that *Tom Jones* is distinctly a "polemical" work, a counterblast to *Clarissa*, upon which Richardson had been engaged for some time before Fielding commenced his own novel. Fielding's sister Sally, who was so intimate with the little printer that he called her one of his "daughters," is regarded by M. Digeon as a "liaison officer," who furnished the

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rival novelists with news as to what each other was doing. Hints of such intelligence have indeed come down to us: Richardson had heard of Thwackum before that worthy appeared on paper, and Fielding had expressed his opinion regarding a proper *denouement* for *Clarissa*. But that Fielding took advantage of private information in order to prepare a counterblast to a book which was still in the making is, from anything that we know of so independent and honorable a gentleman, not only unlikely but quite inconceivable. It is true that certain parallels in the two novels may be discovered; but the great Comic-Epic would find itself ill at ease in the Procrustean bed of individual polemic.

Again, M. Digeon conjectures that, during the last years of his life, Fielding was, in the religious sense, "converted" to Christianity. To support this view he cites the *Examples of the Interposition of Providence*, the fragment of the answer to Bolingbroke, and certain passages in *Amelia*. In the interests of this theory he must cling to the old idea, exploited by Thackeray and his followers, that Fielding was another Booth and that *Amelia* was the penitential offering of a remorseful rake! Autobiographical elements there are, no doubt, in Fielding's last novel; but the "miserable, weak-minded" Booth (to use Thackeray's phrase) could never have been the author of an ironic *Jonathan Wild* nor of the architectural *Tom Jones*. And as for religion, was Fielding ever lacking in essential Christianity? If Fielding did become remorseful and "get religion" in his latter years, is it not strange that we hear not a syllable about it in his last work, *The Voyage to Lisbon*, written when he was in the shadow of death? One can imagine the ironic smile with which Fielding—that great exemplar of the Christian spirit—would picture himself as a penitent sinner "going up front" to be "converted."

This tendency to make assumptions that are insufficiently supported by evidence is seen elsewhere in the book, notably in certain statements regarding the comparative success of Fielding and Richardson among contemporaries. With these exceptions, however, *The Novels of Fielding* is a welcome addition to the literature about Fielding's art and accomplishment. It belongs to the new school.

FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD.

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Les Hôpitaux et la Charité à Paris au XIIIe Siècle. By DOROTHY L. MACKAY. Paris, 1923.

Dr. MacKay ends her thesis with the remark that the hospitals of the thirteenth century were what we call "modern" and that all the ideas expressed in our twentieth century retreats for the sick are essentially those which shaped such institutions seven hundred years ago. Past and Present, the reader gathers, are not so different as Thomas Carlyle thought them. Comparisons are stupid, but, if they must be made, present and past balance, whatever the scale of values. Dr. MacKay studies the severe apprenticeship of the nurses in the *Hôtel-Dieu de Paris*, beginning with the *petite lavanderie* at fifteen years old and ending with the post of master or of prioress at fifty or later, and she traces it through the hard labor of the *grande lavanderie* and the long series of menial tasks given to the probationary nurses before, at twenty-five or thirty, they could be admitted to any part in the care of the sick. The discipline was a veritable test of survival of the fittest, in both the Darwinian and the Christian senses. Only the strongest, physically and morally, survived to satisfy the object of their life, the care of the pauper sick. Their training seems to have been the counterpart of the ideal of devotion to pain which was so passionately expressed in much popular religious literature of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in France and Italy. It was the fine flower of the religion of the

Dead limbs of gibbeted gods.

That there was a seamy side to this practical idealism hardly appears, though we might suspect it from the provisions to shut out simonists and drones which Dr. MacKay cites as a part of the regulations of the *Hôtel-Dieu*, but she gives no inkling of the abuses which, early in the sixteenth century, forced the drastic reforms which M. Leon Le Grand has very interestingly studied.[1] By limiting herself to the thirteenth century, Miss MacKay is able to relegate the evolution of the charities that she investigates to a short introduction and to ignore their decay altogether. Like the cathedrals and the monastic orders, practical charities in Paris seem to have approximated their own ideal very closely in the thirteenth century, and this thesis is content to describe them in their flower.

[1] In the introduction to his *Statuts d'Hôtels-Dieu et de léproseries, recueil de textes du XIIe au XIVe siècle*, Paris, 1901.

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Modern Hygiene is shocked at a general hospital like the *Hôtel-Dieu*, comprised in four great rooms with no notion of classified wards, and with only the hopeless and dying isolated. Maniacs, children, and the infectiously diseased were gathered together almost indiscriminately in a sea of beds, some of which held as many as four persons. Only the lepers had hospitals of their own. But Modern Hygiene would be most deferential to a hospital whose supplies of linen and whose care of them equaled those of the *Hôtel-Dieu*, and Modern Medicine recognizes a prior incarnation of itself in the clinics which seem to have assembled all the medical students in Paris for the indispensable training required for their degrees. Modern Comfort laughs at ventilation only from huge, draughty windows and at heating by burning charcoal moved about in little iron cars, but to the sick and starving wretches in the beds the fresh air and heat must have seemed miracles of comfort and healing. Modern Sophistication may smile at a hospital personnel comprising several priests constantly employed with trentals for the dead, but it frankly admires a provision for the maintenance of a little army of university students whose sole duty it was to follow the unknown dead to their burial.

Our Travelers' Aid had its counterpart in the *hôpitaux Sainte-Catherine* (for women) and *Saint-Gervais* (for men). The buildings were in the heart of Paris, but easy of access from the main thoroughfare through the city followed by all pilgrims. Three nights of free lodging could be had by strangers, and country girls looking for service were protected as well as the pilgrims to whose entertainment these refuges were dedicated. Perhaps a sound commercialism—charitable according to the lights of our chambers of commerce—may have moved the patrons of these charities. We may suspect so, now that M. Bédier has taught us to see in the medieval romances a refined and powerful advertising agency for stimulating the flow of pilgrims to the great shrines.

Our retreats for prostitutes find a prototype in the *Filles-Dieu*. Our institutions for the blind were paralled by the *Quinz-Vingts*, founded by Saint Louis. Our homes for the aged were anticipated by the *Hôtel-Dieu*, the great general hospital of Paris, where no poor person was turned away—and where everyone was deemed poor unless he had hunting dogs or hawks with him. There paupers could find shelter, and old men and women could compound for a permanent home on very various terms. If they

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brought a little estate to the establishment, they might even live out their days with a degree of privacy and small luxury. With the single striking exception of our insane hospitals, all phases of modern charity were anticipated in the Paris of the thirteenth century. Dr. MacKay has written a well rounded and documented study of her subject. MERRITT Y. HUGHES.

The Social Significance of the Inheritance Tax. By EUGENIO RIGNANO. Translated and adapted by WM. J. SHULTZ, Ph.D., with an introduction by E. R. A. SELIGMAN. New York, Knopf, 1924.

The title in translation of Eugenio Rignano's book is somewhat misleading. *The Inheritance Tax: a New Principle of Graduation* would express his intention more faithfully. For Professor Rignano is here concerned not with general discussion of a certain type of taxation, but with the proposal of a new principle of graduation, made first some twenty years ago in his *Di un socialismo in accordo colla dottrina economica liberale.*

American readers are not unfamiliar with the inheritance tax as a method of raising public funds. Nearly all modern communities exact a fee for the transference of property following the death of a former owner. In fact, inheritance taxes are imposed at the present time by the federal government and many states. Graduation, however, both in this country and in Europe is usually based upon one of three principles: the total amount of property left by the decedent; the total amount received by the individual inheritor; or the degree of relationship existing between the deceased and the heir. Professor Rignano proposes an alternative death duty which shall be "progressive in time." In other words, were his plan adopted, the rate of taxation would increase each time a property changed hands by inheritance. Holding that the right of free bequest should be complete with reference to property accumulated by personal exertion or thrift, he insists that it should be restricted with reference to property owned merely as the result of inheritance. Testamentary rights would thus vary with the source of wealth. Over that he had earned or saved the testator would have complete control. Over that he had inherited, the state would exert the rights of co-inheritance. Under the provisions of Rignano's program, everyone would be able to bequeath savings practically untouched by the tax collector. But the heir to such saving could not will them in turn to another without subjecting them to taxation, the rate of which would increase rapidly with every transfer.

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Rignano plainly questions the right of free bequest and its tendency to "immortalize private fortunes." He starts with the assumption that modern communities should slowly endeavor to eliminate inheritance as a social institution. But he is not a socialist in the cruder sense of that term. In fact, the Marxian dogmatizer who would wait for the blind play of social forces to bring about salutary social change is subject to severe criticism at his hands. Rignano is a liberal and is anxious therefore "to reconcile certain unassailable truths of orthodox economic doctrine with the basic criticism, no less just . . . . which socialism has leveled against the capitalist régime." Ignoring the automatic saving that goes on under corporate management, he adheres to the liberal tenet that capital accumulation is the result of the individual effort of individual members of the middle class. On this somewhat doubtful premise, his excellent program of taxation is defended as a means of conserving personal thrift. Furthermore, as a liberal, he believes in a modified form of state ownership of the instruments of production and holds that his program of co-inheritance by the State will bring about nationalization without the chaos incident to the sudden expropriation so dear to the Marxians.

Like every compromise proposal, Rignano's has met with criticism from conservatives and radicals alike. Some say that such a tax would increase extravagance; others that it would drive capital out of the country; still others that it would undermine the institution of the family. But these criticisms he has met with competence, adding each time that he regards his work as "a rough draft, the embryo of a project," needing more study and refinement. It is worth noting that specialists in public finance, such as Hugh Dalton in England and E. R. A. Seligman in the United States, have given Professor Rignano more than a willing hearing. As pointed out by Mr. Seligman in an introductory statement to the little book, the inheritance tax has ceased to be a plank peculiar to socialist political platforms. Limitation on the right of bequest is being pressed constantly by statesmen and publicists of every shade of opinion. For this reason, if not for its solid and discriminating contribution to economic discussion, Professor Rignano's work should be widely and carefully read.

FREDERICK J. TEGGART.

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Geology in Its Relation to Landscape. By JUNIUS HENDERSON. The Stratford Company, Boston, 1925. vii+152 pp., 94 figures.

Some weeks ago a friend asked me, "What is meant by the term 'erosion'?" I briefly explained its significance. In reply he said, "Why don't you geologists write an occasional book intelligible to the average man instead of so many volumes which only the members of your profession can read? I, for one, would like to know about various features of the landscape and about other geological facts, but I haven't time to translate your books in order to get the necessary information." The charge he made is true, except for a few works like the beautifully written accounts of the earth and its making by N. S. Shaler, the great lecturer at Harvard a quarter of a century ago, and the interpretations of landscape by Sir Archibald Geikie, the noted British geologist, who has recently died. Unfortunately, some of these books are out of print, and hence are relatively inaccessible. Few other geologists have troubled themselves to stimulate interest in their science by making it a subject of general knowledge.

Recently there has appeared a little volume, entitled *Geology in Its Relation to Landscape*, by Junius Henderson, Curator of the Museum at the University of Colorado, which was written expressly for those who desire a brief account of the evolution of the face of the earth. The story is told in language which those least acquainted with the subject matter of geology can understand, and is illustrated by many well chosen sketches, diagrams, and photographs. Starting with a discussion of the reign of natural law in the long history through which the earth has passed, the author continues with a description of the major relief features of the globe—the continents and ocean basins. The land masses from time to time have varied in size and in the nature and distribution of their relief; the connections between them also have been very different in the past from those of today. The outlines of the continents and islands are constantly changing, in measurable amount in certain places, much more slowly in other places, by broad warpings of the earth's crust, exposing or depressing first one great area and then another; these are the major changes to which the face of the earth is subject.

On a smaller scale, but also affecting the body of the earth, are linear foldings and crumplings of the crust which in part produce the uplifted belts sculptured into our mountain ranges. Great breaks, called faults, are commonly associated with the

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folded zones, and along these breaks the rocks often have been displaced in various directions for many thousands of feet or even for many miles. From time to time slight movements take place along these faults, and give rise to most earthquakes; the recent disaster at Santa Barbara, for example, resulted from such movements along one or more of the many fault lines which are present in the California Coast Ranges. Volcanoes, built by the quiet outpouring of a great succession of lava flows, or by the explosion of solid and liquid material from within the earth, or by a combination of the two processes, have been imposed in great numbers upon the surface of the earth. Volcanoes are located chiefly in mountain ranges or upon the floor of the ocean. The summits of the latter, when they rise above sea level, form islands and island archipelagoes.

The greater part of Professor Henderson's book is devoted to the sculpturing of the continents and islands by winds, rivers, glaciers, lakes, and oceans, the agents of erosion which produce the minor relief features of the earth's surface, such as valleys, gorges, cañons, many lake basins, and sea cliffs. Erosion, according to the author, is "the combined chisel and plane by which Nature . . . . seeks to plane off all inequalities and reduce them to a common level." If the process continued long enough and the continents remained stationary, all of the lands would eventually be obliterated, and the earth would be covered by a universal ocean. Fortunately, this is not the case; the continents and islands are subject to frequent changes of level and to deformations which elevate areas that have been reduced close to or below sea level; the lands are thus rejuvenated. Of the agents of erosion, the one that has most profoundly modified the face of the earth is the river, hence the key to the study of most landscapes is to be found in a study of the drainage systems of the earth. The other agents, while producing changes of great importance, are much more localized in their action.

Of special interest are the last three chapters of the book, which are concerned with the relation of vegetation, animal life, and man to geology. The distribution of plants and animals, while primarily controlled by climate, is notably affected by the nature of the land surface, by its soil cover, and by the water supply. Climate in part is the product of the distribution of land and sea and of the relief of the various lands which project above sea level. Man of course is directly dependent upon

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materials present in the crust of the earth, such as coal, oil, iron, building stone, and a host of other products. Indirectly, through his use of plants and animals for food, he is dependent upon the soil. The activities of man are in a large measure controlled by the climate of the region in which he lives and the nature of the land surface upon which he dwells. Geological conditions therefore play an important part in the existence of all forms of plant and animal life.

The principal theme running through the book is the evanescence of the landscape. That which seems to us so lasting is changing from day to day. Nature is usually too slow a sculptor for us to observe the progress of her work, but, occasionally, her activities become violent or even catastrophic, as when a landslide tears loose a mountainside or a volcano is blown to pieces by an eruption. In the long course of the earth's history, however, the surface relief is so altered that the mountain range of today may become the plain of a geological tomorrow.

Professor Henderson has made a unique and important contribution; he is to be congratulated for his very successful attempt at translating from the unknown tongue of geological manuscripts the story of the modeling of the earth's surface.

NORMAN E. A. HINDS.

THEATRICS OF THE AUGUSTANS

A History of Early Eighteenth Drama 1700–1750. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. Cambridge University Press.

In spite of contemporary enthusiasm for all that touches the theater, the myriad channels through which modern English drama flows from its Elizabethan and continental sources have never been adequately charted. Professor Nicoll has assumed the enormous labor of doing for the later period what Sir A. W. Ward did for the elder: the volume in hand is the second of a series which is to run from 1660 to 1900. Like the author's *Restoration Drama*, it is a monument to devoted research. Mr. Nicoll has ransacked the Public Record Office; he has searched all the available newspapers and many other documents of the period; yet even more impressive is his absorption of an heroic dosage of the literature itself. The number of bad plays he has evidently read is simply appalling.

Not the least valuable parts of the book are the appendices in which Mr. Nicoll's industry is exhibited. These consist of a convenient list of the theaters; a summary of contemporary documents

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bearing on the history of the stage; and a hand-list of the plays with notes on the dates of publication, production, and subsequent performance. Every student of the English drama owes Mr. Nicoll praise and thanks.

The appendices and indices occupy more than a third of the volume. The rest is divided into four chapters: "The Theatre," "Tragedy," "Comedy," and "Miscellaneous Forms of the Drama." The first chapter is properly brief: Professor Odell's delightful *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving* preempts for the present the physical development of the Restoration and eighteenth century stage, though there yet remains perhaps room for an independent synthesis of what we know about the history of the theaters and the companies.

Scholars can only be grateful for such works as Mr. Nicoll's; yet in view of the widespread interest nowadays in everything theatrical, it seems a pity that this book will probably not greatly interest the general public. Even among students the book is not for beginners: Professor Nettleton's *English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century* remains the more convenient handbook. Indeed Professor Nicoll's merits as a research scholar become defects as an expositor: one is occasionally put to it for seeing the groves, less by the monarchs of the forest than by innumerable saplings.

A more serious consideration arises from the author's choice of the year 1700 as the date to mark the end of Restoration stage history and the commencement of the new era. If he had included the first decade of the eighteenth century in his first volume he could have completed in it his survey of distinctly Restoration schools, and thus have dispensed in his second with a number of categories which he need not have mentioned had he begun with 1710. The death of the great actor Betterton and the accession of the Wilks-Cibber management mark the natural terminus of any treatise on the Restoration from the theatrical point of view; and Mr. Nicoll's own analysis of the types of drama prevalent from 1700 to 1750 refutes the argument for the earlier date.

It is a mistake, I think, to treat Farquhar as a man of the new century; Professor Nicoll himself emphasizes Farquhar's kinship with Congreve, even to the point of minimizing the sentimental elements in *The Beaux Stratagem*. Vanbrugh and Burnaby likewise belong with the earlier school. Mr. Nicoll's curious enthusiasm for the absurd Charles Burnaby makes one a little doubtful

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about this historian's sixth sense for the stage, a doubt which is not dispelled by his appearing to attach serious importance to unacted plays. It is not however with Mr. Nicoll's facts that I remonstrate but with his arrangement of them, a minor consideration to be sure.

He finds English comedy from 1700 to 1750 flowing in eight channels. At least two of these might be ignored and the exposition to that extent simplified, if he had recognized 1710 rather than 1700 as the closing date for the Restoration. One of them is the Spanish intrigue type, imitated from Fletcher by Mrs. Behn and other Restoration comic writers. Mr. Nicoll lists 31 examples. Of these 19 appeared in the decade ending 1710, 9 more by 1720, 3 more by 1730, and none at all in the twenty years remaining. It is clear then that in this case we have after 1710 an insignificant seepage from a distinctly Restoration reservoir, rather than a real channel.

Again, Mr. Nicoll sets up as an eighteenth century category the comedy of humours. He mentions 17 plays of strongly Jonsonian or Shadwellian flavor. Nine of these appeared in the first decade of his period and but two apiece in each of the following decades. The humours method of characterization strongly influenced eighteenth century dramatists—of course one does not deny that fact, or that dramatists are influenced by it today. I merely suggest that both the intrigue and humours types would have been better left out of this volume as coördinate categories with, say, sensibility. The analysis would have been clearer and I think more useful, though on the other hand to the advanced student arbitrary cross-sections such as Mr. Nicoll furnishes are often very illuminating.

The number of even the remaining comic categories may prove a little confusing to the general reader: Mr. Nicoll includes the manners comedy, the drama of sensibility, the "genteel" comedy, the "moral-immoral" type, farce, and burlesque. Because of these somewhat finely drawn distinctions the field covered by this volume is still open to an accurately documented but less uncompromisingly organized treatise.

Professor Nicoll's analysis of early eighteenth century tragedy is easier to grasp. The chief contribution of the period was of course the bourgeois drama, though we have also to reckon with the definitely pseudoclassical tragedy. But most of the serious plays are classified as "Augustan," by which is meant no very

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distinct type: they were influenced by the neoclassical rules, but what vitality they had came ordinarily from an infusion of Shakespeare on the one hand or Dryden on the other, and always they were built facing the shrine of sentiment.

What extraordinary contrasts not merely the plays but the age itself affords! There was George Lillo—and Handel; Nicholas Rowe—and Laurence Sterne; Henry Fielding—and Henry Fielding! An age of humorless sensibility—and the revival of Shakespeare! Of impossible verse in the theater, and exquisite melody in the opera. Of ridiculous sentimentalism on the stage, and delicious sentimentalism in the novel. The Caroline ghosts stalked unavailingly in the '15 and the '45, yet the heroic specter of Stuart tragedy animated many a nerveless drama on the Georgian boards. Congreve, alive but as good as dead. Sheridan unborn. For fifty years of English drama not one genuinely comic dramatist. For nearly fifty years of English drama not one great actor. For fifty years English drama an arid waste in the midst of a literary, musical, artistic, and scientific activity of splendor and fertility.

Across dry sands staggers the dramatic trail, pausing at one green oasis where a genteel highwayman takes toll of all who pass. But except for *The Beggar's Opera* the journey is pretty depressing. Mr. Nicoll's book makes it if not more entertaining at least not so meaningless.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

My Portion. By REBEKAH KOHUT. New York, Thomas Seltzer, 1925. 294 pp.

Every so often life-stories take a prominent place in literature. Just now we seem in such a period. Possibly, curiosity about the variations of individual experience revives in compensation for the past long stretch of writing dedicated mainly to abstractions and to the simplification of life. Whatever the reason, the urge to record the tangled experiences of a lifetime, and an interest in reading such experiences, is evidently with us. Witness the recent notably large output of biographies and autobiographies.

My Portion, by Rebekah Kohut, should win good standing among autobiographies. The writer tells neither the story of one who has moved in the circles that control public affairs nor does she depict the "treasures of the humble." Rather the reader is called to follow a career lived out on the middle-class pattern at its best and on a broad arena. Both her environment and native propensities prompted her to a way of living that sums up in a

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personal consecration to private and public service inspired by broad, firm faith in "something better than we have known."

It is a rabbi's daughter who tells the story. She introduces us first to the Hungary into which she was born in the little town of Kaschau. However, the scene shifts quickly to the United States. Her American life began in her fifth year when her father brought her and the rest of his large family to Philadelphia. The particulars become clearer when the narrative takes us to Richmond, Virginia, where the family moved in the seventies. Those were the days when to be a rabbi's child meant a somewhat itinerant life, with income intermittent and usually low. Indeed, Mrs. Kohut tells us of pecuniary uncertainties so constant an accessory of existence that for her at least the family life was pervaded with a sense of privation. Thus she found herself early face to face with the old alternative of prizing poverty or hating it. She records that she decided against My Lady Poverty, dedicating her life to fight destitution and poverty as social disease. Born into an orthodox Jewish family, Mrs. Kohut remains always a conforming Jewess giving her allegiance first though by no means exclusively to her Jewish fellowman. In a series of clear-cut chapters, the main events of a dedicated life are outlined. We follow her from Richmond to Baltimore; then to San Francisco for a period of years; then to New York; to Europe into the stir and struggle of the overseas movement; and, most recently, to international congresses of one type or another. A life dedicated primarily to father, brothers, sisters, husband, and children, moves slowly out from the home into religious and citizen service, into the communal life of this country and all countries.

Always an undercurrent of spiritual growth, of "growing pains" as she calls them, is plain. The sensitive reader will feel a series of deep and real spiritual experiences rather than find them explicitly stated,—for the narrative, finely restrained in quality, aims soberly to depict a course of happenings. The events recited are wide enough to include brief but exact glimpses of many who have contributed in greater or less degree and with more or less prominence to the humanitarian programs of the last forty years. Especially after her marriage to Dr. Kohut, the story leads us from one local or national platform to another. With Mrs. Kohut we attend meetings of organizations working for the Jew's well-being; we go into international congresses in the interests of women; of the poor; of mankind. At all these gatherings the story keeps us in the

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presence of both persons and ideas. The snapshot sketches of the actors at each event are so concise that the reader feels the author's world was by her own choosing made up of helpful, hopeful individuals. Also, the reader gets the pleasing feeling that these are times when countless personalities labor together—quietly or noisily it matters not—for a common good. The dexterous pen likewise lures toward the author's belief that these labors are not in vain.

The reader's traditions, action, and purpose may go sharply contrary to the immediate aims and efforts this book records. This does not matter. Those who prefer the social rebel's revelation of a soul torn with uncertainties may think the serenities and certainties of this story philistine, but they will not fail to admire the talent that makes the story so frank, exact, inclusive. Even those readers in the polite circles that still consider it correct to sniff at organizations and organizers and refuse to see "creative experience" in associations, will find the traditions of the best biography maintained by the refreshing directness and honesty with which this story of work in organizations is told. Essential nobility of character, energy, zeal, and idealism stand out in every chapter and bid for that admiration the open-minded must always give to sincerity, straightforwardness, and aspiration.

When, as in *My Portion*, a woman of heart and dreams bids us welcome to her rich personal experiences as daughter, wife, mother, as friend of her race and all humanity, and does this with a nice attention to good taste and literary craft, the book cannot but make good reading for the discriminating. By these tests, Mrs. Kohut's autobiography can safely be classed as "good reading."

JESSICA B. PEIXOTTO.

The Achievements and Prospects of the Workers' Departments. By HENRY LANZ. (Publications of the Committee for the Improvement of School Conditions.) Leningrad, 1925.

Various signs indicate that there is a serious effort in Soviet Russia to reorganize education in order to attract to the schools as large a number of working people as possible without injury to national industry. Persons of proletarian origin are given special opportunities to enter the universities and higher technical schools, while the Soviet Government maintains a number of scholarships for the proletarian youth. To prepare the workmen for university courses, special "Departments" have been organized. This

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volume gives a fair account of their history, their constitution, and their aims.

The first Workers' Department was organized in 1919 at the University of Leningrad, and soon afterwards a number of other universities joined in the new experiment. At present, nearly all universities in Russia maintain these departments, which are in effect preparatory schools—a sort of educational short-cut—for those who wish to undertake university work but have not been able to obtain sufficient preliminary education to qualify them for attendance upon university courses. Peasants constitute a large part of the students in these departments.

At first the idea of admitting peasants and workingmen to universities met with strong opposition from students and faculty, who were inclined to regard it as one of the absurd innovations of the new government which, together with other extreme reforms, would soon die a natural death. Today, however, even the bitterest opponents of the new régime admit their practical value. Speaking of that part of the Russian rural youth which has now a chance to complete its education by means of these Workers' Departments, Professor Milukov, in the "Posledniya Novosti" (Paris) for February 13, 1925, writes as follows: "This section of the Russian youth, however small in number, has a great influence. These young students are the future leaders of reconstruction work in Russia, and it is they who will rebuild the country on a solid foundation."

We are glad to welcome any sane reconstruction work done in Russia along democratic lines like these. H. L.

Chinese Fantastics. By Thomas Steep. The Century Company, New York and London. viii+223 pp. $2.00.

Mr. Steep describes for us many of those curious customs and odd conceits of the Chinese which delight the Western man because they are so unlike his own ridiculous customs and superstitious practices. At the close of a chapter on Topsyturvydom the author says:

> I once confided to a Chinese friend in the lobby of the hotel at Peking that the ways of the Orientals perplexed me. I said some of their customs to me seemed queer.
>
> "I notice that your countrymen sometimes wear dress coats," he said.
>
> "Yes, they do," I answered.
>
> "And they wear buttons on the coat tails."
>
> "Yes."

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"Which they never button."
"Yes."
"And could not button if they wished, for there are no corresponding buttonholes."
"Yes."
"Well, to me, *that* seems queer."

Yet the buttons on the coat tails once had a use. Like the vermiform appendix, they are survivals of an age gone by, when the skirt of the coat was buttoned back to aid locomotion. Likewise, most of the strange customs of the Chinese have a rational origin. It is a pity, indeed, to see so many peculiar customs and costumes of various countries gradually disappearing before the aggressive march of so-called Western civilization. One soon tires of living on a plain unless there are mountains on the horizon. The rocky seashore, the picturesque cañon, the snow-clad peaks and the fertile valleys, together make up the beauty of nature. It is the variety of trees in the forest that makes it attractive, and it is variety in custom and costume, in architecture and social life, that makes travel worth while. When the whole world shall have become standardized as to dress, diet, and entertainment, life will become dull and drab. What we really need is a society for the preservation of native cultures.

Mr. Steep's book is delightful reading. His style is clear, crisp and racy. Some of his stories have been told before, but they bear repetition. There are others that will be repeated hereafter. There is much pathos in the account of the death of Maskee, the pet dog, and the tale of a Dombey and Son, Limited, Shanghai, illustrates well the commercial sense of the Chinese. (chap. vii.)

The word pictures given of scenes in Peking, in Nanking, Shangai, Hankow, and Canton, bear witness to the author's powers of observation, and awaken many pleasant memories in the minds of those who have lived amid these scenes. One likes to think that the pigeons are still flying in flocks over Peking carrying whistles (p. 3) in their tails to frighten away the falcons, that the sampan man still plies his calling on the Whangpu, and that Hankow is still fragrant with the aroma of tea. The reviewer recalls many audiences in the palaces of the Forbidden City with strolls in the gardens there and luncheons in the famous clock hall with its alleged eighty-five clocks, no two of which kept the same time (p. 164).

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There are a few inaccuracies that ought, perhaps, to be noted. Pidgin English did not originally owe its existence to the Europeans (p. 13). Those familiar with Chinese recognize at once that Pidgin English is English in Chinese idiom. If you take a Chinese sentence and translate it, word by word, retaining the Chinese order of the words, you will have Pidgin or Business English. It originated with Chinese eager to learn the language of the foreign devil so that he could trade with him. Europeans and Americans, however, are responsible to a great degree for the perpetuation of the barbaric lingo.

More serious is the statement (p. 73) that Confucianism is not a religion. This is a statement one often hears. It arose in the early days of European intercourse with China, when foreign residents knew only the ethical and political teachings of Confucius and did not know that *Confucianism* or *K'ung Chiao* is one of the names given to the state religion. And in the state religion Confucius is one of the beings worshiped; and that worship consists of sacrifices and other offerings, prayers, and praise. The ritual that was used at the altars in Peking was a very elaborate one. It is true that Confucius did not establish a religion, but neither did Judah. Yet Judaism is a proper name for the religion of Judah's descendants, and likewise Confucianism is a proper name for the religion practiced by the disciples of the sage, and for the religion whose observance he urged and in whose pantheon he has a place.

There is also inaccuracy in the statement (p. 65) that

> When China, hitherto without a flag, opened its eyes to the patriotic menagerie in which were the British lion, the French cock, the American eagle, and the German doubleheaded bird, it adopted the dragon as its emblem, ...

The dragon was an imperial emblem in the twenty-third century B. C., and a dragon flag was known at least as early as the beginning of the Chou Dynasty (1122 B. C.). A banneret emblazoned with a dragon is pictured in the *I Li* and was borne before the vassal lords when they were visiting the capital. Moreover, a large square flag, bearing the double dragon in the field and twelve smaller dragons on the escallops, was a national ensign, while the royal standard bore not only the double dragon, but the sun and moon as well.

Under the Manchu Dynasty the Imperial standard was a triangular yellow flag on whose folds were embroidered a blue dragon and a red sun. These standards of the dead emperors

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may be seen in the chapels in the T'ai Miao where their several tablets are kept. The triangular flag was further adorned with blue escallops. In recent years a modification of the flag was made for use in the army and navy and in the customs service. This resembled the imperial standard, but was oblong instead of triangular. It is to this change, no doubt, that Mr. Steep refers.

E. T. W.

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"CUT OFF LIKE A PEDESTAL TO PUT A STATUE ON"

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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LYRICS TO EDWARD McDOWELL'S WOODLAND SKETCHES

MARGARET TOD RITTER

TO A WILD ROSE

Soft, wild thing
Winds will cling
To thy shy caresses
Long and long after
Tempests are dead.

What faint breeze
Sighing sees
Thee, but sighs the louder
Yet will not leave thee
Sighing instead?

Joyous blossom thing, dancing there for rapture,
Child of Spring,
What will the tomorrow bring,
When a wan breeze passing thee
Fails to see
Thy shy ecstasy?

Pale, soft thing
Winds will sing
Of thy dead embraces
Long and long after
Summer has fled.

Tempests bruising thee, breezes thee ignoring,
Still upon the West hangs the soft adoring,
Hangs the shy adoring
Thy heart bled.

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A DESERTED FARM

Not thou, no radiant, fair vision dost thou present to me.
Thou art not the proud and lovely cradle of my memory.
I who have sped on glad, visioning wings to thee,
Find thee worn and gray,
Pride of yesterday.

I have kept with jealous care
Dreams, visions that took me where
Soft young laughter welcomed me
Back into Youth's Arcady.
Golden moons,
Slumbering tunes,
Homesick dreams of painted Junes,
Of throbbing Junes,
Of yester Junes.

Spidered, strange tapestries cover thy former sunlit walls,
Sunbeams flit like alien strangers through thy cold, deserted halls,
Yet it is to thee that the quickening silence calls.
Thou so worn, so gray,
What does silence say?

TO A WATER-LILY

Softly, softly, dawns and dusks I've waited
Dreaming the hour thou shouldst discover;
Dimly thou hast called me "Many Waters"
Awake! Awake! I am thy lover!

Music:

Softly, softly, love's first blush comes creeping
Staining petals once pale in slumber;
Gossamer, bright wings flash across my bosom
In a living rainbow,
But thy spirit's radiant colors theirs outnumber,
Love has come, dost thou know?

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FROM AN INDIAN LODGE

Music:

Through the pines, through the cedars,
Lurid death fires flicker
How can I hide from their light?

My own tortured spirit
Writhes crimson and bleeding
In all of those fires tonight.

But I shall have followed
Thy frail, passing spirit
At dawn when the ashes are white.

Music.

FROM UNCLE REMUS

(A FRAGMENT)

Howdy Neighbor! . . . . (Nary stir . . . .!)
Yet something seems to warn my fur
That pile of rocks
Ez you, Br'er Fox!
Hippity-Hop, Hippity-Hop, Hippity-Hop,
Hippity-Hop, Hop!

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AT AN OLD TRYSTING-PLACE

Here, here and here again
Your scattered violets have lain,
Flowers blown from your hair,
Sown with a prodigal disdain of care;
Now blowing again
In Youth's domain.
Here are the hearts we traced,
And here letters interlaced;
Dear tree,
Forsooth,
I read from thee
The forgotten speech of Youth!
Here and here and here my glance
Recalls some lovely April dance,
Pictures bright through the years,
Sketched in the first young ignorance of tears.
Ah! Here and here
I draw you near,
Dear, my dear.

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TURGOT'S APPROACH TO THE STUDY OF MAN

FREDERICK J. TEGGART

When we survey the sort of life which men have led in England during the historical period we find that it has undergone marked change between the time of the Roman occupation and the present day. When we survey the sort of life which men have led in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, through the ages, we find that this everywhere begins with a condition which is exceedingly 'primitive,' measured by the standard of modern European culture. When we consider the change which has taken place between the earliest known condition of human existence and the present state of the most advanced culture, we find that between these points there lies an apparently infinite series of gradations.

Observation of the fact that human culture has undergone change leads men eventually to question how the study of change in time is to be approached and carried on. So, when we, as participants in the thought of the twentieth century, turn to reflect upon the change in culture which has taken place in the course of some thousands of years, and make an effort to comprehend the significance of this change, we employ unhesitatingly certain current conceptions, and say that the change which has taken place is evidence of Progress, that it testifies to the fact that culture has been subject to Evolution.

It goes without saying that, in our generation, the terms 'progress' and 'evolution' pass current as tokens of truths which are vouched for by scholars and scientists. From

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the point of view of the history of thought, what these terms represent are different applications of one directive concept or organizing principle which has been utilized by humanistic scholars without having been submitted to critical analysis. Experience in the conduct of the physical sciences, however, has shown that, if research is to be carried on successfully, the investigator must be prepared to scrutinize, with all possible care, the ideas or conceptions which lie at the foundation of his intellectual activities. It would appear, therefore, that, sooner or later, the humanistic scholar must set himself to determine, as precisely as he may, the implications of the terms which represent the guiding principle of investigation in his field of inquiry.

If the humanist is to become critical of the foundations of his activities, it will be of some importance for him to understand that the terms 'progress' and 'evolution' are members of one class, and so admit of being subsumed under a more general designation. Following the suggestion of A. W. Benn, we may observe that "Continuity expresses far more perfectly than evolution [or progress] the guiding idea of modern speculation." In employing the term 'continuity,' it must be recognized that the sense in which it is applied here has no reference to the highly technical meaning which it has acquired in modern mathematics and physics. In what may be designated the 'historical' aspect of inquiry, 'continuity' is employed in its primitive sense as denoting simply the notion of 'having nothing between,' 'presenting no sensible gap,' 'hanging together,' 'uninterrupted' (A. E. Taylor). In accordance with this primitive conception of continuity, change in time is regarded, both in the humanities and in evolutionary science, as being 'uninterrupted,' as being 'slow, gradual, and continuous.' In accordance with this conception, it is held that change in time is not intermittent, that it does not admit of 'breaks.'

When we look for the source of the conception expressed by the word 'continuity,' that change in time must necessarily be 'slow, gradual, and continuous,' we find it in Aristotle's notion of the steady and uninterrupted process

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of the development of latent potentialities into actualities, or, going back a step farther, in the universal acceptance by Greek thought of an analogy between change in time and the process of growth represented in the life-cycle of the plant or animal. What this means is that, in our effort to render intelligible the world in which we live, we follow in the footsteps of the earliest Greek philosophers, and, with them, assert that change in time is like the change represented in the growth or development of the organic individual.

It was suggested at the outset that, if we consider the change which has taken place between the earliest known condition of life in England and the present state of civilization in that country, it will appear that between these two points there lies an apparently unbroken series of gradations in culture. If we try to envisage this series of gradations as a whole, it may possibly seem as though change in time were 'slow, gradual, and continuous.' If, on the other hand, we take account of the actual changes exhibited in the record of history, and examine them in detail, it will be found that the present state of culture in England is not the product of uninterrupted growth, of a 'slow, gradual, and continuous' development, but that it has been deeply affected by a succession of intrusive influences, marked, in the earlier periods, by a succession of warlike invasions, and, in later times, by a succession of cultural contributions from other areas. When, indeed, we examine the actual facts as to the cultural experience of any people whatever, we discover that the course of change has not been 'uninterrupted,' that it has not been without 'breaks.' The present culture of any area is the outcome, not of a development comparable with the life-cycle of the organic being, but of a varied sequence of intrusions.

Evidently, then, when we turn to consider the ideas which lie at the foundation of humanistic inquiry at the present time, we find ourselves confronted with a difficulty, arising from the discovery that the organizing principle which has been accepted in the study of change in time is

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not compatible with historical fact. The source of this difficulty would appear to be that the established procedure in the study of change starts, not from observation of the facts pertinent to the inquiry, but with the assumption that we know in advance that all change is of the order exemplified in the life-cycle. It is on the basis of this assumption that the doctrine of continuity has entered into, and has become the essential feature of all theories of progress and evolution. Now, the notion that the pattern of change in the 'life' of nations and of mankind is identical with the pattern of the development of the organic individual was arrived at, in the first instance, by making abstraction from the facts of history. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that, in accepting continuity as a directive concept, modern science has found itself in the predicament of being unable to bring historical fact into relation with the study of change in time—a predicament which is fully illustrated in the tenth chapter of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Further, the mode of approach which modern investigators have inherited from the earliest Greek thinkers has driven them to maintain that the study of change in time is to be carried on without reference to the historical evidence in regard to the changes which have actually taken place in the past; and the point has even been reached at which scientific investigators of the highest rank have asserted that the dictum of Leibniz, 'Nature never makes leaps,' is of higher validity for science than the evidence of the facts. The adoption of continuity as a directive concept has, then, made it impossible for investigators to utilize, in the study of change in time, the greater part of all the evidence bearing upon the problem. It follows, therefore, that current procedure in this type of inquiry (in the humanities and in biology) is in direct contravention of principles which modern science has accepted as its foundation, namely, that, if we are to arrive at valid results in our efforts to understand the world, we must set out from observation of the phenomenal facts relevant to the given inquiry, and that, if 'scientific' results are to be looked for, we may not ignore any significant body of evidence bearing upon the problem under consideration.

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The foregoing discussion of the presuppositions of humanistic inquiry, however brief, has brought to light a situation of serious import for the Study of Man. From the beginning of European thought in Ionia, the study of change in time has been bound up with the assumption of continuity. On the other hand, while individuals, at one time or another, have pointed out that, as a matter of fact, discontinuities have occurred, no procedure for the investigation of change in time, taking historical events into consideration, has, up to the present, been recognized and employed. Yet it is obvious that, if the study of change is to escape the meshes of assumption and analogy in which for so long a time it has been entangled, a new and distinct mode of approach must be discovered.

The particular purpose of the present paper is to point out that the plan or outline of such an approach was formulated, in the year 1750, by a student at the Sorbonne, Anne Robert Jacques Turgot.

Turgot is known to historians as the comptroller-general of the finances of France who, in the year 1774–1776, endeavored with heroic courage to save the government of Louis XVI from the destruction which overtook it less than two decades later. He is known to economists as the author of various writings in the field of economic theory, and as a close associate of the group known as the 'physiocrats.' It is not intended, however, to enter into a discussion of the opinions and judgments which historians and economists have expressed in regard to the work of Turgot, whether as an administrator or as an author. The contribution which brings his name under consideration in this discussion is contained in a series of papers which belongs to the period of his life, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-three, when he was a student at Paris. The papers to which I allude include addresses on "the advantages which Christianity has conferred on the human race," "the causes of the progress and decline of the sciences and arts," "the successive advances of the human intellect," as well as outlines of

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works on political geography and universal history. The interest of these early writings is that they give expression to views in regard to the Study of Man, and in regard to the study of change in time, which appear to be of the utmost significance for the thought of the twentieth century.

To gain a point of view from which the proposals of Turgot may be appreciated it will be necessary to recall, in summary fashion, some of the characteristic features of thought at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century.

In the first place, orthodox Christian doctrine then maintained a position which has only been slightly modified in the course of two centuries. It was accepted that Creation had taken place in the manner described in the Book of Genesis; it was accepted that miracles had taken place as described in various passages in the Bible and in the lives of the saints; it was accepted that Divine Providence interposed, from time to time, in the direction of human affairs. Thus the background of thought about the world, then as now, was the theological doctrine of Discontinuity, a doctrine which regarded 'events' or unusual happenings as evidence of the ever-recurring interventions of Providence in the affairs of men for the carrying out of predetermined ends.

In the second place, the new science, which had begun to make its influence felt in the generation preceding Turgot's birth, asserted a principle of Continuity in direct opposition to the theological doctrine of Discontinuity. The basis upon which the science of the seventeenth century defended its assertion of continuity was an appeal to the constancy or immutability of the Laws of Nature. These laws, it was held, had been established once for all at the Creation, and constituted the provisions which God had made, in the beginning, for the accomplishment of His purposes. It was maintained, therefore, that the affairs of the universe were carried on in strict accordance with established rules, and were not subject to recurring interventions of Divine Power; hence, 'miracles' or other interferences

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with the 'natural' order of things did not and could not occur.

To understand fully how these views affected the study of change in time it will be necessary to allude to the contemporary conceptions of the method of science. In the system of Descartes it was contended that the true method of science consisted in the procedure exhibited in Euclid's Elements of Geometry. Scientific inquiry, it was held, should begin with the analysis of our conceptions, for the purpose of arriving at those 'clear and simple ideas' which Descartes regarded as the germs of truths naturally existing in our minds, and which might, when discovered, be utilized as the starting point for systematic deductions. In the procedure of Newton, on the other hand, it was maintained that scientific inquiry must set out from observation of the actual facts of the objective world.

These opposing views were in full conflict in France in the middle of the eighteenth century, but while, under the influence of Newton, the study of physics had shaken itself free from the Cartesian type of scholasticism, the Study of Man, under the influence of Fontenelle, had been completely dominated by the a priori method of Descartes. This result had been brought about in connection with the famous 'Quarrel of the ancients and moderns.' As is well known, dispute had arisen in regard to the respective merits of the ancient classical writers and the authors of the period of Louis XIV. In the discussion which ensued, Fontenelle argued that, to arrive at a decision as to the superiority of the 'ancients' or the 'moderns,' it would be necessary to fall back upon the principles of 'natural philosophy,' if the dispute, conducted by successive appeals, on one side and the other, to historical evidence, were not to be continued indefinitely. Fontenelle, in short, made a conscious effort to bring humanistic problems within the scope of scientific inquiry, but in this effort he ruled out historical fact in favor of employing the method of science—as envisaged by Descartes.

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The 'clear and simple idea' from which, in accordance with Cartesian conceptions, the humanists of the end of the seventeenth century set out was the analogy between the development of the individual and the 'life' of the race. As expressed by Pascal, just as the individual advances from day to day in knowledge, so mankind makes continual progress as the world grows older; hence, he thought, the entire sequence of men, through the ages, should be looked upon as a single individual existing always and learning continually. It follows, however, that if the life of mankind is like the life of the individual, the scientific procedure in the study of mankind will be like that employed in the study of physiology. The physiologist, obviously, has a very explicit purpose in his inquiries. His aim is to arrive at a description of *the* human body, not at a description of any particular human body. His aim is to arrive at a knowledge of the 'natural,' 'normal,' 'habitual,' 'usual' working of the 'man machine,' and for this purpose he will ignore, pass over, or abstract from the accidental variations which he may meet with in any given 'subject' which he may examine. This physiological point of view is accepted throughout the writings of the period of which we are speaking. Leibniz, for example, expressed it in saying that "each created being is pregnant with its future state, and naturally follows a certain course, if nothing hinders it." The humanists, associating this view with Pascal's analogy, assumed that the scientific study of change in time must have for its object the determination of the 'natural' course of the development of mankind, abstraction being made from the accidental interferences or hindrances occasioned by such historical events as the barbarian invasions of the early Middle Ages.

The scientific study of man was thus conceived as being concerned with the discovery of the laws or orderly provisions which Nature has made for the 'natural' development, progress, or evolution of nations and of mankind. In the eighteenth century, the argument employed in support of this procedure was that "It is of more importance to ascer-

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tain the progress that is most simple, than the progress that is most agreeable to fact. . . . It is certainly true that the actual progress is not always the most natural. It may have been determined by particular accidents, which are not likely again to occur, and which cannot be considered as forming any part of that general provision which Nature has made for the improvement of the race." Thus, the aim of humanistic study, with reference to change in time, was identified with the description of the 'natural' history of mankind—that type of 'hypothetical,' 'theoretical,' 'ideal,' or 'generalized' history which has entered so extensively into the studies of anthropology and sociology. The technique elaborated in the early eighteenth century, for the purpose of arriving at a knowledge of this 'natural' history (this history for which 'events' are 'monstrosities'), has been known, since Auguste Comte gave it that designation, as the Comparative Method.

Turgot, it should be observed, had the good fortune to come under the influence of the Abbé Sigorgne, who was the first teacher in France to substitute the physics of Newton for the system of Descartes. The consequence of this experience was that the theological student made the conscious effort to substitute, in the Study of Man, the method of Newton for the procedure, based upon Cartesian principles, to which allusion has just been made.

Turgot's initial step, logically considered, was to make a clear discrimination between the method employed in mathematics and that which he conceived to be appropriate to the study of natural phenomena.

> In mathematics [he said] the mind deduces, one from the other, a chain of propositions, the truth of which is demonstrated by their mutual dependence. Such is not the case with the other sciences, where it is no longer through the comparison of ideas among themselves that knowledge of the truth is reached, but through their conformity with a succession of actual facts. To discover and verify truth, it is no longer a question of establishing a small number of simple principles from which the mind needs only let itself be carried

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> along on the tide of consequences; one must begin with nature as she exists, and with that infinite variety of effects to which have contributed so many causes counterbalanced one by the other.

His next step was to point out that, in the sciences which "begin with nature as she is," we must be prepared to distinguish between the type of investigation represented in physics, and the type of investigation represented in history and the study of progress. In physics, he remarked, the phenomena dealt with are always constant; in history, on the other hand, we are continually confronted with new situations, new entities, and new events. It will be necessary, he thought, to devise a new form of procedure appropriate to the second of these types of scientific inquiry. Further, with direct reference to the requirements of such a procedure, he laid weight upon two points which were ignored by his contemporaries, and which have continued to be ignored by the majority of humanistic students. He pointed out that, while it is necessary to make use of hypotheses in scientific investigation, these hypotheses must be derived from the observation of the objective phenomena of nature; the great scientist, in Turgot's opinion, does not concern himself with theories which are not prompted by the facts. He called attention, further, to that almost insurmountable tendency of the human mind to judge the unknown by the known, and hence to make use of false analogies, having in mind, presumably, the analogy between the life-cycle of the individual and the 'life' of the race.

Following his rejection of the procedure of the Cartesians, Turgot signalized his adherence to the principles of modern science by insisting that, in the Study of Man, we should set out from the observation of things as they are. We must, he thought, begin by examining the actual condition of the peoples of the earth, both civilized and savage. This point of departure, this observation of man as he is, revealed to Turgot impressive *differences* in the cultural status of mankind throughout the world. The actual state of humanity appeared to him to present every nuance of barbarism and

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of civilization, to display the existence of "inequality varied to infinity." Observation, then, impressed upon him the fact of the existence of differences in human culture in different geographical areas, and the question at once presented itself: "How are these differences to be accounted for?"

It should be observed that, while Turgot believed unhesitatingly, and indeed enthusiastically, in the *possibility* of human progress, he did not accept the view that progress or evolution is a 'natural' movement, like the growth of an organic individual, which is to be expected, 'if nothing hinders it.' He did not accept the view, still widely entertained, which would explain differences in culture on the supposition that the cultural development of 'backward' races has been retarded to a greater or less extent by unfavorable circumstances, whereas the progress of 'advanced' peoples has received relatively little check.

Instead, then, of assuming at the outset that there is a progressive movement which 'naturally' affects all human groups, Turgot, following Hume, begins his investigation of the differences in human groups by endeavoring to account for the fixity, sameness, or persistence of the culture of any given group from one generation to another. Thus, he observes that man in isolation and without contact with neighbors is everywhere in very much the same condition of barbarism. He observes that the *status quo* tends to be maintained, among more advanced peoples, through the influence of education (which, he thinks, is one of the great sources of the stability of governments), and through the exercise of political power. Despotism, he believes, induces in the members of the state a lethargic repose, which is opposed to all change. The *status quo* is maintained, further, by a blind conservatism which would confine the sciences within the limits of existing knowledge and preserve unmodified the earliest opinions; it is in consequence of this spirit that the regions which were first to become enlightened are not those which have made the greatest advances.

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Turgot's first step being the investigation of the phenomenon of fixity or persistence, he next proceeds to point out that modification of culture is brought about continually through the influence of commerce and intercourse between different peoples. It comes about, therefore, that every nation represents a transition between its neighbors—every nation is the nuance between the nations in its vicinity. Apart, however, from contact with others, the culture of any group is, he thought, always undergoing modification. For example, curiosity multiplies questions, and by dint of groping, and, so to say, by exhausting errors, men arrive finally at some measure of the truth. Similarly, he thought that no art could be cultivated during a long period of time without undergoing improvement at the hands of some inventive genius. It was, however, in the field of the study of language that he found the most ample evidence for the study of slow modification.

Turgot's originality, and his independence both of Hume and of the movement of thought in France, appears in the third step of his inquiry. After considering the phenomena of persistence and of slow modification, he proceeds to express the view that the human race would have remained forever in a state of mediocrity had it not been for the disruptive influence of migrations, wars, and conquests. Reason and justice, if listened to, would, in his judgment, have made everything fixed, as it has nearly done, he says, in China. Vehement fermentation is necessary for the manufacture of good wine, and it is, he thinks, by subversions and ravages that nations have been extended, and governments, in the long run, improved. Only through such means, he argues, has reason been freed from the constraint of imperfect laws imposed by despotic power. It is particularly noteworthy that Turgot insisted upon the importance of migrations in promoting advance through the mingling of peoples, languages, and manners. "Everything," he thinks, "that frees men from their actual state, that opens their eyes to varied scenes, that expands their ideas, that enlightens them, that rouses them, leads them, in the long run, to the good and the true."

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What we have here, then, in Turgot's work, is the plan or outline of a procedure in the Study of Man, and in the study of change in time, which is in most marked contrast with the procedure followed in the study of progress and of evolution, as carried on in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The plan offered by Turgot is the direct outcome of his rejection of the method of Descartes, and of his conscious effort to follow the method of Newton, and of modern science. The essential element in Turgot's procedure is represented by his rejection of the assumption that we know in advance that change in time is analogous with the slow, gradual, and continuous development represented in the life-cycle of the organic individual, that is to say, his rejection of the doctrine of 'continuity.' The constructive aspect of Turgot's plan consists in his demonstration that, when we start from direct observation of the differences in human groups, we find that the elucidation of these differences requires a threefold type of investigation, a type of investigation directed to the determination: first, of the processes manifested in fixity, stability, or persistence; second, of the processes manifested in slow modification; and third, of the historical conditions under which changes have taken place, and of the processes manifested in such circumstances.

There would be little point in asking consideration for the work of a college student, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, if that work did not have some bearing upon our own intellectual needs. In Turgot's approach to the Study of Man there is a definite indication of the way out of difficulties in regard to the study of change in time, which modern thought is still involved in, and for which modern science has not discovered a solution.

The principal obstacle which confronts us in the study of change (in the humanities and in biology) is occasioned, as Turgot pointed out, by the conscious or unconscious acceptance of a false analogy—the notion, namely, that all change is of the type represented in the life-cycle or development of the individual. To overcome this impediment Turgot pro-

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posed, with the directness of genius, that we should discard accepted presuppositions, and return anew to the observation of the facts of human culture as given in the world today.

Turgot's proposal demands nothing beyond recognition of the fact that the present condition of any particular culture is the outcome of all that has actually affected it in the past. The recognition of this elementary fact has been obscured by the assumption that all science must adopt the aims and procedure of physical science (the study of 'the nature of things'), an assumption which has led humanistic students into the false position of imagining that the study of change in time is to be carried on without taking historical 'events' into consideration. The effect of Turgot's proposal is to place humanistic inquiry on a new basis, by eliminating the false distinction between change that is 'natural' and change that is 'historical' or accidental. The effect of his proposal is to overcome the disjunction between the opposing doctrines of 'continuity' and 'discontinuity' which has presented an insuperable obstacle to the advancement of modern thought.

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POEMS

RUTH HARWOOD

YEARNING

O to be in California in the spring!
  While torpid earth is held in winter shrouds,
  To see her wreathe herself in pearly clouds
And break into a song of burgeoning!

And O, to watch the barren hills unfold;
  First comes the mossy carpeting of green,
  Fog-misted, sometimes, to a silver sheen,
And then to watch them flare to mauve and gold!

And O, to see acacias burst in bloom,
  Like clustered sunshine billowing the trees,
  To hear the droning music of the bees,
And scent the air weighed heavy with perfume!

To think she's showing now her pageantry
  In all the glory of spring's verdant dress,
  And flinging, open-armed, her loveliness!
To think of spring! . . . . And I not there to see!

PASTEL

To keep this evening's loveliness I seek,
  This sunset hour in my garden spent,
Among my iris where each purple cheek
  Of velvet softness lulls me with content.

A hush of happiness has seemed to fall
  About my garden. Bloom and bush and tree
Have felt the magic touch transforming all
  Into a misty quiet harmony.

O, sweet, my garden lit with sunset rose!
  O, soft, the blossoms folding close for sleep!
O, frail, my song that strives before it goes
  This evening's pastel loveliness to keep!

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THE VEIL

The fog comes drifting earthward
  At twilight from the sea,
As though the earth expected
  This gentle tryst to be;
Expected now and waited
  Some compact with the sea.

As she, a timid maiden,
  Fearful of the night,
Would draw a veil about her
  Of softest floating white . . . .
A misty veil about her
  To shield her from the night.

SPRIG OF FLOWERS

I think it is a tender thing,
  The way old men will climb the hill,
Because they hear spring's beckoning,
  And stir with youthful answer still.

And they will stay a little while,
  Surrendering to spring's commands,
Then downward trudge with peaceful smile,
  A sprig of flowers in their hands.

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MICHELANGELO AND THE SKIN OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

ALEXANDER KAUN

Of late the Sistine Chapel has been visited not only by tourists manhandled by croaking and screeching omniscient guides; but artists, also, and scholars of the widest range have renewed their pilgrimage to that hall, in which the stupendous frescoes of Michelangelo are not invariably delectable to the eye, and for the most part perilous to one's neck. The stimulus was given by an Italian physician, Francesco La Cava, who has made a startling "discovery": he has found in the gigantic *Last Judgment* a self-portrait by Michelangelo. The bulk of the *conoscenti* met the news with an incredulity that was quite natural. In the first place, Italy has been overfed in recent months by art discoveries whose sensationalism equaled their dubiousness. In the second place, it was difficult to admit that a mere physician had detected that which for nearly four centuries escaped the eyes of experts, painters, critics, historians of art, Michelangelo's biographers, contemporaries, and disciples. Could such a "detail" have been overlooked by the gossipy, anecdotical Vasari, by Ascanio Condivi, for whom not a single line by Michelangelo might be erased from one's memory, by Romain Rolland, by the numerous Germans who have measured and examined every millimeter of the *Last Judgment?* And the skeptics reluctantly took the arid walk through the Vatican courts, the junk-filled Library, the flocks of tourists, and up the harsh stairway to the Sistine Chapel.

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Once there, one discards all doubt as to the truth of Dr. La Cava's hypothesis. The grim face of Michelangelo peers at you from the center of the monstrous fresco, the unmistakable duplicate of the master's only authentic portrait, at the Uffizi, drawn in the same "three quarters," *con un occhio e mezzo*, in the technical parlance of the *quintocento*. This face has not been heretofore observed because it does not belong to any of the innumerable bodies writhing in the chaos of the *Last Judgment:* it hides in the skin of St. Bartholomew. In the group of the martyrs, on the right, who demonstrate for the Judge the means and modes of their martyrdom, St. Bartholomew occupies a most conspicuous place, quite out of proportion to his canonical rank. His magnificent muscular body looms astride a cloud immediately below the implacable Christ. With his right hand he raises the knife with which he was flayed, a ferocious gesture suggesting to Romain Rolland an executioner rather than a victim. From his left hand is suspended his own skin, in the folds of which one discerns the unmistakable grimace of Michelangelo. The skin is reproduced splendidly. A celebrated anatomist, professor of the Russian Academy of Science and discoverer of the embalming process which has kept Lenin's body life-like, goes into raptures, at my side, over the scientific perfection of that skin, in its every fold and wrinkle. This feature, apparently, caught the eye of Dr. La Cava, too, while it passed unnoticed by laymen whose attention was naturally drawn to the human figures rather than to the objects of torture and martyrdom. The universal lack of optical precision is further shown by the Doctor's astonishing discovery that the skin represents the shaggy head of Michelangelo, whereas St. Bartholomew is drawn in the fresco with a skull innocent of any hair!

In the light of La Cava's discovery, the *Last Judgment* acquires an especial value as an autobiographical expression. One is enabled to surmise the motive of the painter in creating that grandiose panorama, with its oppressive atmosphere of fear and joylessness, with its saints and sinners, saved and condemned, equally stricken with terror in face of the

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THE SKIN OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW WITH THE FACE OF MICHELANGELO

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athletic beardless Christ whose ruthlessly raised arm paralyzes all hope. Even His mother turns away her face in anguish, and lowers her eyes. In this *dies irae* Michelangelo seems to have poured out his personal torments, his wrath against his persecutors and patrons, against a fate which has endowed him with a tremendous power to express his inner tragedy of chaos and futility. La Cava suggests that the painter was consumed by a fire of revenge against his contemporaries who had flayed him alive, "the popes and dukes, ignorant courtiers and jealous artists" who abused and maltreated his genius, and whom he desired to summon before the severe Judge. The Doctor speaks chiefly of external vicissitudes. Indeed, even if one leaves out the questions of his split personality and sexual predilections, the period of the *Last Judgment* appears to be the blackest in Michelangelo's sunless life. His letters are full of bitter complaints, recounting the petty caprices of Julius II and his successors, the silly accusations of misappropriation of the Pope's funds, the jealousy of Bramante and Raphael. "*Io sto qua* [in the Sistine Chapel] *in grande affano, e con grandissima fatica di corpo, e non ò amici di nessuna sorte, e none voglio,*" he wrote to his brother. Vasari, Mini, and other contemporaries describe Michelangelo of that time as looking tired and thin, eating little and sleeping badly. Weary in body and spirit, diffident and suspicious, after a day of toil and drudgery, he would, in his solitude, sing to the night:

> O nott', o dolce tempo, benchè nero
> con pace ogn' opra sempr' al fin assalta . . . .[1]

and conclude:

> O ombra del morir per cui se ferma
> ogni miseria, a l'alma, al cor nemica
> ultimo delli afflitti e buon rimedio, ...[2]

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[1] The translations are by Dr. Piccirillo.

> O night, O sweet, though somber span of time!
> All things find rest upon their journey's end.

[2] Thou shade of Death, through whom the soul at length
Shuns pain and sadness, hostile to the heart.
Whom mourners find their last and sure relief!

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He spoke of death as a deliverance. It was not the mere phrase of an embittered person. Whatever his relations to Francesco Urbino (that fine profile behind St. Bartholomew's shoulder) might have been, the illness and ultimate death of the latter served as the last straw to Michelangelo's broken spirit.

E piango e parlo del mio morto Urbino,
Che, vivo or, forse saria costà meco,
Com' ebbi già in pensier. Sua morte
Poi m'affretta e tira per altro camino,
Dove m'aspetta ad albergar con seco.[3]

He wished to die. Vasari tells us that, while working on the odious *Judgment*, Michelangelo fell down and badly hurt his leg, but refused "*essere medicato.*" Deliverance, and an opportunity to rejoin Urbino, seemed near. Curiously enough, this time, too, it was a physician who succeeded in coming nearer to the artist than it was vouchsafed to his other fellow-men to do. Baccio Rontini, a devoted admirer of Michelangelo, decided to save the sick man against his own will. He made him practically a prisoner, and did not release him till he was well again. Rontini must have been tactful enough not only to heal the misanthrope physically, but also to restore his will to live and create. Within a few weeks after his recovery Michelangelo completed the *Last Judgment*, after five years of an effort which at times appeared hopeless.

Rontini did not alter Michelangelo's views and attitudes; he rescued them from passivity. Restored in health, the artist gathered all his dynamic force and hurled it into the work which was to voice his accumulated gall and wrath, and to pillory for future generations his pontifical and petty flayers. But, even as he had suffered all his life from inner clash of strength and weakness, resolution and timidity, so here, too, the fire of his emotion was dampened by the fear

[3] For lost Urbino mournful words I speak,
Whose earthly sight full longingly I seek,
His death now turns my footsteps to the upward way
Where he all fondly waits to dwell with me alway.

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MICHELANGELO

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of immediate consequences. The scandal, indeed, would have been shocking, had he carried out his full plan and portrayed without disguise the band of his enemies and alleged enemies, with himself fulminating in the center. The fresco as finally executed contains suggestive portraits, but too subtle for immediate recognition, with the exception perhaps of that nagging courtier, the contemporary Comstock, whom he placed at the extreme lower corner to the right, with a snake twisted round his prudish torso. His own portrait, as we see, has escaped attention for nearly four centuries. To be sure, he lacked the temerity to present his full face; its lower part is distorted by a horrible grimace. But even so, now that we have been told, we cannot get over the feeling of amazement at the visual incuriousness of so many generations. How could we overlook that formidable image, the only face on the wall which is not turned with awe toward the Judge, but peers straight ahead in grimacing accusation?

Rome, 1925.

THE CYCLE

TORREY CONNOR

This green wood tented me when I,
A gipsy-thing, was small.
How can I find the ground-bird's nest,
Since I have grown so tall?
Where seek the year's first blossoming—
The pale anemone?
My laughing child a-tiptoe stands
And holds them up to me.

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THE ROAD TO ARCADY

GILBERT MOYLE

I

Know ye the road to Arcady,
The land of sweet content,
Where love is ever young and free
And lovers love immortally
And flowery fields frequent?

'Tis ever fair in Arcady,
The winds that softly blow
Are freighted with the ecstasy
Of love's sigh-laden melody
And there is naught of woe.

Tell me the road to Arcady,
To Arcady the fair;
I fain would on my journey be
With swiftest speed to Arcady—
My love is waiting there.

II

O many, many roads there be
To Arcady, to Arcady,
And some are short and some are long,
But all are followed with a song
To Arcady, to Arcady.

For where oh where the heart would be,
There is the land of Arcady;
Or east or west, where to its mate
A heart doth call, doth call and wait,
Is Arcady, is Arcady.

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III

Ah no, ah no, there cannot be
So many roads to Arcady,
For I have wandered near and far
And set my course by many a star
And have not come to Arcady.

And still the weary heart of me
Doth sigh for lovely Arcady;
But it is not where others say,
Or I have somehow lost the way
To Arcady, to Arcady.

IV

It is not far to Arcady
And flowery fields and fair,
For it is where the heart would be—
In every land is Arcady,
And love is waiting there.

But who would come to Arcady
Must bring his dreams along—
His dreams of all that was to be—
And youth that still flows happily,
And he must bring a song.

Then 'tis not far to Arcady,
But none the road may find
Who e'er shall doubt love's constancy
Or ever disillusioned be
And, seeing, yet be blind.

GILBERT MOYLE, 1881–1926

This poem, "The Road to Arcady," was handed to the editor only a few weeks before the onset of the illness that closed the career of this gifted lyric poet. The singing quality of his work which attracted the attention of so many composers is evident in these verses.

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SKETCH OF A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SPANISH & THE ENGLISH COLONIES

(An unpublished essay by J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur)

Edited, with an Introduction
By H. L. Bourdin and S. T. Williams

William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb were fond of the *Letters from an American Farmer*, by St. John de Crèvecoeur. We may still take down from our shelves the old book (first published in London in 1782) and spend an evening in colonial America of the eighteenth century. Here is the battle between the snakes, the passage on the bees (for this Frenchman seems to have been an amateur Thoreau), the hideous story of the Negro in the cage, and the thrilling paper "What is an American?" The lover of old books, the student of the colonies, the historian of American literature have all labeled the little volume with their conventional tickets. No doubt it belongs in such encyclopedias as its present resting place, the "Everyman Library."

From this standard popularity has emerged the story of the "Farmer," a story romantic enough to make us wish that Crèvecoeur had written an autobiography instead of a few letters or essays. We know that he was born in Caen in 1735; that in 1759 he made his way down from Canada into the northern colonies; that he lived in various parts of New York State and Pennsylvania; that he developed a farm in Orange County, New York, which he called "Pine Hill"; and that he remained in America at this period of his life for about twenty years. He finally sailed for France in 1779, and thereafter he seems no longer to belong to us, for though he later returned to be Consul in New York, his subsequent career in Europe, interesting as it is, seems far removed from his life as an American frontiersman.

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He was not done with romance, however, for posterity was to christen him a somewhat adventurous and picturesque figure, and many a matter-of-fact historian, after reading his book, was to call him a dreamer. The last romantic episode connected with "The Farmer" was the discovery in 1922 by one of the present writers (H. L. Bourdin) of two other volumes of his letters. He has told elsewhere the story of his reading the whole night through these unpublished papers of Crèvecoeur.[1] Among them was this comparison of the Spanish and American colonies.

Perhaps this paper is partly imaginative, or written from second-hand report, for we have no evidence that Crèvecoeur knew particularly well the Spanish colonies, though it is barely possible that he witnessed some Latin customs on his voyage to America, during which mere rumor says he touched at Lisbon.[2] But Crèvecoeur was not a romantic. He was a settler, a wielder of the axe and the plough, a patient observer of the hard conditions of primitive rural life. These aspects of his character the new letters reveal emphatically. Moreover, he was a thoughtful student of the political and social and religious problems which puzzled Americans during the last four decades of the eighteenth century. Upon this side of the "Farmer"—the keen thinker and careful observer, depends the interest of the subjoined paper. Both volumes of the published essays are full of comments on religion, and we should read this essay, not for what Crèvecoeur says of Spanish religious customs, but for the light he throws by contrast on conditions with which he was familiar: the Quakers, the free Protestantism of the early American village, the influences affecting religion in an infant democracy.

Crèvecoeur was French. He had had a little training in England, but most of his English was a product of his American environment. The result is a strange composite; but it has been thought best to retain all his idiosyncrasies of spelling, punctuation, and diction, precisely as in the original manuscript.

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[1] *Sketches of Eighteenth Century America*, edited by H. L. Bourdin, R. H. Gabriel, and S. T. Williams. Yale University Press, 1925.

[2] Crèvecoeur later in this essay suggests that he has received his information from travelers.

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SKETCH OF A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SPANISH & THE ENGLISH COLONIES[1]

Cou'd we have a perfect representation of the customs & manners of the Spanish Colonies it wou'd I believe exhibit a most astonishing contrast, when view'd in opposition to those of these Provinces, but they have kept their Country so Invariably shut against all strangers, that it is impossible to obtain any certain & particular Knowledge of them; are they more Virtuous than the English? are they more ponctual? more Laborious? more Chaste &c.? One would think that submissively directed by so extensive a Relligion as they profess, this part of their Charatheristicks must be the most brilliant, but alas they are Men—yet their Relligious Precepts, as they are Taught them, one wou'd Imagine must possess the most powerfull Efficacy, not only in suppressing vice, but in Incouraging men to Virtue; yet it is obvious that this Relligious Plenum, leaves the heart full as Imperfect as that vacuity of worship which prevails here—The solemn appearences of Religion in South America, Dazles the eyes of the beholder & Involuntarily must Inspire their Hearts with awfull sentiments; There the Divinity appears oftner; Miracles are dayly worked, which bespeaks its allmighty arm, it seems more Immediately to reside *there* than in our Protestant Colonies, *there* it seems to communicate itself to mankind through a variety of channels which are entirely unknown here—Like the antient Jews they are Taught to believe that they are Perpetually surrounded with some particular Emanation of the Divine Efficacy.

[1] A free translation of this essay appeared in Crèvecoeur's *Lettres d'un cultivateur americain*, 1787.

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They have a Multiplicity of Priests, of dignifyed clergy, Fryars everywhere spread; one wou'd Imagine that by their sermons, by their Exhortations, by their Zeal, their continual Presence, they ought to have banished the very Embrio of vices from this long Predicated Land—*There* virtue ought to flourish & expand throughout all the Ramifications of Society, for a certain portion of their lives is spent in pilgrimages, Relligious Exercises, Processions &c. They are perpetually offering Incense on every altar; they not only worship the Deity, but implore every one of its attributes; they dayly Invoque the assistance of every Saint, offer them the greatest adulation by offerings, Donations; by Legacies they often make them their Heirs—They sometimes even think of purchasing their favours by Gold & Diamonds, they most pretious things they have. The Lives of such Saint as has left the remembrance even of but one Single virtue to Immortalise his name, are dayly read as Patterns for their conduct—the Fears of Future Torments are Incessantly held before their Eyes, the Bliss of Heaven is represented to them in the most captivating collours, in short their relligion seems to set supreme, possessed with the Keys of Heaven & Earth, surrounded with Thunders & Crowns, rewards & Punishments, Endow'd with every Power, which the Mind of Man cou'd possibly conceive & to which it cou'd possibly submit. Fulminating, beatifying uncontroled, whosoever it pleases—, she seems to have collected & united in that long Tract of ages through which it is descended the last possible Energy to repress the vitious Inclinations of men.

How different, how simpler is the system of Relligious Laws Established & follow'd in this country. The awfull Jugements of the Deity & its rewards promised are held to Mankind as an Inducement to be good & virtuous, the Morality of the Bible is expounded as found in the sacred Records & as further extended by our Saviour; the divine original of those Laws is ascertained by the sublimity of the Excellence which they contain, the Mission of our divine Law-Giver is Proved by the Prophesies of the old Testament.

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To Expound & propagate so simple, so usefull Doctrines, the Gov't has thought proper to establish but few Teachers; one to each Parish, without any Seminaries where Numbers are confined.—When a Parochial Priest dies another is ordained by the ordaining Powers, to which Each Sect Pretends.—No useless Priests are seen feeding on Sacred Revenues & passing through life with the assistance of Sinecures—That Vast variety which Nature has stamped in all her works, she with pleasure retraces here in the great Numbers of Modes with which Men have thought fit to worship the Divinity no doubt all equally Good, Equally pleasing to that Being who is above our Trifling Forms & ceremonies & Juges of our actions by the Intentions which Inspires them.—Here you See no Sacerdotal Pontifs to Lead their differrent churches to Cabal & divide the empire, they are all equal & equally subordinate to Gov't. who leaves every one to the peaceable enjoyments of his conscientious Prejudices & Principles. Here Relligion does not consist either in Pomp or Solemn Rites, *that* of the Heart is the most acceptable to God and the least chargeable to an Infant community—Here Relligion is very often an Inward Sentiment Improved by the lessons & example of Jesus Christ in many sects you'll find no other superstructure; & those Salutary Laws, everyone Read digest & comment upon as they please in the very Books where they are promulgated—Here Instead of Endowing their Churches with useless Income, they endow Hospitals, Publick Schools, Colleges with their superfluous wealth. In some Provinces as in Pensilvania you are Tenderly surprised to see the Sick so confortably lodged & to observe the great Numbers of Seminaries of Learning with which every antient Province is decorated—Here the word *Church* does not convey to their Mind that separate distinct Idea which the same word does in South America; *there* the church is one & the people another; *there* the church & its Ministers may be very rich & the congregation very Poor.—*Here* the Church in general means nothing more than the people assembled in congregations,—*here* the life of a Priest is not so devoted to his

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sacred Functions but that they occupy Farms, Till the Ground, there is no Void left; they Too are not blanks, as in so many other countries, they have wifes & rear Families.

Compare the Fewer & still simpler Tenets of the Peaceable Quakers,[4] with that Voluminous sistem of Bulls, ordinances, Decretals, & other Rules observed in S. America. Observe a congregation of those Primitive but Enlighten'd Men, setting in a house devoid of any Exterior or Interior ornament whatever, with their Hats on their Heads, waiting with Meekness & humility for a Ray of the Great Spirit of the World to come in order to Inspire them with Inclinations & abilities to Instruct the rest of their brethren.—Observe that perfect equality which prevails amongst them; where there is neither First nor Last, neither Priests nor Presbyters, neither Minister nor Clerk, neither visible Sacrement, nor outward Form.—Observe the women partaking with the rest of the congregation of all its spiritual blessings & comforts, often uniting the beauty of their countenances with the purity of the Moral which distills from their Lips. Observe those people through the course of their lives, at their Birth, at their Marriages & at their Deaths—Compare this congregation composed of the most respectable Families of the District, of Men who cultivate the Earth with the greatest Ingenuity & Industry, of others who from their compting Houses correspond with the Principal Merchants of Europa, of others again who possessed of ample Fortunes, lives the most Hospitable the most Liberal lives, cultivating such arts & sciences as they are the most Fond of—compare this congregation, I pray, with the more Gaudy, more Gorgeous Spanish one of *Lima* coming out of their superb churches glittering with Gold, Irradiated with the combined effects of Diamonds, Rhubis & Topases, ornamented with everything which the art of Man can execute & the delirious Imagination of Voluptuous Devotee can devise or Furnish—By the Richesses this Church contains, 'tis almost a Temple of the Sun, tho' I see

[4] An interesting episode concerned with the Quakers occurs in Crèvecoeur's only fragment of drama, *Landscapes*.

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not its Virgins—The Citisen of *Lima* at every principal stage of his life receives the benefits of Numberless ceremonies.—Observe him in his dayly employments, where can he find Time to Sin, how can he be unjust, Libidinuous &c., he that is supposed to follow a *doctrine* so sublime, so superior to all others?—How different *that* of the Quaker!—He neither wishes to convert or to be converted, his Zeal does not burn, the few Rules to which he has voluntarily submitted himself, requires neither coersion, nor Severity; neither Confession nor absolution; neither Penances nor ablutions—Yet Behold him arriving in Pensilv'ia, the Peru of N. Am'ca. he treats the Savages as his Bretheren & Friends; he exchanges with them Goods which they wanted for Lands they Knew not how to cultivate—Behold them Founding & Establishing one of the happiest & wisest Gov'ts. that ever has Immortalised the Name of Englishmen on these extended coasts; Take Wm. Penn by the hand, elevate him for few Minutes above his Equals, shew him to the sublime politician, to the Jurisconsult to the Man of the Law, to the Machiavelist, to the Mufti, to the Lama, shew him to the Inhabitants of South Am'ca & tell them all, that this Man was but the simple follower of that Simple Sect, which the Laughing world has denominated *Quakers*, but whose True name (Name derived from their Principles) is that of *Friends*. Wou'd not it be much more usefull to the Inhabitants of Lima *Cuzco* &c to read the life of this usefull *Friend* than those of so many whose virtues have been useless to Mankind.

Are then the Spaniards more Virtuous, more Mercifull, more benevolent, more generous than the Inhabitants of these Northern Colonies? All the accounts we have from that country tell us that they have no right to such a Triumph, & without the information of travellers how can we pronounce? By comparing the Respective Gov'ts? *Here* the very Frame of their Civil rule & Political compacts, must bespeak a National Virtue—*Here* the Mercifull Temper of their laws, the humanity of their ordinances must convince the World of the liberality of their sentiments—Study

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the Principles of everyone of their Constitutions, 'tis everywhere the same; the people therefore obeying such Laws must partake of their disposition & Imbibe the spirit they Inspire. Observe the corner stone of every Civil Fabrique. *Here* Toleration; this is the grand Nurse which has fed & reared so many Men in America, that sublime, usefull Doctrine which the wisdom of Holland has refetch'd from Heaven where it had returned since the days of Constantine; 'tis by the benignity of their Gov't the extensive Indulgence of their Relligious establishments, by that universal Freedom given to all to worship the Divinity agreable to the dictates of their consciences, that they have tilled & replenished these deserts & made some part of this continent equal to Europa for fertility & beauty; 'tis the reunion of these Powerful tho' simple Principles in legislation & Gov't. which has led them in less than 200 years to the growth of Nations.—From the Mildness & Justice of their Laws, from their Relligious Toleration, from the Ease with which foreigners can Transport themselves here, they have derived that ardor, that spirit of constancy & Perseverance which has enabled them to raise so many sumptuous cities, so great a Number of Villages, to live in Ease & plenty even under climates where Nature for 6 months forbids the Plough from tracing any furrows, 'tis from these causes they have derived that Ingenuity in trade and arts; from these they have derived their ingenuity to work their Rough but usefull Iron Mines, to extend their Fisheries to an astonishing degree, to explore in their Navigation the greatest parts of the world; from these an astonishing multiplication of Men, an extent of cultivation & society at which an European is surprised; 'tis from their excellent Police that those Laws have Issued, inviting every stranger to come & partake of their Felicity by becoming Members of their societies, citisens of their Towns, or Inhabitants of their rural districts. 'Tis owing to the Liberality of their Gov'ts that there is a perpetual circulation of Books, News Papers, usefull discoveries from all parts of the world; 'tis from the simplicity of their church establishments that their Lands is not

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onerated with the charge of supporting in useless dignity Persons in whom they want to see no other but a decent maintainance.

The greatest degree of Consideration attached to all Ranks of people here, is to profess the Law, to Trade, to sow, to Till & to Embelish & replenish this great continent which wants nothing but Time & hands to become the great 5th Monarchy which will change the present political sistem of the world. Society is here wholly unIncumbered, except by the vices & follys of Individuals it is unconfined, because it has not as yet obtained any great refinements to retard its progress. Every one is rich enough to marry when they please; Humanity is seen to grow, to spread & expand & to perfection itself in proportion to the goodness of the climate and soyl; the Means are everywhere to be had if there is but a common share of Industry.

In South Am'ca the effects of their Relligion seems to consist more in the Power of pardoning than in that of preventing offenses; the hopes of Forgiveness united to the common malice of mankind has perhaps *there* a very fatal Tendency. Their Immense Relligious Sistem has no greater effect towards the amelioration of society, than the simpler ones of these climates. It rather enfeebles it instead of strengthening it. *Here* religion requires of the Husbandman but Little or nothing; *there* it absorbes & consumes the best wealth of Society by the Pomp their church requires, by the great number of recruits which it enlists yearly into its Service.—Pride & Idleness being unhappily the grand charactheristick of the Spaniards, to their Poverty they submit in order to feed their churches. The effects which must araise in the heart of Man from a Love of Idleness, a hatred of Labour & activity united with a desire still of becoming Rich presents us with the Grand National Problem from whence follow every subsequent corollary which we can easily distinguish tho' at so great a distance from them—The Mass of their society is composed of the descendents of the antient conquerors & conquered, of Slaves & of such a variety of casts & shades as never before were exhibited

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on any part of the Earth, which it appears never can Live in a sufficient degree of Harmony so as to carry on with success extensive schemes of Industry. 'Tis here alone that all these tribes by the benignity of the Laws wou'd anamalgam themselves together in few generations & become one People; *there*, under their present Gov't tis impossible; its Malignity wou'd Look on it as Imprudent & Impolitick.—What sort of Sentiment must that be which Inspires the strangest desire of richesses common to all civilised people, yet cannot conquer Lasiness & Indolence & Inactivity?—What it produces in S. America I cannot Tell; here the first wou'd infallibly conquer the Second, it wou'd produce new schemes, it wou'd cause Sweats, Toyls & Endeavours; & these wou'd Infallibly bring not richesses (for happily this is the country of substantial ease) but Bread. What I mean by Bread: a House, some Land, cattle &c, the necessary Conveniencys of Life; exposed neither to improper unjust Taxes nor to the necessity of giving useless alms to useless Hermits or Fryars—'tis that alone which has Set every one to work here. The poor European, finding Room for the exertion of his Industry, Labours & is sure of a most ample Reward, *that* which Nature never fails to confer on Persevering Labour—In South America their oppressive Gov't is not at all calculated to raise, 'tis more Immediately adapted to Pull down. It looks on the obedience of Few as much more usefull than the ingenuity of the Many—the profound Ignorance in which they are Kept, feeds their antient Pride, diminishes their power of acting, cuts them of from all those modern Improvements, dayly invented in Europa.—The confinement of their trade cuts off all spur of that Industry which they might now possess, In short, that Languor which corrodes & enervates their Mother country, enfeebles also those beautifull Provinces; the best fruits of their Toyls seems to be Intended more for the other world than for this, because more for the benefits of their churches than for that of their Families—Where in a generation there has appeared some vigor & prosperous Industry, it is very often extinct in the *next* by those enormous Legacies

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by which they expect to purchase a Place in Heaven as they purchase a vault in their churches; their church grows richer still, & the succeeding Heir oppressed with Penury flys into the arms of superstition & Idleness as a consolation & Refuge.

Another very material consideration is, that there is a Necessary Purity of Manners araising from a close application to Rural Improvements. Debauched hands Polluted with Crimes, covered with the Filth of Idleness cannot make the earth to Team with yellow Harvest—If a society follow that salutary maxim & live alltogether by Tilling, if they are a people of cultivators & the other society do not, it is an easy task to ascertain which of the two people possess the least contaminated manners—In South Am'ca they are Learnt, on Relligious Accounts, to dispise other Nations; this & their Laws of trade cuts of that Necessary Intercourse which now constitutes the greatest glory of Europa & of the English colonies—their Gov't, Jealous, Tyrannical must inspire them with congenial sentiments; their cruelty to the Natives must perpetually cherish that spirit of arrogance & Pride for which they are so remarkable—They have been so long sheltered from the Ravages of war & have enjoyed so uninterruptedly the Sweets of Repose that they are no longer Spaniards. They live surrounded by so many slaves 'midst the greatest Threasures of Nature that they naturally must be more effeminate, less fit to undertake arduous Enterprises, commercial schemes or Rural Improvements. What will be their fate?—with them the most extensive superstition supplys the Place of almost every virtue; the very Reason & Instinct of man seems to be drowned in a sea of errors, which consumes all their time, absorbs great part of their wealth, lulls every generous sentiment.

An Incomprehensible Gov't permits but few branches of Industry to flourish—How can the Earth be tilled? How can manufactories araise? how can trade improve? how can population swell & Increase? how can a people become opulent & strong where so many canker worms gnaws the great vital Root of the National tree, suck & exhaust the Sap which was Intended to Vivify its numerous Branches.

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Happy provinces *these* on the contrary now become the azilum of all the unfortunate from the old world, which can boast of the happiest Gov't, the Mildest Laws, the Simplest Relligion. How happy for Mankind that the Era of their different Foundations was that of Knowledge & science by which they were taught to divert themselves of those antient civil errors to which many had fell victims. Happy Regeneration for Mankind! Human Nature everywhere Insulted & oppressed, here can breathe the Purest air & boast of that which I believe no society ever cou'd before, of the full enjoyment of every Natural & necessary Right, consistent with a State of Society. I sincerely wish that the Spanish Colonies may one day become partakers of some of those great blessings by being placed so contiguous to these Provinces, that from the large & copious Source of Freedom which they contain some happy Sparks of it may be disseminated to all the world.

SPRING POETS

LAURA BELL EVERETT

Spring poets! Let us laugh awhile
At vernal folk who yearly sing
About the beauty of the spring
And spin their verses by the mile
In praise of all the buds that burst
As if each blossom were the first!

Spring poets—let us laugh and laugh—
No! Rather weep, if woman, man,
Or child has failed, since time began,
The wonder of the spring to quaff,
Joyless has seen the world a-bloom
With heart as silent as the tomb.

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THE FIRST POLITICAL REVOLT IN RUSSIA

GEORGE Z. PATRICK

"The guns on the Senate Square awakened a whole generation."[1] Thus A. I. Herzen, startled by the disaster, expressed himself concerning the revolt of the Decembrists. He was right, since the ground for that social and political development in Russia which in 1917 brought about the downfall of the monarchy, was prepared by the uprising of the Decembrists on the Senate Square in St. Petersburg, December 14, 1825. The cannon shots of this early political revolt aroused new contestants against the Russian autocracy, whose number became gradually larger and whose voice of protest grew ever louder. The event of December 14, 1825, scattered seeds which took root and subsequently grew into a strong revolutionary movement in Russia.

To give detailed characteristics of the activity of the Decembrists is beyond the limits of this essay. I wish merely to trace briefly the historical significance of their insurrection and sympathetically to commemorate the great men who staked their life for the political freedom of Russia.

The Decembrists belonged to the aristocracy of birth and intellect of their time. They were neither socialists, nor radicals, nor communists. Almost all of them were representatives of the Russian nobility who found it possible to stand above class prejudices and interests, who hated the institution of serfdom, and who aspired to civil and political freedom. For some of them the ideal régime was a constitutional monarchy; for others, a republic of the type of the United States of America. They were not at all like

[1] A. I. Herzen, *The Conspiracy of 1825* (Berlin, 1903), pp. 24–25.

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the Russian Internationalists of our own day; on the contrary, they were extreme nationalists and loyal patriots, the great majority of them had taken an active part in the national war of 1812.

It is difficult for the present generation to picture the conditions under which the Decembrists had to conduct their activities. Although the autocratic régime remained in power until 1917, yet in economic, social, and cultural aspects the second half of the nineteenth century completely transformed Russia. The institution of serfdom fell, industrial capitalism developed, new classes—the *bourgeoisie* and the proletariat—were born, the intellectual and cultural level of the whole population, including the former serfs, rose significantly. The advanced ideas of the West found in the Russian intelligentsia, and in a measure in the Russian proletariat, an ever increasing group of confessed adherents. Under the pressure of this new common strength, the autocracy grew weaker; its pedestal swayed and was ready to collapse.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the stronghold of autocracy, serfdom, still remained firm. From top to bottom Russia was a country of slaves. The bondage of the peasants left its trace on the whole social and political structure. The nobility was the only educated class, but it was marked by all the vices of men who were both slave-owners and at the same time obedient slaves of the imperial authority. Russian noblemen who bore themselves arrogantly toward their subordinates, behaved like lackeys in their dealings with the sovereign power. Among persons with such standards as these, there could not, and did not, exist even the germ of social consciousness of a class interested in political freedom and capable of entering into a struggle for it.

As to the tsar's court, it was at that time a world by itself, separated from the rest of the people by a Chinese wall. No one outside of the court circle had the slightest influence over the country's administration. Just as in an Asiatic despotism, court cliques were able boldly to organize

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palace revolutions, dethrone tsars, and kill them surreptitiously, without any fear of arousing a movement from below against the autocratic structure itself. The people with dumb submission recognized the sudden change on the throne, and prayed as fervently for the new tsar as they had for his strangled predecessor. Thus it was on the eleventh of March, 1801, when the courtiers strangled Paul I, with the full knowledge of his son and heir Alexander I. The half-witted despot, Paul, after a five years' reign, had exhausted the patience even of the court lackeys. His successor, Alexander, in the beginning of his reign clothed himself with liberal ideas, dreamt of abolishing serfdom and of granting a constitution; but his dreams remained only dreams. In the year 1809 Alexander granted a constitution to the recently incorporated Finland; in 1815 he conferred a constitution on Poland; after the final victory of all Europe over Napoleon, he insisted that the power of the restored Bourbons in France should be limited by a parliament. But the Russian people remained, as formerly, in the chains of servitude and absolutism.

Such were the conditions at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Who, then, could take up the defense of the enslaved Russian people, who could demand political liberty? There was, as I have said, no class organized socially. The peasants, to be sure, rioted against "the military colonies" introduced by Arakcheyev, but these insurrections had only a local character and were always easily suppressed. The nobles as an entire class were interested in the preservation of serfdom and of autocracy; the autocrats in turn protected them. But, to the honor of Russia, among the nobles began to appear individuals who grasped the horror of Russia's existing situation and who were willing to give their lives for the political freedom of their country. These first representatives of the active Russian intelligentsia belonged, for the most part, to the military circle. Many of them had participated in the war against Napoleon, and, as a result, had come into close contact with the Europeans while fighting side by side with

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them as they traversed all Europe as far as Paris. In those days Europe seemed to the Russians to be an emancipated country with full civil rights obtained through the French revolution. Before the eyes of the Russian army in kaleidoscopic succession passed peoples in the grip of political ferment, of party struggle, of secret societies. The Russian officers saw the free people and the turbulent life of France and Germany; and though reaction expressed itself in an attempt to eradicate the achievements of the French revolution, yet the breath of freedom was still felt all over Europe. Upon its return home, the victorious Russian army was confronted again with all the horrors of serfdom. Its leaders witnessed the establishment of compulsory military colonies, wherein military discipline was imposed upon the private life of those peasants who until then had remained free and who were now forced to take up a double burden—the burden of the soldier and of the tiller of the soil. In addition, there was utter stagnation in the field of public education; literature was almost strangled by the rigid censorship; and, finally, at the head of the government stood Arakcheyev, called by his contemporaries "the vice-emperor," in the possession of unlimited authority. But the patriotic enthusiasm which had filled the hearts of the Russian officers, the recollection of the freedom of life in Europe,—did not slip from their memory into oblivion, while the sufferings of their country inspired them with horror and indignation.

The attitude of the Russian officers of that time is reflected in the memoirs of some of the participants in the Decembrists' revolt. Thus one of them, M. Von Visin, wrote as follows:

> During two years of war and of strenuous living, amidst constant danger, the officers grew accustomed to strong emotions; indeed, for their brave spirits, they had become almost a necessity. The majority of the officers of the Guards and of the General Staff returned to St. Petersburg in 1815, full of spirit, and animated by a sense of self-respect, and by an ideal love for their country. During their campaigns in

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> Germany and France, European civilization made an extremely strong impression upon our young people, for they could not but compare all they encountered abroad with the conditions they saw on every hand in their own country. The serfdom of the vast majority of the people, the cruel treatment of subordinates by their superiors, all sorts of abuses of power, the arbitrariness reigning everywhere; all this made educated Russians indignant and aroused their patriotic indignation.[2]

This attitude on the part of the progressive Russian officers soon drew together congenial elements and grouped them into societies which, under existing conditions, were necessarily clandestine. The reason for the secrecy of these organizations was not merely that the participants feared prosecution by the government, but that, generally speaking, the beginning of the nineteenth century was a time of secret societies all over Western Europe. The first secret society in Russia was established in 1815 under the name of the *Union of Rescue*. Its aim was to introduce a constitutional monarchy, to support all the good measures of the government and all useful private enterprises, to prevent all abuses and accordingly to expose the dishonesty of officials as well as that of other persons.

Soon there appeared other similar societies, the leading rôle among which was destined for the *Society for the Common Weal*, organized in 1818. According to its Regulations, borrowed partly from the German *Tugendbund*, it is evident that at first the society was not revolutionary. Its members stated quite frankly that their aim was "to support the government in realization of all the measures undertaken with a view to the well-being of the state." Though their aspirations were not made public, they were not entirely secret, for the Regulations of the Society were known to Alexander I, who did not detect in them any symptoms of political conspiracy. The members of the Society indeed built their hope upon the Emperor, who had not long before declared in Warsaw his intention of introducing a constitutional government in Russia. In the same manner the

[2] A. Pypin, *Essays on Social Movement during the Reign of Alexander I*, p. 684.

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emancipation of the peasants in the Baltic provinces (1818) was taken as the first step toward the liberation of the serfs in Russia proper. Soon, however, it became apparent that there could be no hope of obtaining any constitutional government through the supreme authority. After the Troppau Congress (1820) Alexander gave up entirely his constitutional dreams. This changed policy of the Emperor enhanced the republican aspirations of the Society for the Common Weal. A discord of opinion resulted among its members and finally the Society itself was disbanded.

In 1821 two new societies were founded in its place: the Northern in Petersburg and the Southern in Tulchin. The leaders of the former were Nikita Muraviev, Count Obolensky, and Count Trubetskoy; later on, the poet Ryleyev played an influential rôle in it. The soul and leader of the second society was Colonel P. I. Pestel. The Northern and the Southern societies had long conferences as to their programs and method of action, but they could not come to any definite agreement about a new form of government for Russia. While Pestel advocated a republic, Muraviev and several other members of the Northern Society were willing to recognize a constitutional monarchy. Both, however, agreed that it was imperative to put an end to the existing absolutism and serfdom. Finally, the idea of a military uprising matured. A plan was made to capture the tsar at the maneuvres to be held in Bobruysk in 1826, to arrest the Emperor's brother Constantine in Warsaw, and subsequently to compel the Senate and Synod to proclaim the members of the secret societies a Provisional Government, the task of which should be to introduce the new system.

The success of the conspirators would have meant the triumph of civil and political freedom in Russia. Unfortunately, quite unforeseen circumstances interfered and prevented the realization of their scheme. At the end of 1825 Alexander I died unexpectedly in Taganrog while on his way to the Crimea. This event made the former plan of the conspirators impracticable. They resolved, therefore, in

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order to promote their purpose, to derive the greatest possible benefit from the interregnum following the death of Alexander I, during which a dispute arose between the two Grand Dukes Nicholas and Constantine as to the succession to the throne.

The late tsar had left no legitimate offspring (his two daughters died in early childhood) and the throne, according to the law of April 5, 1797, belonged to the elder brother, Grand Duke Constantine. The latter, impressed by the gruesome tragedy of March 11, 1801, absolutely refused the crown. As early as 1819 Alexander I made the decision of Constantine known to Nicholas. The next year Constantine, after his divorce from the Grand Duchess Anna, entered into a morganatic marriage with the Polish Countess Joánna Grudzínska (May 12, 1820); he persistently refused to dissolve this marriage and officially stated his renunciation of the throne. Alexander I, therefore, in a special manifesto proclaimed Constantine's renunciation and decreed that Nicholas should succeed him. The renunciation of Constantine and the tsar's manifesto were kept absolutely secret and both, in a sealed envelope, were delivered by the Emperor into the keeping of the Metropolitan of the Moscow Cathedral of the Assumption.

When on November 27 (old style) news of the death of Alexander reached Petersburg, Nicholas, immediately after the requiem mass in the palace church, drew aside Miloradovitch, the military governor of Petersburg, and told him that in accordance with the last will and testament of the deceased ruler, the throne should belong to him, Nicholas. To this Miloradovitch answered that, acting in obedience to the existing law, he had already sent an order to the army to administer the oath to Constantine. Nicholas thus found himself under the necessity of swearing allegiance to his elder brother. After him all the court dignitaries took the oath. In this manner Constantine became Emperor of Russia on November 27, 1825.

Nicholas, however, did not count his cause lost. He sent to Constantine, who was then in Warsaw, a message which

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was designed to remind him of his renunciation. It is well known that Constantine received this reminder with great displeasure. He did not consent to declare publicly his abdication to the throne, but at the same time he did not make up his mind to contest Nicholas' right, thus accepting neither solution. As a result there was a sort of interregnum which lasted sixteen days and produced general confusion.

On the thirteenth of December, Nicholas received the news of the abdication of Constantine. It was immediately decided that on the following day—the fourteenth—the Senate and all the high dignitaries should take the oath of loyalty to Nicholas. The ceremony was to be performed at eight o'clock in the morning. Ryleyev learned of this on the evening of December 13 and without delay summoned all the conspirators. They made a decision to give no oath of allegiance to Nicholas, to lead all the regiments under their command to the Senate Square, and to demand a consitution. Indeed, when at dawn of December 14 the troops in Petersburg received the order to swear loyalty to the new tsar, the conspirators succeeded in carrying off with them several regiments, and when these appeared on the Square, cries for freedom and a constitution were heard among their ranks.

What happened on the Senate Square can be described in a few words. The rebels beat off the cavalry attack and continued to stand firmly, succumbing neither to exhortations nor threats, and were finally dispersed with grape shot. Retreating from the Square they attempted to rally on the ice of the Neva, but the cannons continued their bloody work, destroying every possibility of a serious resistance. The revolt was crushed and wholesale arrests were made. Nicholas severely punished the vanquished for the fear he had suffered during the uprising. Pestel, Ryleyev, Mikhail Bestuzhev-Ryumin, Sergius Muraviev-Apostol, and Kakhovsky were sentenced to capital punishment by hanging and were executed on July 13, 1826. One hundred and sixteen of the other conspirators, all belonging to the most cultivated class in Russia, were sentenced to banishment and hard

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labor and were transported in chains to Siberia. All secret societies were suppressed, and the victory of the reaction was complete.

What was the meaning of the revolt of the Decembrists? Was there a possibility of a favorable issue which would have meant the triumph of civil and political liberty in Russia? The admissions of many Decembrists, as well as recently published documents of that time, clearly show that the conspirators had little faith in the immediate success of their undertaking. And this circumstance—the doubt of the Decembrists as to the outcome of their movement—is to us a most illuminating revelation of a remarkable feature of their psychology. Doubting the realization of their plans, the members of the secret societies did not on that account weaken in the struggle nor cease to bend every effort toward an open revolt. They regarded their destruction as necessary for the awakening "of the Russians asleep," their death as a means of inspiring the development of Russian political thought, and they were ready to sacrifice themselves for the welfare of their country. A poem of Ryleyev clearly expresses this psychological attitude of the Decembrists:

'Tis known to me: ruin waits
On him who first revolts
To free the people from oppression.
Yet freedom is my destination;
Though where, tell me, and when
Was freedom, without ransom, gained?
I shall perish for my country's need—
This I feel, I know indeed,
And, Holy Father, joyfully
I bless my lot, my destiny.

Ryleyev well knew that he was going to his death. This, too, the others knew. The young prince, Odoyevsky, on the eve of the revolt, said to his friends: "We shall die, yes, but we shall die with honor." Pestel declared to the members of the Northern Society that ". . . . he would allow no one to save himself, that the larger the number of victims the greater would be the benefit—and he kept his word. To the

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investigating committee he frankly pointed out all who had taken part in the society's activities; if only five instead of five hundred men were hanged, Pestel was indeed not in the least to blame. He did everything in his power to bring about the execution of all.[3]

It is clear that, in the face of such a frame of mind, the question whether or not *they* would succeed in overthrowing the government forces could have in the eyes of the Decembrists only secondary significance.

If then, considering the Decembrist revolt from this standpoint—which to me seems to be the only correct one—we ask ourselves: Was the chief aim of the rebellion attained? Without hesitation we must answer in the affirmative, saying with Herzen: "The guns on the Senate Square awakened a whole generation."

Indeed, during many years stories of the daring of the Decembrists, of their courage and self-sacrifice for the good of the people, circulated secretly from mouth to mouth in families, in schools, and even in the higher government educational institutions. The impossibility of speaking openly about this attempt at revolution, of discussing the plans and aims of its promoters, the cruelty with which they were punished—all this surrounded them, in the eyes of the major part of the Russian society, with a halo of martyrdom. Even during the life-time of many of them, stories of their exploits and their fate had become legends working with secret strength on sensitive minds.

The spirit of the Decembrists lived on in Russia all through the nineteenth century and their example constantly incited others to imitation. The seeds of protest they sowed in the soil of their country put forth such strong roots that all the might of the autocracy, no matter how mercilessly it crushed the opposition, was not able to tear them out.

A hundred years has passed since the day of the revolt of the Decembrists. Four generations have disappeared in

[3] Byloe, "Notes on the Decembrist A. M. Muraviev," *The Past*, No. 25, p. 275, Leningrad, 1924.

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the grave. And what generations! How much thought, feeling, endeavor, strength, suffering, heroism, and self-sacrifice has been spent in the struggle for political liberty in Russia. Those were the generations of Belinsky and Herzen, of Turgenev and Tolstoy, Chernishevsky and Lavrov, Korolenko and Mikhailovsky, and many other opponents of existing conditions, who used thoughts and pens for their weapons. But there is still no political freedom in Russia. From the yoke of the tsars Russia has passed to the despotism of the Bolsheviki.

Throughout Russia the oppression of one class—now that of the proletariat—over all other classes of society is still felt. The movement for civil and political emancipation of the Russian people, which originated a hundred years ago, has not yet come to its fulfillment. So far as political freedom is concerned, present-day Russia as a whole, being ruled by one class, is little different from the Russia of 1825, in which it befell the Decembrists to live. But the most difficult and the longest part of the path to liberty has been traversed by the Russian people. When the propitious moment shall come, Russia will finally release itself from the bondage of the Bolsheviki and win civil and political freedom for each and every member of Russian society, whatever his station may be.

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INTAGLIO

ETHEL BRODT WILSON

When the sky has turned a shell
Of turquoise luster and blue enameling,
And underneath,
The mountain is an opal
Of black slumbering,
And along the far horizon,
Blazes a flame of topaz
Above the skyline
Of the darkened mountains—
Then bare trees
In matchless loveliness
Make upon the turquoise sky
Patterns of scroll and coral,
And the design of the oriole—
Graving, exquisitely,
Line on line, clear cut, fine,
An intaglio.

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BUTTERFLIES AND SHIPS

ETHEL BRODT WILSON

I saw at evening a little valley,
Like a river, winding
Between the day and night.
No sound nor light
Marred the ecstasy of its loneliness,
Nor hushed its utterance
Of stillness.
The western hills
Were sunken in deep lethargy—
Bold black bulks
Against the evening sky—
And from their dark oblivion
The tops of bare trees
Were lined indelibly
Upon the afterglow—
Stenciled black on gold
Above the unconscious hills . . . .
Down the stream
Came phantom ships,
And great butterflies, blown in—
Imaginings!
Winter-wraiths, leafless trees—
There was no wind . . . .
From unseen fires on hidden hearths,
Tall poplar trees arose,
Thin spears of smoke
Ascending,
And in vague tenderness
The gossamer oaks spread slumber-cloaks
Of evening.

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TAGORE AND THE WESTERN CIVILIZATION

ARAM TOROSSIAN

On so coming back the SANYASI [*hermit*] *realized that the great is to be found in the small, the infinite within the bounds of form, and the eternal freedom of the soul in love. It is only in the light of love that all limits are merged in the limitless. . . .*

This has been the subject on which all my writings have dwelt—the joy of attaining the Infinite within the finite. —TAGORE.

I

A number of great men, among them Tagore, were persecuted by the powers during the great war for preaching the doctrine of a world brotherhood, of a power based on love and devotion to the needs of all men alike.

> Only the roots of morality, of devotion, of love, [wrote one of these men] can overcome the curse of our civilization. We need a living force, coming out of the deeps of the nations themselves, which shall stretch far out beyond mere national boundaries, and make justice to others, the needs of strangers, foreign difficulties and foreign possibilities of life its own. . . . Only by such methods may each people confidently expect reliable guarantees for its own existence.

The author of these words, Dr. Fr. W. Foerster, was exiled during the war for his outspoken opposition to militarism, which he believes is the cancer undermining the health not only of his own country, Germany, but also of the entire Western civilization. Such persecutions were perhaps inevitable, because it is difficult for nations at war

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to forgive those who denounce war as unjust. We also forget, as General Smuts has said, "that the human spirit, the spirit of goodness and truth in the world, is still only an infant crying in the night, and that the struggle with darkness is as yet mostly an unequal struggle." At times, particularly when nations fly at one another's throats, the struggle seems not only unequal but also hopeless; then again, during comparatively peaceful times, when humane utterances like those of Dr. Foerster are at least tolerated, if not accepted, the advocates of peace see a glimpse of light. Even if the struggle does seem hopeless, because, as many assert, the grim biological law of the survival of the fittest will work its natural way, those who desire to outlaw war have no choice but to utter their sincere convictions. Now that the war is over, we may freely speak once more of these noble men and their prophetic dicta which echo and re-echo the sayings of their forefathers, reverberating throughout the vaults of history as far back almost as the dawn of civilization. The pity is that so few ever hear these oracles, and even fewer ever follow them.

II

Rabindranath Tagore is one of these noble seers of mankind, the true descendant of the great and good Guatamala Buddha of his own clime, and almost the mouthpiece of such men as Emerson and Whitman of our own country. Several times has he left his beloved Academy and has come to the West with his message of a universal commonwealth, a United States of the World through the union of all the nations and destruction of nationalism with its corrollary, imperialism. His successful lecture tours throughout Europe and America testify to the potency of his message. Wherever he has been he has pervaded the place with his calm and benign influence.

All those who know him personally speak of this passion for peace and goodness which radiates from the personality of Tagore, and of the Hindu in general. William James,

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who had many Hindu visitors at Cambridge, was greatly impressed by "the physical repose, and lack of tension, and the wonderful smoothness and calmness of facial expression and imperturbability of manner of these Orientals." No one who has had the good fortune of seeing Tagore and of hearing him deliver his message in person can ever forget his striking demeanor—his loose flowing robe, his smooth features, his unwrinkled brow, his calm and serene expression, and his enraptured enthusiasm for his message.

This entire outward attitude of Tagore is a perfect reflection of his inner nature, as revealed in his utterances. His calm outlook on life, his healthy optimism, his passionate love of nature, his enthusiasm for freedom and justice, for the free development of the individual, his utter indifference to death and the hereafter—all these attributes of his inner self are truly interpreted by his unruffled exterior. And he casts this calm spell over the majority of his hearers. W. B. Yeats quotes a Bengali doctor who read Tagore every day, as saying, "To read one line of his is to forget all the troubles of the world." In one of his poems in *Gitanjali* Tagore writes the following, so often quoted: "And because I love this life I know I shall love death as well." This attitude toward death, so prevalent in the East, is amazing when contrasted with the Occidental's restless nature, his constant struggles to search out the infinite, and his dread of death and the hereafter. Only in a rare spirit like Whitman do we find among us one who has spoken of death in more endearing terms than even Tagore has used.

The Western mind is suspicious of Tagore, and of the Eastern mind in general, because it sees in his nature an element of mysticism, which leads to inactivity and is the negation of life. Though apparently a mystic, Tagore is far from being one. It is true he agrees with the mystic in his yearning to identify everything with the One, but he is unlike the mystic in refusing to distrust all sensory knowledge and withdraw from life in order to find the higher truth.

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> The whole weight of the universe, [he says in *Sadhana*] cannot crush out this individuality of mine. I maintain it in spite of the tremendous gravitation of all things. . . . We are bankrupt if we are deprived of this specialty, this individuality, which is the only thing we can call our own, and which if lost, is a loss to the whole world.

This passage places Tagore by the side of Emerson, in the front rank of the great individualists of the world. He is never inclined, as the mystic is, to shun the society of men and become an ascetic in his attempt to see the true light. "Separateness is doomed to die," writes he, "it cannot be made eternal. But it cannot die where it is one with the all." He is thus a blending of the two natures—the East and the West, the idealist and the realist, the altruist and the egoist. And this is found to be the case with all truly great intellectual and moral leaders of mankind; they embody in their nature the two opposite elements of life, the prosaic and the poetic, the scientific and the aesthetic, the analytic and the synthetic, the matter-of-fact and the imaginative. The conspicuous absence of the one is detrimental to the other, as well as to the whole nature of man.

It is well for us to give heed to this wonderful man, one of the most ennobling souls of our time, as he speaks to us of the inherent defects of Western civilization. Moreover, what he says is lucid and simple, rarely obscure or intricate. He has thought so deeply on the fundamentals of life that they have become a part of his very self, and his words flow as clear as the mountain stream.

III

The philosophic basis of Tagore's message is contained in the passages from his *Reminiscences* quoted at the beginning. The infinite, he says, must be sought not abstractly, not by withdrawing from the sensory world as the mystic does, but by coming in contact with the finite, by becoming intimately acquainted with everything and everyone within

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our reach. In the smallest elements of experience we may find the greatest and most profound values of life; in the humblest natures we may find the noblest traits. And we can do this by cultivating love, in the light of which our natures will expand and become more and more tolerant of the whole world. If we accept this doctrine we shall seek not so much the differences in others, and, finding them obstacles in the way of our expansion, trample them under our feet by brute force; we shall seek rather in our fellowmen the human traits which are common with our own and by understanding them develop side by side without losing our individual distinctness. A beautiful literary expression of this philosophical thought is found in a prose poem of Turgenev, entitled *The Dog*. As the dog and he sit peering into each other's face, Turgenev, one of the most unprejudiced and tolerant of men, remarks:

> He [the dog] wants, it seems, to tell me something. He is dumb, he is without words. He does not understand himself—but I understand him.
>
> I understand that at this instant there is living in him and in me the same feeling, that there is no difference between us. We are the same; in each of us there burns and shines the same trembling spark.

Throughout *A Song for Occupations* and other poems, Whitman expresses the same feeling; he reiterates over and over again that we are all made of the same stuff, that no matter how different we may be externally, at bottom we have a common element which makes us all members of the same family. This spirit in our lives will eradicate from human society all the nefarious aspects—differences of castes and classes, religious pride, race hatred and race prejudices—and make possible the higher social relationships. Here is the real message of Tagore to the West. If we, nations as well as individuals, he says, seek our common elements, we shall understand and respect one another. So far, we have emphasized our differences, and the result has been hostility and bloodshed. Let us turn to love and we shall have peace and good will among men.

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In diagnosing the Western civilization, Tagore finds this spirit of love to be in abeyance, advocated only by a small minority, pushed out of the way by the great organizations known as nations. He finds that the idea of nationalism, and its offshoot, imperialism, constitute the great barrier, the concrete wall, which bars the entrance to the commonwealth of humanity. "When this organization of politics and commerce," he says in *Nationalism in the West:*

> When this organization of politics and commerce, whose other name is the nation, becomes all powerful at the cost of the harmony of the higher social life, then it is an evil day for humanity. . . . When society allows itself to be turned into a perfect organization of power, then there are few crimes which it is unable to perpetrate; because success is the object and justification of a machine, while goodness is the end and purpose of man. When this engine of organization begins to attain a vast size, and those who are mechanics are made into parts of the machine, then the personal man is eliminated to a phantom, everything becomes a revolution of policy carried out by the human parts of the machine, requiring no twinge of pity or moral responsibility.

This *motif* Tagore repeats again and again in his other lectures on this subject. In *Nationalism in Japan* he says:

> Before this political civilization came to its power and opened its hungry jaws wide enough to gulp down great continents of the earth, we had wars, pillages, changes of monarchy, and consequent miseries, but never such a sight of fearful and hopeless voracity, such wholesale feeding of nation upon nation, such huge machines for turning great portions of the earth into mincemeat, never such terrible jealousies with all their ugly teeth and claws ready for tearing open each other's vitals. This political civilization is scientific, not human. It is powerful because it concentrates all its forces upon one purpose, like a millionaire acquiring money at the cost of his soul. It betrays its trust, it weaves its meshes of lies without shame, it enshrines gigantic idols of greed in its temples, taking great pride in the costly ceremonials of its worship, calling this patriotism. . . . .

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This is truly a harsh chastisement and a relentless probing into the innermost recesses of our hearts. But do not the facts justify Tagore's statement? Are they not applicable to any civilization in history which became callous of heart, looked upon its subjects as mere instruments of its power, and reduced them to a state of servitude? If Wells's *Outline of History* has taught us nothing new, it surely has brought this fact vividly before our eyes. And in the light of history we were destined to see more vividly than ever the significance of Tagore's analysis of the defects of Western nationalism in the awful spectacle of the great war. And what will be the outcome of this state of affairs? Unless a change of spirit takes place in Western civilization, is it not doomed to meet the same fate that has befallen every other civilization in history essentially the same in character as our own? Is not Tagore right when he says that "civilization can never sustain itself upon cannibalism in any form?" Is he not safe in prophesying that this state of affairs

> cannot go on, for there is a moral law in this world which has its application both to individuals and to organized bodies of men. You cannot go on violating these laws in the name of your nation, yet enjoy their advantage as individuals. This public sapping of the ethical ideals slowly reacts upon each member of society, gradually breeding weakness, where it is not seen, and causing that cynical distrust of all things sacred in human nature, which is the true symptom of senility.

Here we have Tagore's diagnosis of, and remedy for, our present Western civilization. He is not for a moment unmindful of the great accomplishments of that civilization. He enumerates them over and over again. He simply avers that those accomplishments are naught if they are not infused with the spirit of universal service, and to preach this spirit is, he believes, the mission of the Orient to the Occident.

> Our aspiration, [he says] is for a reality that has no end to its realization—a reality that goes beyond death, giving it a meaning that rises above all evils of life, bringing its own

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> peace and purity, its cheerful renunciation of self. The product of this inner life is a living product. It will be needed when the youth returns home weary and dust-laden, when the soldier is wounded, when wealth is squandered away, and pride is humbled, when man's heart cries for truth in the immensity of facts, and harmony in the contradiction of tendencies. Its value is not in its multiplication of materials, but in its spiritual fulfillment.

Cheerful renunciation of self; this seems to be, for the Western mind, the stumblingblock in Tagore's philosophy. His critics, such as Professor Herbertz, of Berne University, fail to reconcile our inheritance of the Hellenic idea—belief in our own character and destiny, in our personality as the product of the mother earth—with the "Indian idea of stretching ever wider our circle of thought and feeling until we lose our identity in cosmic ecstasy." But are these really incompatible values? Are they not in reality the two halves of the same unit—the perfect man? Is it impossible to believe in our own destiny, to develop our individuality, our own calling to the uttermost, and at the same time be scrupulous in our dealings with others, refrain from trampling under our feet countless other individuals who have as much right as we to develop their own personalities? Rather, has not this latter—the right of each and every individual to full personal development—really been the aim of struggling humanity through the many vicissitudes of its historical career? Has not this been the fundamental purpose of the recent democracies of the world within which a certain amount of success has been achieved among its individuals? If we believe this to be the ideal relationship between individuals, and even between autonomous groups of individuals within a democracy, why do we refuse to extend the principle to the relationship of nations with one another? Why is it impossible for one nation to develop its own powers by what economists call natural competition without interfering with another nation which has just as much right to develop its own powers? Nay, more: do we not only partially accomplish, not to say defeat, our

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purpose if we, individually or collectively, use our talent and power for our own selfish ends? What is the object of developing our individualities if not for the purpose of serving humanity, helping the weak, educating the ignorant, upholding justice, freeing the slave, championing the cause of the oppressed? In doing so, says Tagore, we shall ever keep on developing the possibilities of our own personalities as instruments of good, and thus fulfil our supreme mission—attain the infinite within the finite.

This is the core of Tagore's philosophy of life, the fundamental of his ethical teaching: Develop your personality, maintain your individuality, but infuse it with the love of mankind, with the spirit of universal service. This moral canon, as we have seen, is equally applicable to the behavior of individuals, institutions, industrial organizations, as well as of nations. Furthermore, no individual or nation, says Tagore, can ignore this moral maxim with impunity, for it is as inexorable as any physical law.

IV

This is not a new teaching. It has been preached by noble personalities in ancient as well as in modern times. It is practically what was preached and practiced by Guatamala Buddha, by Lao Tse, by Jesus of Nazareth. It is essentially the same teaching as that of Dr. Foerster, whose words were quoted earlier. It coincides with the pronouncement of Woodrow Wilson, whose arduous experience of life and long brooding over the fate of our nation led him to the conviction that "our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit." It is identical with the great moral truth enunciated by Ralph Waldo Emerson, so crisply and definitely stated at the end of his brilliant essay on Napoleon, whose signal failure he attributes to Napoleon's insolent refusal to use his great talents for the good of all.

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> Every experiment, by multitudes or by individuals, [writes Emerson] that has a sensual and selfish aim, will fail .... As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be marked by delusion. Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouths. Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men.

Written over seventy-five years ago, these sentences are as applicable today to the perplexing conditions of the world as they were then; and their spirit is essentially the same as that of Tagore's sayings. The great American seer seems to come forth from his grave and take by the hand his spiritual brother of the Orient. If the teachings of these great moral leaders are followed, the great war will not have been fought in vain, the ideas of nationalism and imperialism will be cast aside as relics of barbarism, and struggling humanity will have some hope of obtaining its rightful heritage of universal peace. Our conception of patriotism is woefully narrow. We close our doors and pursue a course solely for our own benefit, unmindful of the fact that what is not beneficial to all mankind will not be ultimately beneficial to us. The true and highest type of patriotism would be inspired rather by these lofty maxims of Emerson and Tagore and of their spiritual associates, maxims which all the nations should inculcate into their people until they become the very flesh and bone of every individual. What other course will alleviate the pains of mankind and lead us to our cherished goal? May we hope that the recent development of events in Europe—the strengthening of the League of Nations, the drafting of the Geneva Protocol, and the ratification of the Locarno agreements—indicates the dawn of the new era in Western civilization so ardently hoped for by Tagore?

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THE VALE OF TYRINGHAM

A. C. L.

O! Vale of Tyringham! The wooded hills,
That girdle round about your meadows green,
Are beautiful as hope that life fulfills;
Your vistas lovely as are thoughts serene.
From Cobble's crest the sunset is the same
As long ago—the berry patch unchanged.
The grassy glades with flowers are all aflame,
As when in joyous youth your slopes I ranged.
How fragrant are the memories that float
Upon the breeze that softly moves the pines!
The gale! How it recalls great days remote,
As by my blazing hearth a friend reclines.
Ah! Long ago, when faith was unrestrained,
Not memories, but hopes my soul sustained.

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WHAT PRICE: "FREEDOM"

LINCOLN HUTCHINSON

In 1914, on the continent of Europe, there were three republics and seventeen monarchies; the population of the former being 50,000,000 and of the latter, 358,000,000. Today, only eleven years later, there are fourteen republics, with 279,000,000 people, while the number of monarchies has shrunk to thirteen, with a population of only 132,000,000.

As Americans we instinctively welcome this revolutionary change. On the face of the bare facts, the war which we entered 'to make the world safe for democracy' has justified our sacrifices by bringing about a triumph of democratic institutions. The nations of Europe appear to be entering the family of what we are pleased to call 'free peoples.'

This is our first reaction; but soberer second thought raises many doubts. The first shock to our equanimity comes the moment we stop to recall that one of these new 'republics' is Russia. Most of us find it impossible to develop much enthusiasm over the triumph of democracy or the advance of human freedom in that country. Quite the contrary; we look on Russia as somehow an exception; we recognize that the name "republic," there, is merely a label that bears no useful relation to the real facts of the case; and this exception raises at once the whole question as to how far the alteration of labels in any country necessarily marks a step in progress. If from certain causes which we all have pretty clearly in mind, the changing of label in Russia has not resulted in benefit, may it not be that in other countries, too, as a result of causes which we

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do not have so clearly before us, the so-called triumph of free institutions has resulted in retrograde rather than advance?

It is a commonplace that no change can take place in human institutions without bringing evil as well as good. There is no such thing as one hundred per cent benefit to human society. Some people are helped; others are harmed by any change which takes place. Rising prices hurt some and help others. So do falling prices. The fiscal policy of protection brings gain to some and loss to others. So does the policy of free trade. Freedom of political or economic opportunity opens the door to progress to some, but shuts it to others. So does rigidity of political or economic institutions. Withdrawal of hereditary privilege hurts some and helps others; so does the strengthening of hereditary right. Every judgment we form, every decision we make, is either consciously or subconsciously the result of a balancing of advantages against disadvantages. It is the net benefit or the net harm which must be the determining factor.

Thus, what I have been asking myself in regard to the startling phenomenon which has appeared in Europe is, in the first place, just what really has occurred beyond a mere change in labels, and, in the second place, what are the benefits which have been derived or are likely to be derived, and what is the price we have paid or are likely to have to pay for such advantages as have been gained?

This brings us to the question as to exactly what we mean by the progress of human freedom and why we regard it as "good." We are all of us, at all times, more or less under the tyranny of vague words and loose phrases. We still talk of 'liberty, equality, fraternity,' although we know that liberty is only relative, that equality does not exist, and that fraternity, however desirable, is only most imperfectly a motive force. We still use the slogan that 'all men are born free and equal,' although we know that, in any commonsense meaning of those words, the statement is absurd. We still use 'the greatest good of the greatest number' as a guide to action, although a little thought

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forces us to the conclusion that a literal, general, indiscriminate application of such a principle would result in the destruction of the institutions which we cherish under the name of civilization.

There have been many attempts at definition of freedom. Whole volumes have been written on the subject without reaching any general agreement as to details; yet, on the whole, in a general way, without pressing terminology too hard, or pushing logic into excessive refinements, I think we will all agree that what we—at least we of the western world—mean by the term freedom is opportunity for individual development. The absence or the loosening up of checks to the fullest expression of our egos.

The urge toward individualism, it appears to me, is the great fact that lies at the basis of the difference between the Occident and the Orient. The Orient thinks collectively; it is socialistic, fatalistic. It either looks toward Nirvana as a goal or, by its belief in the pre-determination of all events, deadens the incentive to individual effort. The essence of our western conception is quite the reverse. The greatest moving force is the gospel of individual responsibility, individual salvation, bringing progress through individual initiative.

Looking back over the last two thousand years of the history of our western world, I seem to find a slow, though intermittent, progress of freedom in this sense. The pendulum swings, but the movement is not a uniform one from right to left, left to right. There is forward movement as well. I seem to see this in every line of human activity,—in religion, science, art, politics, economics. Advance followed by a slip: renewed effort to climb; new advance to a point higher than that from which we fell; a new retrograde, but not quite so low as we slipped before,—a net advance.

Take our religious history, for example. Christianity preached the gospel of individual responsibility and individual salvation. The Roman Church, through centuries, while still using the terminology of individualism, slowly developed in practice a system inimical to individual free-

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dom of opinion and action. The Reformation broke the shackles, but it unwittingly set in motion forces which in time have swung the pendulum far to the other side. It shook off the authority of the Roman Church, but in so doing it loosened and seems to have well nigh destroyed all authority, so that today, in all countries not still under dominion of Rome, conditions in the field of religious thought and moral sanctions are chaotic. We are floundering in the dark, while theologians, psychic researchers and others are mulling about in search of some substitute for the lost "authority." Even legislators are taking a hand and are trying to make people moral by statute.

In politics, we have had something of the same sort. The Anglo-Saxons have led the way in promoting freedom by emphasizing the rights of the governed. We have seen the slow weakening of hereditary privilege, a gradual disappearance of the Divine right of kings, the introduction of suffrage, at first very limited and concerned merely with certain classes of legislation, or with the election of representatives or rulers, slowly becoming universal for males, now extended to females in a considerable number of countries, and increasing its functions until, in such a country as the United States, it gives the entire adult population, by a counting of noses, full voice not in the choice of *rulers* (which was the intent of our constitution makers), but in the framing of all statutes, in the control even of the details of all actions, reducing the functions of our so-called rulers and representatives to that of mere registering machines to record the will of the people. It destroyed the powers of those who claimed to rule by authority of the Almighty, probably without much thought, at first, that by the logic of events, it would be forced to find a substitute authority. Gradually this new authority has had to be sought and we have found it in institutions and doctrines which deify *vox populi*, the rule of the majority, with a swing of the pendulum which makes this authority supreme in all matters and is possibly even more despotic and more disregardful of the rights of minorities than the old despotism of an hereditary ruler.

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In economics, too, events reveal the same oscillations of the pendulum. Centuries of all but complete economic subjection of all but a few of the people. Then, an almost wildfire spread of the doctrine of laissez faire, bringing in its train, in connection with the great "industrial revolution," the realization that economic freedom brought not equality, but even greater subjection. Then, the reaction: bringing unions, tariffs, socialism, state socialism, communism,—the very negation of individualism,—the sort of tyranny which more or less deliberately seeks to prevent the exceptional individual from giving free play to his abilities and talents.

The same zigzag movement may, I believe, be traced in the development of science, art and all other human activities; but enough has been said already to illustrate the point which I wish to make, which is that any step which appears to promote 'freedom' is not necessarily an unmixed blessing and may bring unforeseen consequences which result in the negation of freedom.

The process of progress seems to be somewhat as follows:

First stage: Dictation by authority.

Second stage: Rebellion of individuals, who, when their numbers and powers become sufficient, overthrow authority.

Third stage: Abuses of excessive individual freedom, leading to gross inequalities and injustice.

Fourth stage: Organization among individuals for control to remove inequalities and injustice. Seeking for new authority and finding it in the voice of the majority, counting of noses and rule by majority vote.

Fifth stage: This new authority becomes autocratic, imagines itself to be of Divine right, disregards the rights of minorities and becomes despotic, reviving in a slightly camouflaged form the doctrine that might makes right, marshaling votes instead of troops, and forcing the weaker party to

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accept as right that which their convictions may tell them is wrong. This, in America, appears to be the stage which has now been reached.

Sixth stage: Reaction which must come, of which indeed there are already certain signs, which may in some countries take the form of a return to the first stage, autocratic, hereditary, superimposed authority, but which, in the more enlightened nations, promises at least to be realized in a fuller recognition of mutual and common interests of all classes of citizens, whether they belong to a majority in power or a minority in opposition.

If I am right in my analysis, then it isn't safe to look at the events of the past ten years with an easy optimism which lets itself grow enthusiastic over changes in labels. Statesmenlike judgments must watch long-run consequences. What may appear beneficial may cost too great a price, in the long run, by bringing reactions which will outweigh the benefits. Individual good must not cost too much in terms of common good, nor common good too much in individual advantage. What we need is a recognition of common interest which is not pressed so far that it deadens individual initiative and puts a premium on the commonplace.

In the light of these general considerations, I turn now to a closer examination of what has been happening in Europe. The outstanding facts are:

1. That, at the outbreak of the Great War, there were on the continent of Europe but three countries calling themselves republics—France, Portugal, and Switzerland. Their aggregate population was 50,000,000, or 12 per cent of the total population of the Continent. There were seventeen countries—Albania, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Germany, Greece, Italy, Montenegro, Holland, Norway, Rumania, European Russia, Servia, Spain, Sweden, Turkey in Europe—which were under some form or other of monarchial government. Their population was 352,000,000 or 88 per cent of the total.

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In 1925, the number of "Republics" has jumped from three to fourteen—France, Germany, Greece, Portugal, Russia, Switzerland, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Danzig, Esthonia, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania. Their combined population is 279,000,000 or 68 per cent of the total; while the number of monarchies has fallen from sixteen to thirteen—Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Italy, Holland, Norway, Rumania, Spain, Sweden, Turkey, Hungary, Yugo-Slavia, Albania—with a population of 132,000,000 or 32 per cent of the total.

Leaving Russia out of consideration (for most people will agree that the change in label there doesn't promise much for human freedom), the figures are: 1914, three republics, with 22½ per cent of the total population of the Continent, without Russia; 1925, thirteen republics, with 56 per cent of the population of the Continent.

Even more striking than this emergence of the label "republic" has been the extension of the suffrage. Not only in those countries which have adopted the republican form of organization, but also in many of the monarchies, voting rights have been enormously extended. In 1914, in the monarchial countries, in general, there were an upper and a lower house of legislature,—membership in the former being based on wealth, hereditary privilege, or some similar criterion which removed it from popular control. The lower house, in general, with more or less limited functions, was elective, and in a few countries—Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Sweden—the elections were on the basis of universal or nearly universal manhood suffrage, though in some of these countries the voting age was what we should regard as high (Spain, 25 years; Sweden, 24 years). In most of the monarchies, however, even for the lower house, the voting privilege was much more limited and was based on tax-paying or income qualifications or some other criterion of personal capacity or ability. In the three republics of the pre-war days, there was universal male suffrage (the voting age being 21). In only one country, Denmark, so far as I know, had there been any introduction

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of female suffrage, and even in that case it was very limited, being based on a property qualification.

In 1925, we find in nearly all the thirteen republics universal male and female suffrage,—the age limit ranging from 20 in Austria to 24 in Finland and 26 for the upper house in Czecho-Slovakia; while even in a number of the monarchies either universal male suffrage with a lowered age limit has been introduced, or universal male and female suffrage. Holland, for example, which in 1914, for the lower house, gave the suffrage to males over 25, with certain qualifications evidencing their 'capacity and well-being,' now gives it to all males and females who have reached the age of 23. In 1914, the voting power rested in 63 per cent of the male population over 25; now in 98 per cent of all males and females over 23. In Sweden, in 1914, only males over 24 voted; now, all males and females over 23. It should be remembered, too, that, in the republics, the voters not only have a direct voice in electing the lower house, but also, directly or indirectly, choose their president and the members of the upper house as well.

Add to the above the suffrage expansion which has taken place in England, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, etc., and we get a sum total of change in the whole western world in the short period of approximately ten years which may well be called revolutionary. It also must give us furiously to think, unless we are content to be lulled by the easy optimism, based on phrases lapped up in childhood, which regards as good anything bearing such names as 'freedom,' 'republican,' 'democratic,' etc., etc.

There are other factors besides form of government and extension of suffrage which call for attention. In 1914, Continental Europe, excluding Russia, was divded into twenty separate nationalities, not counting one or two little ones, like Lichtenstein and Monaco. Now, there are twenty-seven. There were twenty standing armies; now, twenty-seven, the aggregate strength, in spite of restrictions imposed by the peace treaties, remaining in 1925 just what it was in 1914, namely: about 3,000,000. In 1914, there were fifteen

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official national languages; in 1925, there are twenty-one. In 1914, diverse racial elements (for example: Czechs, Slovaks, Magyars, Poles, etc.) were in many instances controlled or under the influence of a single, central political authority. Under the banner of self-determination, the attempt has been made to re-draw frontiers in such a way as to take these diverse elements out of daily political contact with one another and give to each a 'freer expression.' In 1925, there is a Czech nation, a Polish nation, a Yugo-Slav nation, etc. The same is true of religious diversities. Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Armenian Catholics, Old Catholics, Greek Orientals, Armenian Orientals, Evangelicals, etc., etc., tied together under one political control and forced somehow to get along together, have now become politically more separated from one another and concentrated together through changes in frontiers made with that object in view.

In short we have in Europe today, along with an enormous extension of popular voice in national and international affairs, a 35 per cent increase in the number of separate states, a 35 per cent increase in the number of standing armies, a 50 per cent increase in the number of national languages, and a concentration in religious, social and racial elements,—factors which, further emphasized by the continued preaching of the gospel of self-determination, make for national Chauvinism. Is it any wonder that in Europe, since the Armistice, we have seen an efflorescence of nationalism—an intensification of religious, social, racial, political, linguistic, economic hatreds, import and export tariffs designed to foster national industries, unwillingness to coöperate in common international enterprises, oppression of racial or religious minorities which have had the misfortune to remain under adverse control through imperfections in the suffling of frontiers? Whatever may be our opinions or our hopes as to what the future may do to ameliorate conditions, it is certain that no one who has followed European conditions during the past five years can doubt that, in spite of all the efforts of statesmen in the

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various countries, or of the high-minded representatives who gather in Geneva, the first effect of the development growing out of the war has been a general intensification of the sentiment of nationalism with its attendant dangers of animosity and friction.

There have been two lines of development of 'freedom' in Europe: (1) Within the individual nations the huge extension of popular participation in political affairs; and (2) as between nations, the increase in the number of separate states, and a crystallization of the sentiment of nationalism through the recognition of the so-called right of self-determination and the shuffling of frontiers which was made under the aegis of that slogan.

One of the first things which impressed itself upon me in my contacts with these new republics was the appalling inefficiency in administrative affairs. People who have lived for centuries—they and their ancestors—under control of higher authorities do not overnight develop a capacity to manage their own affairs. Habits of thought for self-government are acquired slowly; expertness in the management of the machinery of administration requires long practice. Someone has said that the art of self-government is the most difficult of all arts. The Anglo-Saxon race has been experimenting with it for over a thousand years but who shall say we have reached perfection yet?

When I went to Prague a few months after the Armistice, I found the State had nationalized many of the great industries, such, for example, as transportation and mining, activities requiring the most expert knowledge. The Minister of Public Works who had control of the mining industry was a small farmer; the Minister of Food, who was dealing with such complex matters as the fixing of prices of cereals, the distribution of doles, the proper coördination of crops, etc., was a dentist; the Minister of Railways in charge of an intricate business organization was a Catholic priest. Lower officials, administrative heads of departments, the men who always in every country do the real work in ministries, had under the old régime been mostly

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Austrians, trained engineers, etc. These now were nearly all replaced by Czechs who, whatever their abilities, were devoid of experience. Austria was happier in its experience. There, there was much shifting of personnel to be sure but at least Austria could put in officials of the same nationality as those who had previously carried on the work. In parts of Germany, too, the same was true. I went to Berlin shortly after the Armistice. The form of government had changed; the ministers at the heads of various departments were new men, but the administrative heads doing the actual work were, I found, in those departments at least with which I came into contact, the same individuals who had always performed that work. Later, even in efficient Germany, this seems to have altered. Two summers ago, I spent a month or six weeks motoring about that country. In some States—I am thinking especially of the old Kingdom of Saxony (now the Republic of Saxony)—there appeared to have been a clean sweep of the old. My visit was semi-official. I found a willingness to coöperate with me and assist me, but an inefficiency and lack of organization which was as bad as any I had, in the months immediately preceding, found in Russia.

I suppose we may regard this as a temporary stage in three such countries as I have mentioned. The Germans, the Czechs and the Austrians are highly intelligent, educated, and literate peoples and may be expected rapidly to iron out their difficulties in technical administrative matters; in fact, they have already done so in large measure. But one must indeed be an optimist to imagine that a similar rapid readjustment can come in such new republics as Greece, Poland, or the Baltic States where popular education is rudimentary and where a large percentage of the people (all of them now voters) are ignorant and illiterate. It is far more reasonable to expect that in these countries one of two changes must happen—either a decline in efficiency which, because the regions are so densely populated that they can be economically going concerns only on the basis of expert organization, will result in a lowering of the

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standard of living; or a seizing of control by the educated, enlightened, and efficient classes with a camouflaging of, or negation of, the principles of democratic administration.

While, therefore, there may be reason to assume that efficient popular control may be developed in Germany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia (though even this last country has a most serious problem in the 25 per cent of her people living in Slovakia and Ruthenia where the illiteracy is appalling), it is folly to assume that such will be the case in the near future in Greece, Poland, Esthonia, Finland, Latvia or Lithuania.

But even omitting these six states as not likely to become democratic except in name, we have left a sufficiently imposing array. The extension of the suffrage has been so enormous in the still existing monarchies and in the republics which give promise of remaining democratic in more than mere name as to force us to the conclusion that, for good or evil, Europe has definitely stepped over into the ranks of those continents in which control by popular vote has become an established principle.

Who can say how these new sovereigns will use these powers? The grip of old established authority has been lost or loosened. If in such a country as our own, with all of its traditions of individualism, we are in our search for new sanctions forgetting the safe-guards of our constitution, ignoring our bill of rights, settling all questions—political, economic, social, even moral—by a count of noses, what assurance have we that in Europe, where hereditary imposed authority has been the tradition for centuries, this new sovereign, *vox populi*, will not use its new found might despotically? Over and over again, in Czecho-Slovakia, men said to me, when discussing the question of the German minorities left within their borders, "We have been the under-dog for three hundred years, ever since the Battle of White Mountain in 1620; let the Germans taste the experience of being under-dog for a while." Similarly in nearly every country of Europe one finds the radicals, the proletariat, saying, "Capital has been top dog for two thousand years; let's give it a taste of its own medicine."

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Hear what Emile Vanderveld says, in a recent paper on "Ten Years of Socialism in Europe":

> Whether they have read a line of Marx or not, there is not a coal miner in Yorkshire, or a socialist metal worker in the Creusot mills, or a laborer in the Silesian sulphur mines, or a Polish weaver, or a worker in the salt mines of the Salzkammergut, or the tobacco factories of Philippopolis, who does not join with the Social-Democrats of the Ruhr and Saar in agreeing to a series of formulae, Marxian in origin, which constitute the common ground work of all the parties affiliated with the International. These formulae are as follows: Political struggles are due, in the last analysis, to class struggles; these struggles increase in scope and seriousness as capital becomes concentrated and as, in consequence, the exploitation of the workers progresses; to end this exploitation, capitalistic property,—that is, property which has nothing to do with work,—must be socialized; and to this purpose, the socialist or labor parties pursue a common end, namely, the conquest of political power and the collective appropriation of the means of production and exchange. . . . . Before the war, three great autocracies overshadowed Europe. In democratic countries, the bourgeoisie were everywhere in power; the socialists were merely an opposition party,—and often the weakest one. Today, the remaining monarchies, scattered here and there, are either constitutionally limited or else subordinate to military dictatorships which are already staggering. In almost every country, socialism is already either in power, on the verge of power, or else has become *the* opposition, the only opposition that can some day replace the conservative parties that now constitute the governments.

Again:

> Throughout Eastern Europe, the Social Democratic Party now constitutes one-third of the electorate, and its accession to power, which in 1914 was, if not chimerical, at least very distant, today seems one of the possibilities—or rather probabilities—of the immediate future.
>
> The problem of the present hour is not the victory of a political party, but the accession of a class to sovereignty,—that is to say, a revolution, and the most profound revolution the world has ever known.

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So calm an observer as President Masaryk maintains, in a recent book, that revolution is on its way.

I have no thought of discussing here the question whether such a revolution is desirable or not. There may be many who believe that it is. The point I am making is that if the new freedom in Europe is getting into the saddle a new monarch who will put these theories into practice, the movement is so pregnant with possibilities that it is childish not to count the cost with the most painstaking thoroughness before forming a judgment as to its desirability. It is conceivable that having made the world safe for democracy our next great task may be to make democracy safe for the world.

These considerations relate only to internal domestic matters within the nations, but one finds himself face to face with the same sort of apprehension in looking at international relations. Since the breaking up of the Holy Roman Empire with its conception of a great world state, and the emergence of the separate European nations, the controlling principle has been that of what we may call national individualism. International law has been largely based upon this principle. 'National honor,' 'national prestige,' 'inviolability of sovereignty' and a lot of similar phrases have been built up around this notion of a nation as an individualistic entity. The gospel of self-determination is but a logical extension of the same principle to those smaller and weaker nations and peoples who, through imperfection in the application of the formula, had fallen into subjection. On the face of it, therefore, it marches in the line of that individualism which I have already spoken of as the characteristic of Western civilization. In principle, therefore, we almost subconsciously incline to favor it. But to jump to an unqualified approval without weighing the facts in each particular case is to betray the sort of sentimentalism which insists that because the Hottentots think they ought to be 'free,' we should let them do anything they please; or because little Tommy doesn't like restraint, we ought to give him a chance to 'express himself.'

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The real question which common sense insists we must answer, in international as in merely domestic affairs, is: What will these peoples do with their so-called freedom?

I have already spoken of the recrudescence of nationalism in Europe and described some of the factors which have brought it into prominence. There is still another factor and an important one, the fact that in nearly every country of Europe population is pressing on means of subsistence; the people are faced with the necessity of lowering their standard of living or finding new means of support. This factor alone is enough to cause grave apprehension, especially as between those states whose means of livelihood have been restricted through the setting up of new frontier barriers. And just at the moment when all these elements are giving a fillip to nationalism, the machinery for bringing about common-sense adjustments of international difficulties has been weakened by the enormous increase in the number of individual voters who have to be persuaded that any particular action is wise. It is fairly easy for two men, one representing each of two nations, to sit down quietly at a table, talk things out and arrive at a common-sense settlement of differences. It is much harder to get six men to agree than two, or one hundred than six. When we reach higher numbers, a new element—mob psychology—comes in and decisions are apt to be made not on the basis of reason at all, but on the basis of emotion. Many times, in such international conferences as I was privileged to attend, the principals more or less readily came to an agreement on some particular proposal. Repeatedly I was told, "Yes, that arrangement is perfectly reasonable and perfectly just, but unfortunately it is politically impossible,"—which was merely another way of saying that the task of persuading the many millions of voters, who in the last analysis held the scepter, was an impossible one.

We too often lose sight of this fact in our judgment of Europe, just as Europeans do in their judgment of America. We think the statesmen of Europe are fools or knaves, because they fail to do certain things which are obviously

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desirable. The trouble is often not with the statesmen but with the voters who are the real sovereigns. The events of the past ten years have placed this power in the hands of at least a hundred million people who never held it before, who are unskilled in its use; and this at a time when, in the application of self-determination, the number of centers of disturbances has been greatly increased.

The negotiators of the peace treaties were far from blind to this danger, and the League of Nations was devised as an attempt to lessen it. Logically, it is the negation of the very principle of self-determination on which the establishment of the new nations and new frontiers was predicated—a check to the expression of national individualism whenever that individualism should threaten to interfere with the common good, as common good was conceived of by the majority. In a way it represents the same sort of deification of the majority which marked the reaction from extreme laissez faire in the realm of personal individualism, only here it is the majority of national entities instead of a majority of individual voters. In any case it can be successful in promoting international reasonableness in the long run only in the measure in which it can, through stimulating reasonableness in the few representatives of the various nations who come under its direct influence, promote reasonableness in the minds of the great masses of voters in whose hands final lasting decision must rest.

If I were to close at this point, I should well deserve the epithet of pessimist. But I am not a pessimist. In spite of forebodings, I am still hopeful, for I think I see certain forces at work which, if we are wise enough to move in line with them, will go far to mitigate the gravest dangers. I have already said that the kind of freedom which we set before ourselves as the desirable goal is that which gives play to personal and national individualism, but which at the same time recognizes the fact that the greatest good to the individual involves a recognition of common interests as well. We need forces which will take the sharp corners off of too exaggerated individualism, whether personal or

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national, but forces which will at the same time curb inconsiderate collective action. What factors of this sort do we find?

President Masaryk, in a recent article, places reliance on the sentiment of humanitarianism, which he calls "that love of one's neighbor which is innate in every man." Personally, I find this too intangible, too spasmodic in its action, too apt to fail us in emergency, partaking too much of the character of a mere label for the thing which we are seeking.

Love of one's neighbor may be innate in every man, but I find myself unable to believe that it is the fundamental driving force in human action. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature" is a proverb which lies at the basis of our whole occidental individualistic philosophy. What is this but another way of saying that the most fundamental and potent force in human society is self-interest? The progress of our western civilization has come through the slowly developing realization that the best good of the individual involves consideration of the best good of other individuals; that real self-interest has an altruistic side. What we must look for, if we are to hope for continued progress, are factors or tendencies which promote the emergence of this sort of enlightened self-interest. It is because I think I see forces of this kind at work that I am an optimist.

They are many. In the first place, the world is growing smaller. Rapid transit, good roads, faster railroads and steamships, the telegraph and telephone, wireless, radio broadcasting, aeroplane travel, and many other things are annihilating distance and blurring frontier lines. Science and art are becoming daily more internationalized. The labor movement, at least in Europe, has become largely international and, in spite of its dangers, does tend in some degree to weaken political barriers. The rapid growth in the use of an international business language (English) is exerting a similar influence as is also the phenomenal development in Europe of the use of Esperanto in recent years. The Churches, too, are perhaps helping towards a broader

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conception of mutual interests, though I often feel that their teaching of brotherly love is in a form so emasculated and sentimentalized that they do more harm than good, except perhaps the one great international church—the Roman Catholic—which has sufficient consistency of tradition and efficiency of organization to make its teachings internationally felt in a practical way.

Back of all this, I see a still more fundamental factor, one that is neither indirect, spasmodic nor sentimental, but is exerting a steady, persistent, every-day pressure in the desired direction. I mean economic necessity; the same sort of thing which in the course of centuries has slowly brought about the evolution of ordered trade as we know it today. The earliest 'traders' were merely marauders. When a people lacked food or other necessary goods, they followed a leader into a neighboring region and took what they wanted by force of arms. It was only by slow degrees that the idea developed that it paid better *in the long run* to obtain desired goods by swapping rather than by 'swiping.' The growing populations of the world, the pressure on means of subsistence, especially in nearly every country of Europe, while they unquestionably tend to intensify friction, still more forcibly emphasize to nations and to the man on the street the desirability of finding a method of mutual accommodation which shall be beneficial to both parties. Economic necessity, combined with facilities for contact such as the world has never seen before, creates a steady pressure toward a humanitarian live-and-let-live attitude in the conduct of human affairs. But the process is, at best, painfully slow and rendered even slower by the increased necessity, in regard to any specific action, of convincing scores of millions of voters instead of merely a handful of rulers. "Patience is the highest qualification of a leader in a democratic country," President Masaryk once said to me. Salvation can come but slowly, not through changing forms of organization, not through the setting up of republics in place of monarchies, or machinery for control, such as the League of Nations or courts of arbitration. These may all help, but

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if they do it will be not so much directly as through offering greater facilities for giving to nations, in international affairs, and to millions of individuals in domestic affairs, a broader, more enlightened view of what their truest self-interest is.

Demos tends to follow leaders, and leadership, in the haphazard fashion in which it inclines to develop in a democracy, is more apt to be bad than good. Any man with a good voice, a commanding personality, and skill in choosing slogans can become a leader, and if his vision be limited, or his judgments superficial, or his aims selfish, even if he be actuated by the highest idealism but fails to keep his feet on the bedrock of hard fact, he can do untold harm. What we need in this era of increasing 'democracy' is not leaders—there are plenty of them—but rather pathfinders, men of vision who can count the cost of any change, weigh long-run advantage and disadvantage, and blaze a trail through the wilderness of conflicting tendencies.

HEIMWEH

CRISTEL HASTINGS

What does the sea wind sing to me?
A song as old as the hills—
A plaintive melody of Home,
And a sigh when a white sail fills.

What does the sea wind bring to me?
The breath of a new-mown field,
A bit of jasmine—marigolds
Aflame like a golden shield.

What does the sea wind leave with me?
A heart that is numbed with pain
And a longing to see the hills of Home
And familiar shores again.

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THE REAL TREASURE ISLAND

GEORGE R. STEWART, JR.

Of all tales sprung from the teeming brains of story-tellers none strikes its readers as more purely romance than that of the *Hispaniola's* cruise, the machinations of John Silver, and the dread name of Captain Flint. As we read, we pass over to a world not bound by the working-day dictates of "Safety First!" "Twenty-one deaths," gloats an admirer, "And not one death too many!" Who would expect to find Treasure Island this side of the moon, any more than he would hope to disembark in Utopia or Lilliput, or to sight the seacoast of Bohemia itself? Yet in reality, to raise the crest of Spy-Glass Hill, you need not leave land-locked water, and you will sight that cut-off summit most likely not from the bounding deck of a tops'l schooner, but from a stub-nosed, balance-beamed, commuters' ferry-boat.

"The scenery," Stevenson once wrote of Treasure Island, "is Californian in part, and in part *chic*." Just what proportion of these two ingredients mingled, the creator failed to say. If we visit Stevenson's haunts upon the Pacific Coast, however, I believe that we shall not hesitate long in declaring that *Treasure Island* is in fact mainly Californian, and rather little *chic*. Of course some Stevensonian may object, citing that the story began over an imaginary map, that the map was lost with resulting embarrassments, and so forth. But, granted the map, we may still see that, as Stevenson brooded over its romantic possibilities, he clothed its nakedness from the memories of Monterey and Silverado, scenes only recently left behind in California.

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No characteristic of Monterey Peninsula, for instance, is more striking to eye and ear than the heavy seas of its coast. One cannot help marveling at the great rollers which day and night break and pound about the rocky points. This pervading sense of the surf "even in quiet weather" had its effect upon Stevenson. In *The Old Pacific Capital* he wrote:

> The one common note of all this country is the haunting presence of the ocean. A great faint sound of breakers follows you high up into the inland cañons; the roar of water dwells in the clean, empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney; go where you will, you have but to pause and listen to hear the voice of the Pacific.

What is more striking then, than to find similar seas pounding the coast of Treasure Island?

> I have never seen the sea quiet around Treasure Island. The sun might blaze over head, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of earshot of their noise.

In other ways the fabled island is strangely twin to the Californian peninsula. All will remember how Jim Hawkins dropped into the fore-sheets of a departing boat, and went upon a shore adventure in which he heard and saw things scarcely to be told by the light of common day. But the setting of these deeds Stevenson had seen, as you may see, by the light of any day upon Monterey Peninsula. As Jim tells:

> I had crossed a marshy tract full of willows, bulrushes and odd, outlandish, swampy trees; and I had now come out upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in foliage, like willows . . . .

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The marshy districts with the willows may still be found along the bay to the east of Monterey. The "undulating sandy country" with its pines and live oaks marks the northern end of the peninsula especially about the Point Pinos Lighthouse—a favorite wandering place for Stevenson. Here he saw the distorted, crouching live oaks, and in a description of Monterey made suggestive note of them—"the kind of wood for murderers to crawl among." So naturally enough, as Jim continued to tell of his shore adventure:

> Then I came to a long thicket of these oak-like trees—live, or evergreen, oaks, I heard afterwards they should be called—which grew low along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact, like thatch.

Into this thicket Jim slipped for concealment, and, peering out through the thatch of leaves, saw Long John strike down the honest sailor and twice bury his knife in the defenseless body. Truly the suggestion of the live oaks had been fruitful; they had soon proved the "kind of wood for murderers to crawl among."

Stevenson, however, knew two districts of California, and in different features of *Treasure Island* the memories of Silverado mingled with those of Monterey. In the summer of 1880 Stevenson for the sake of his health left the foggy sea-coast country. He turned inland, following Napa Valley, which with its vineyards and orchards runs northward, rising gradually, and narrowing until at last blocked by the dominating bulk of Mount Saint Helena. Upon the shoulder of this mountain Stevenson passed the summer, and in its course came to know a California entirely different from the coast country. Here he was higher, drier, and warmer. In the place of live oaks and willows, he saw around him redwoods and madrone. As Jim Hawkins left the coast and progressed inland on Treasure Island, he too passed through changes of climate and flora which mark the contrast noted by Stevenson between coastal and interior California.

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Probably under the influence of this suggestion Spy-Glass Hill came to resemble Mount Saint Helena in more than the growth covering it. Both, as Stevenson notes, rise high above all surrounding summits, and end in "naked" tops. Equally striking is the similarity of configuration. The Spy-Glass runs up "sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on." With allowance for artistic exaggeration, this is an accurate description of Mount Saint Helena. No one whose only acquaintance with the mountain was from the southern side could fail to be impressed with the contrast of the steep slopes and apparently level top.

The rattlesnake of the shore adventure is another reminiscence of Silverado days, thrown in for no aid to the action, but merely as a bit of local color. In the *Squatters* Stevenson has told of lying in the underbrush totally unconscious of danger, while around and about him buzzed the rattles; only later did he realize the significance of the sound. As a matter of fact his "rattlers" were probably locusts, so that he might have spared himself even this postponed alarm—but of this no matter. In any case Jim, like Stevenson, heard the rattle, and passed on without realizing his danger until later.

It is the interior of the Island, however, for which Stevenson drew most heavily upon his memories of Silverado. The general gray tone of the vegetation as seen from the deck of the *Hispaniola* is that of an inland California mountain in late summer. On nearer approach the growth upon the hills of the Island can be seen to resemble even more closely that on Mount Saint Helena. One of the most noticeable features of the latter, today as in Stevenson's time, is the contrast of the tall, dark pines rising above the gray-green monotony of chaparral. As Stevenson noted on ascending:

> It was these pines, as they shot above the lower wood, that produced that penciling of single trees I had so often remarked from the valley.

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The woods of Treasure Island present the same appearance:

> This even tint was indeed broken up . . . . by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others—some singly, some in clumps.

Later on in the story these same landmarks lend spice to the adventure of the treasure seekers—each man picking his own tree. Finally the climax of the whole story is enacted beside the empty pit under the shadow of a great tree—"a giant of a vegetable, with a red column as big as a cottage," surely the impression gathered by Stevenson from a description of a huge California redwood.

If the scenery of Jim's shore adventure was drawn from Monterey, no less surely was the scenery of the treasure hunt modeled from the Saint Helena country. With Jim in leash "for all the world like a dancing bear" Long John led his mutineers up from the marshy coast seeking the tall tree of the chart. Soon, as the captive noted, they entered "a most pleasant portion of the island"—

> A heavy-scented broom and many flowering shrubs had almost taken the place of grass. Thickets of green nutmeg trees were dotted here and there with the red columns and the broad shadow of the pines; and the first mingled their spice with the aroma of the others. The air, besides, was fresh and stirring, and this, under the sheer sunbeams, was a wonderful refreshment to our senses.

In this scene Jim has left the marshes, and climbed to higher levels. The nutmegs and other undergrowth, odorous in the hot sun and dry air, bespeak the inland mountain of California as surely as the willows and live oaks the coast region. The "red columns" are those of the redwoods and pines. The spice in the air is that which Stevenson remembered from the days of which he has told, when he lay basking in the sun among the nutmegs and bay trees of Silverado. And while another man might have complained of the heat of the "sheer sunbeams" Stevenson, the consumptive, remarked only the wonderful refreshment of

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passing from the fog-laden coast to the dry air of the sun-bathed mountain.

The greater part of the setting of *Treasure Island* is thus very definitely drawn from California. Some stories still current about Monterey, moreover, indicate also that even a suggestion of the plot accompanied the setting. The buried treasure idea is of course as old as the time when men first thought of burying treasure; nevertheless, it is a coincidence that during Stevenson's stay at Monterey there should have appeared in the local paper the story of a treasure buried in the vicinity, and that later he should have written a similar story and used as his setting the Monterey Peninsula. Since he himself contributed to the paper and was a close friend of the editor, Stevenson must certainly have read the article along with the rest of the tiny paper, and in it, combined with the setting of Monterey, may well have been the scarcely conscious beginning of *Treasure Island*.

The tale is a rousing one, in itself apt Stevensonian material. There is gold spirited away from the northern mines, hot pursuit, a running fight at the river crossing, and finally treasure buried by night in a place marked by white stones.

Old Tom Allen at Monterey remembers the buried gold and Stevenson as well. One of his memories, in fact, brings the two into close connection. While rumor of the treasure was fresh, Tom was once hunting quail through the willows at Monterey and came upon a newly dug hole. Eagerly he kicked about, and to his disappointment uncovered—*one coin*. When we realize that Tom Allen has traded stories with Stevenson, who can fail to remember that other empty hole, the scramble of the mutineers in the bottom, and Morgan's oaths as he uncovers *one coin!*

Stevenson is called a romancer. A romancer he is indeed, but we must distinguish his methods from those producing the more common kind of fabulous story. Setting aside some youthful fantasies, we shall find Stevenson's stories always striving to attain the firmest possible basis

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of reality. To the intellect they may be fiction; to the imagination, veriest truth. The good romance, he seemed to feel, must like the good lie stick precisely to the bounds of experience as long as possible before boldly taking the leap into the unknown. To invent where experience would supply, apparently seemed to him not only useless strain upon his not always robust imagination, but also useless trifling with the reader's credence. *Treasure Island* is an example of his practice, for its almost incredible events take place against a background that is real and harmonious because drawn from the writer's own experience.

We can imagine Stevenson, his story freshly conceived, bending a moment over the map, pondering upon the scenery by which to lend life to its bare outlines. "Shall the island be English? Impossible—mutiny and murder cannot flourish in a landscape of lawns and hawthorn! France then? No, that also is too homelike. Shall it be based upon descriptions of tropical islands hazily remembered from books? No, that will be grotesque, and unconvincing. Then—I have it—California! A land real to me, but strange to my readers!" And a smile comes to the face as he remembers the wood congenial to murderers, the overtopping pine trees natural landmarks for pirates, and the never-ceasing surf that might haunt a man in dreams.

Treasure Island is lost. The bar silver will never be unearthed. For although the map has been reproduced, were not latitude and longitude most prudently "struck out by J. Hawkins"? The immortal part of the island is gone. Only some few earthly fragments are left us. Its surf has continued to boom not only in Jim's nightmares, but also around the veritable headlands of Monterey. And if you ever wander as far west as California, and if your reading of *Treasure Island* has made you sailor enough to take a bearing, look out north-north-west from the San Francisco ferry-boats. Then, as you pass between Goat Island and the Oakland moles, you will see on a clear day a dim, far-off, strangely shaped mountain—"cut off like a pedestal to set a statue on." That is all there is left on earth of Spy-Glass Hill!

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Many reasons combine to make it inevitable that the beginnings of art among any people should emphasize the ugly and repulsive. In the first place, art is almost always intimately associated with religion and among primitive people is apt to be used by the medicine men to overawe the indispensable but troublesome laity. As soon as a people begins to emerge from the dominion of fear and refuses to take seriously the bogies of its shamans, an art of beauty becomes possible. It is a lamentable fact, also, that it is easier to make an ugly object than a beautiful one. This is another reason why the cult of the ugly flourishes so widely among savages. It requires, unfortunately, very little skill on the part of the wood-carver to cut out a grotesque body and to crown it with a mis-shapen head with grinning jaws, snag teeth, bulging eyes, and elephantine ears. Moreover, the materials for such art need only be of the rudest sort, easily obtained and easily worked. At this stage of culture, a wide-awake lad of ten with a jack-knife and a pumpkin can found an art institute.

But these considerations seem quite inadequate to explain the cult of the ugly as it has flourished among highly civilized peoples in all ages of the world, and never more thrivingly than at the present time. Surely in the grotesque distortions that meet the eye in every gallery there is little intention of terrifying the laity. Also there seems to be little ground for assuming that the artist was incapable of more beautiful work, or that he was unable to provide himself with suitable materials and tools. The baleful noises that greet one at a symphony concert are probably not intended as a *memento mori* or as a foretaste of what one may expect in the next world who does not pay tribute to the medicine men of modern music. One picks up a volume of poems and is treated to a deliberately nauseating picture of a decaying carcass in a Mexican backyard; or a novel in which every effort is made to emphasize the sordid, unlovely phases of life; or a play in which

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the playwright has searched heaven and earth and coupled hell to discover and uncover unsavory situations. And these works are by well trained writers, probably capable of doing really beautiful things.

How may we account for this strange perversity of human nature that, knowing the good, the true, and the beautiful, deliberately chooses the bad, the false, and the ugly? Shall we resurrect the doctrine of total depravity, or shall we look for some other element in human psychology which tends to drive us along this sordid way toward the cultivation of the morbid? It is not possible any more to terrify the laity with frightful images: we have outgrown for the most part our respect for fire and brimstone sermons. But out of these old motives there has developed, perhaps, one which is still active in our more sophisticated age.

One can sometimes get a clue to things spiritual from things physical. We have all, I suppose, at some time in life, acquired a liking for things which at first filled us with horror. For myself, tomatoes, bananas, even green peas, were distasteful to me in my boyhood days. Every person has or has had his pet aversion. But the important thing for the present inquiry is the curious attitude we are apt to assume toward those who have not moved up to our high plane. We are inclined to take to ourselves vast credit for having done some clever thing and to look with scorn on those who are still in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. How superior I feel to the poor fellow who cannot bring himself to swallow a raw oyster! But I still loathe eggplant; and how humble I feel in the presence of one who can eat that dreadful vegetable with enjoyment! If I smoke tobacco I feel a sort of amused contempt for those who seem to be distressed by the aroma of my old pipe. If I do not smoke it is hard not to assume an apologetic air when I refuse a cigar. There is more race prejudice developed from the smell of garlic than some nations are aware of. It is hard for the European to believe in the brotherhood of man when he smells the things that some Orientals look upon as luxuries. But as soon as he has acquired a taste for kava, or can chew his betel-nut, or can dress his salad with decayed fish sauce, he becomes offensively patronizing toward the rest of the degenerate western hemisphere.

This queer twist in human nature may be responsible for much of the ugliness of art. We have such a glorious feeling of superiority who can stand entranced before a picture from which the unini-

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tiated turn in pain and bewilderment. Poor souls: they cannot rise to the sublime heights which we have attained! They cannot breathe the thin clear atmosphere in which we soar! They are timid little sparrows that nest among the meadow-grasses: we are eagles that nest among the crags—No, not buzzards! Eagles! We draw our cloak smugly about our eagle shoulders and stand serene contemplating the crags. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.* And the vulgar crowd stands respectfully and tries to admire our cosmic outlook. Some even endeavor to pretend that they, too, like decayed fish on their lettuce.

But in any vulgar crowd there will always be some stubborn soul who refuses to bow the knee to Baal; some unprogressive, unimaginative creature who refuses to see anything very real in your grotesqueries, and will even question whether some things are suitable subjects for the artist. Whereupon you will contend hotly that any subject is possible for the artist. (By "any subject" you will usually understand one subject; namely, sex.) Art is concerned with truth alone! Besides, everything is relative! (Blessed be Einstein!) There is no absolute beauty just as there is no absolute motion or absolute poison. Have not our medical men begun to appreciate the value of strychnine as a stimulant? We real artists are beginning to understand the stimulating value of those things which yesterday were considered deadly. Whereupon the outcries of the real artists ("Great is Diana of the Ephesians!") will likely distract attention from his mild contention that, speaking from a purely academic standpoint, perhaps there may be no such thing as absolute poison, but nevertheless there are certain pretty well-known substances that should be kept out of the reach of children ("Great is Diana of the Ephesians!") and he will go on to argue that if we were asked to paint a picture or write a poem giving in vivid detail all the circumstances of a case of seasickness we might admit that there were some subjects which are, to say the least, very difficult ("Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth!").

But numerous and voluble as these Ephesian silversmiths may be the stubborn apostle of the beautiful in art is not entirely suppressed. He is not even inclined to credit them with much originality. There is a plenty of plain speaking on difficult subjects from Homer down. In painting, the frank depiction of "any subject" is to be found among the Cro-Magnon cave-paintings.

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One should credit Aristophanes with some daring in the use of materials which might even go beyond O'Neill. The right to use "any subject" has never been denied the artist. It has been treated with convincing artistry even by such out-of-date Victorians as George Eliot and Nathaniel Hawthorne. But the blundering attempts of certain modern artists in dealing with it stand out in bold relief, perhaps, only because the Victorian blunders and blunderers are forgotten, as will soon be the blunders and blunderers of the present day.

But in the art of music this worship of the ugly is more subtle and more disturbing. In the literary and pictorial arts the subject can be chosen to horrify and disgust. In music (apart from the opera where the same methods can be and are used) descriptive powers are too limited to serve the purpose and recourse must be had to the ugly treatment of the material. One does not need to consider the wild "applied music" of the dance room, which has melody at least of a sort, and certainly rhythm, sometimes of a very interesting type. What is more momentous is the deliberately discordant, amorphous stuff that preponderates on our orchestra programs. Here the worshipers of Baal have us at their mercy. If one does not enjoy the ugly in literature one simply avoids reading the books of certain writers, and from the tone of the reviews one can usually tell in advance what to expect in a book. In an art gallery one can avoid those rooms where disgusting pictures are hanging and still be able to find a quiet corner where some artist has made a brave attempt to put something beautiful before us. But at a concert one cannot hear a Mozart or a Beethoven number except it be preceded and followed by a riot of noise. It is like going into a cathedral to worship only to have some coarse and vulgar soap-box orator rattle the venerable windows with his raucous voice.

It is difficult even for professional musical critics to preserve their philosophic calm in the face of this situation. Richard Aldrich gave up an honorable and respectable position as musical critic for the New York *Times* chiefly because, as he told Henry Finch, he could no longer endure the torture of listening to the preposterous cacophanies of the so-called futurists and modernists in music, and because of the boredom of writing about them. Henry Finch himself, "who naturally revels in [legitimate] dissonances" tells how he feels every time he listens to compositions by Schönberg and other German, French, and Italian "uglyfiers

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of music." "They torture my ears just as much as the dentist tortures my teeth." James Huneker wished himself miles away from Schönberg "who is the cruellest of all composers, for he mingles with his music sharp daggers at white heat with which he tears away tiny slices of his victim's flesh. Anon he twists the knife into the fresh wound and he receives another horrible thrill."*

And what of the players? They will tell you, many of them, that they cordially hate the formless numbers they have to provide. A prominent "composer" of this kind of noise confessed to me with a sort of pride that he had been unable to persuade a string quartette to play out of tune in a certain phrase. Such is the stubbornness of some players!

And what of the public? I turn to the lady on my left at the concert. "Oh, yes, I just love it! It is so modern and wild! You have to hear it many times before you begin to appreciate it, but if you keep on you will learn to like it!" I turn to the gentleman on my right. "Oh, yes, that last movement is simply wonderful! It is like a ride through the infernal regions! You will like it some day, if you don't get discouraged. Keep on!" And then I read in his eyes the same air of superiority that I find in the eyes of the man that can eat eggplant; and I suffer from the same inferiority complex. (*But just the same I loathe eggplant!*)

So it would be a mistake, I believe, to assume that the Thibetan gets no thrill of joy out of the monstrous images which are used in his religious ceremonies. In fact, I should be surprised, knowing what I do of the worship of the ugly in our own culture, if he did not gaze upon these masterpieces of horror with a sort of exaltation. I am willing to believe that there is nothing so vile in artistic conception, nothing so revolting to one's sense of proportion, nothing so flagrantly stupid and devoid of intrinsic beauty as to fail of devoted worshipers. It may be that the Thibetan looks at his grotesqueries through the mellow light of centuries and finds them no more revolting than we do the pictures and images which we set up in our own homes at the festival of All Halloween. It would have given our puritan ancestors a gasp of horror to find life-like representations of witches on broom-sticks rampant on the mantle place. Time softens all things, and in the end beautifies all things.

The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife.

Etude, January, 1925.

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It may be too much to hope that all of the hideous creations of modern art shall be consigned to oblivion, but at least we may be sure that the few things that escape the drifting sands of the passing centuries will be smoothed, softened, and subdued; transformed by legendry and song, even as the bleak lava is either covered or beautified by the presistent pioneering of the grass and flowers and trees. D. N. L.

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REVIEWS

Cicero and His Influence. By JOHN C. ROLFE. Boston, Marshall Jones Company.
Catullus and His Influence. By KARL POMEROY HARRINGTON. Boston, Marshall Jones Company.

These are two volumes of a series published under the rubric *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*, which is designed to give some idea of the life, works, and personality of outstanding Greeks and Romans, together with a brief survey of the history of their influence down to the present time.

Cicero and His Influence.—This is a very large subject, and Professor Rolfe does not discuss at all Cicero as a philosopher, this topic being reserved for a separate volume. The series in general is not designed for the specialist, but for the many who have some interest in things classical, though they lack the time or inclination to make a first-hand acquaintance with the sources. This audience the author has in mind throughout, and he does not profess to contribute new material.

It is an exceedingly difficult thing to appraise Cicero fairly. His was a sanguine and nervous temperament; at one time he is in a frame of exalted happiness because of some trifle, at another he is in the depths of woe. His comprehensive mind took in all aspects of a situation, making it difficult for him to come to a decision on important matters. Consequently he sometimes appears almost craven, while again, on occasion, he exhibits the loftiest courage and devotion, with periods between where his conduct is marked by vacillation and indecision. Judgment upon such a complexity cannot be compressed into one adjective.

Cicero is put at a decided disadvantage by the fact that his voluminous correspondence was eventually given to the public, evidently with little censoring. Toward the close of his life he speaks of a plan to publish a few letters, doubtless those which he regarded as best, mentioning that there are seventy such on hand. So far as known, this plan was never carried out. The letters actually published by his executors must have numbered far more than a thousand. About eight hundred are still extant, and we know the titles of several lost books.

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Of the letters which have survived, about one-half are addressed to Titus Pomponius Atticus, Cicero's most intimate friend, to whom he writes utterly without reserve, recording each doubt and fear, and revealing every indecision and motive, creditable or otherwise. Under these circumstances, a detractor of Cicero can easily find an abundance of material ready to his hand; and Professor Rolfe's book is confessedly a defence. He is particularly anxious to correct an impression that might readily be gained from a perusal of the orations gainst Catiline, supplemented perhaps by a few of the most doleful letters from exile.

However the matter is viewed, it must be admitted that the Catilinarian episode does not redound wholly to Cicero's credit; and it would seem that the orator's speciousness has imposed a little upon Professor Rolfe himself.

Certainly the conspiracy of Catiline was no such great matter as Cicero represents it both at the time and in his subsequent writing. This is indicated by the fact that when Catiline went out to take command of the 'army' of his adherents, he finally mustered a motley throng of malcontents, indifferently armed, and numbering eight thousand, a great part of whom deserted before the fight at Pistoria in which Catiline fell. Surely victory in such a 'war' was not an overwhelming triumph. Of course, it was not known at first just how wide were the ramifications of the conspiracy, and Catiline's chances in the field (such as they were) suffered a setback as a result of the summary execution of the conspirators arrested in the city. Still it seems not to have been so much a question of danger to the state as it was a chance for someone to win 'glory.' Even Pompey, far away in the East, was trying to secure his own recall that he might 'save the state'; and Caesar was hovering in the background, weighing the chances. This particular bit of 'glory' the *novus homo* wanted for himself, and he was much concerned lest matters should not come to a head during his consulship, which was now drawing to a close. Perhaps he was as much alarmed for the safety of the state as he claims; but it looks much more as though the hope of fame was a controlling motive.

If this is true, it sheds a very unpleasing light upon this point in Cicero's career. By nature he was a man of generous and mild disposition; and there is almost a suggestion of bloodthirstiness in his eagerness to clinch matters by hurrying to their doom the conspirators caught in the city.

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In the discussion of Cicero as an advocate, Professor Rolfe rather slurs over some things that must be taken into account in any unprejudiced discussion of the subject. Cicero admits frankly that what he says in certain speeches is not to be taken as an indication of his real sentiments. In cold blood he makes the statement that it is a lawyer's business to win his case, adding that some falsification is to be condoned in attaining this desired end. With him, circumstances often very much altered cases. After his fiery denunciation of Catiline, it is instructive to read what he has to say about that unspeakable monster when he is called upon to defend Caelius, who at one time had had dealings with Catiline. It would surprise some to learn that Catiline was so charming a gentleman that he was irresistibly attractive to young men (including Caelius) and that he (Cicero) at one time was almost deceived as to his real character!

With speeches that in themselves might well convict his client, Cicero yet won many a victory by misrepresenting facts, by clouding the issue, by false logic, by browbeating witnesses, and by holding the opposition up to ridicule. To the modern reader it hardly clears Cicero's reputation in this respect to be reminded that pleaders of today sometimes are not more scrupulous.

But there is another aspect of this matter which Professor Rolfe does not touch at all. Cicero and other ancients have frequently been judged by persons whose attitude of mind is consciously or unconsciously influenced by certain religious beliefs. Acceptance of the doctrine of immortality and a belief in future retribution have for ages exercised a controlling influence upon the conduct of men. It is instructive in the twentieth century to note the change that is coming about in manners and morals through decay of traditional faith on these points. Cicero cherished a mild hope of a future life, but he certainly had no sustaining faith in the doctrine of immortality; still less did he believe in the stories of torment in the Lower World. Lacking such an anchor and deterrent, the wonder is, not that the ancients went wrong at times, but rather that men like Cicero maintained as high a plane of morality as they did. Their conduct bears strong testimony to the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

It was unfortunate for Cicero that he made the very common mistake of regarding most highly his accomplishments in fields in which he was least successful, namely, politics and the writing of

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poetry. But viewing his case in the large, most of us who know him best will agree with Professor Rolfe that Cicero must be regarded as one of the great figures of all time.

He was a genial gentleman, a model for the young men of his day, a kind father, a poor hater, a consistent lover of his country, a merciful administrator among foreigners who were usually regarded as legitimate prey, and the author of treatises which bid fair to endure as long as the earth shall last, and which up to the present era have exerted an uplifting and formative influence. His position is secure, whatever detractors may say.

In presenting his case, Professor Rolfe manages to bring in rather cleverly reference to various questions of the present day, such as the value of cultural education as opposed to the purely vocational type, and the choice of an international auxiliary language.

His book can be read in a couple of hours, and will be found helpful by the general reader who desires a brief survey of the subject. There are some slips, evidently due to haste. Thus the author did not say just what he meant at the top of page 110: "Cicero's influence upon his countrymen began immediately after his death"; and some limitation surely should be put upon the statement beginning at the end of page 89, where it reads that Cicero made of an Italic dialect a world language "which has exerted a powerful influence upon all modern tongues of Indo-European descent." On page 94 the substitution of "former" for "latter" carries the death of Tullia back to the time of the first triumvirate. In the Bibliography, the name Petersson is given as Petersen.

Catullus and His Influence.—Catullus is a person only casually mentioned by other Roman writers, and what we know of him has to be learned almost entirely from the internal evidence of a group of his poems numbering slightly over a hundred, many of them not more than four verses long.

This paucity of material is to some degree offset by the fact that Catullus is one of the most self-revealing of poets. His writings have to do largely with his own personal experiences, and his thought fairly burns as he puts it upon paper; the reader loses all consciousness that the writer is shackled by the requirements of quantitative meters.

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In his opening chapter, Catullus the Man, Professor Harrington is perhaps most successful in realizing the general purpose of the series. He allows his imagination some rein, and writes with a sprightliness that must excite the interest even of those who are not acquainted with the subject.

However, this tendency runs over into flippancy at times; and some of the slang phrases and colloquialisms found here and elsewhere in the volume seem rather out of place in a book of this character. So "arrived back" (9), "up in Verona" (11), "swiped," "thank their lucky stars" (22), "at this stage of the game" (30), "fascinatress" (36), "called his bluff" (57), "Ausonius down in the fourth century" (75), "drew anything whatever direct from Catullian sources," "numerous quotations have been detected to show" (95), "the new enthusiasm over Catullus" (108). His choice of words, too, is peculiar in places; e.g., "how well he knew the originals is palpable from such verses as these" (144), "three distinct translations of select poems of Catullus" (217).

In general, Professor Harrington's sentences flow along smoothly, except for a tendency to more or less abrupt parenthetic structure that appears everywhere in the book. This is not so disconcerting in short phrases, e.g., "There are really only twenty-odd, mostly short, poems which deal directly with the love of Catullus" (52); but the effect is unfortunate in a long sentence:

> "How much did the new metrical structure which was raised in Italy and France and copied all over Europe, with its sonnet, canzonet, madrigal, and all those refinements of metrical form, owe to this medieval accentual poetry?" (121).

So also 76 fin., 116 init., 133 fin.

With the second chapter of the volume, *Catullus the Poet*, the initial tide of the writer's enthusiasm ebbs a little, and the exposition is rather commonplace and statistical. In the discussion of the diction of the poet he is apt to say either too much or too little. Thus it is stated of the use of diminutives: "There are nearly half a hundred nouns of this class . . . . to say nothing of experiments in the same line on verbs" (63); so, again, "The intensity of the man is amply emphasized by merely observing the formidable list of his compound verbs" (64).

This chapter naturally presents translation of some of the most admired poems of Catullus; but here, and in other chapters, only one side of the poet's activity is fairly represented. If it is desired to portray an idealized Catullus who never existed, well and good;

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but the darker colors of his life cannot be discreetly cloaked, as here, if the reader is to know him as he was.

Catullus was a bright young fellow from the province, who arrived at Rome with money in his pocket, and plunged with never a care into the wild whirl of the high life of the capital city. His supremely great adventure was an intrigue with a married woman, for whose duped husband he expresses unmeasured contempt. To the relations of Catullus with the boy Juventius, Professor Harrington hardly refers.

It is true that Catullus was a rare poet, and in much of his work there is the touch of real genius. On occasion there is melting sweetness in his words; but it should not be forgotten that, for the people he did not like, he poured out vitriolic vituperation in language unfit for publication. The reviewer does not at all share Professor Harrington's feeling (63) that Catullus never goes out of his way to bring in indecencies; the reverse is only too easy to prove.

Of course it is the fashion to condone moral lapses in a person of genius or a scion of royalty; but, though it is the fashion, it is not right. And, while it is true that the good which a man does lives after him, it is quite as true that the evil also has its aftermath.

Catullus provided a source of pure inspiration for generations following; but he also contributed liberally to an unsavory stream that grew to a torrent in Martial, and then went cascading down through the centuries, carrying defilement everywhere in its train.

To one who reads discriminatingly it is clear enough that Professor Harrington is well aware of all this; but as in subsequent chapters he proceeds to follow the influence of Catullus down through the years, he holds very carefully to one side of the tradition, with just a glancing reference here and there to what he is suppressing (159, 185, 188).

Here he may well have our sympathy; for it would be difficult indeed to do justice to this subject without transcending the limits of decorum. But his reticence certainly gives a one-sided view of Catullus, especially as this aspect of the case is all but ignored in the conclusion at the end of the discussion.

The later chapters of this particular volume suggest some of the practical difficulties that are encountered in carrying out the general plan of the series. Aside from the bar to frank treatment just noted, the discussion of Latin authors naturally is assigned to college teachers of Latin, who generally are better informed as to

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the antecedents of their authors than they are with regard to their influence upon later ages.

Here Professor Harrington acquits himself well; but, in avoiding Scylla, he falls into Charybdis. Far from lacking material for the chapters on the Middle Ages onward, he has to apologize frequently for failure to incorporate all that is available. Yet, even so, numerous pages will appear to the general reader as a mere medley of unfamiliar names and titles; and to many the imitations of Catullus in French, German, or other foreign tongue will be little more luminous.

Students of literature may find here much to interest them; but for the general reader the chief attraction of the book will lie in the first two or three chapters. H. C. NUTTING.

A History of the Pharaohs. Vol. 1. *The First Eleven Dynasties.* By WEIGALL, ARTHUR. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1925.

Mr. Weigall has undertaken to solve the knotty problem of a reconstruction of the chronology of Egyptian history on the basis of the Palermo Stone fragments with the additional help of the Turin Papyrus and other King-lists.

The problem was approached with two considerations in mind: the space-lengths of each year as recorded on the Palermo Stone fragments; and the fact that the variance of the size of the year-spaces seemed to imply that the scribe had intended to fit a definite amount of material into each register, and not to allow one reign to run on from one to the next register, and the further fact that the *Annals* began with the second register (the first register giving only the names of the predecessors of Menes). Operating at first on the assumption that Manetho's figures for the reign of Menes and his successor were correct (i.e., 62 and 57 years, respectively), the author also assumed that the second register comprehended the total length of these two reigns, i.e., 119 years. The Palermo Stone, moreover, marks on its obverse the end of a reign, which Weigall took for that of Menes. Experimenting at first on this somewhat mechanical basis he arrived at results which seem to the reviewer perfectly sound and which are fitting in well with the other material we possess for a reconstruction of the Egyptian line of kings for the first 750 to 770 years of Egyptian history after Menes.

The reconstruction also attests the correctness of the Turin Papyrus as against the Manethonian figures (except for the latter's

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total of the First Dynasty and in regard to the lengths of the reigns of some of the earlier kings). Other important results are the outflow of Weigall's intensive chronological studies. Menes' accession date is now fixed at 3407 B.C. as against Breasted's figure of 3400, the Cambridge History's 3500, and Petrie's 5546. Where previously much uncertainty has reigned, Weigall's keen and penetrating investigations have established certainty, and we are now able "to look to the history of the Nile Valley, as a clear uninterrupted line, carrying our vision straight back through the confused ages of the remote Past, without hindrances and without serious uncertainties, to the very beginning of written records."

It is interesting, in this connection, to turn our attention to Babylonia and to the state of affairs in regard to chronology in this country prior to the Amorite Dynasty. Later Babylonian tradition fixes the date of Naram-Sin as 3750 B.C., which figure modern scholars have reduced by a thousand years. The date of what to us at present marks the beginning of the historical period in Babylonia, i.e., the dynasty of Ur, according to later Babylonian tradition, is fixed at about 3900 B.C. Yet it is not until *ca.* 3250 B.C., according to the chronology recently adopted by Assyriologists, that we meet with a real historical figure which has flesh and bone for us, namely, Mesilim of the second dynasty of Kish. Prior to him, all is still hazy, and contains, no doubt, much legendary material. In view of the present situation in the extremely complicated chronology of Babylonia, scholars will probably, if only for pedagogical reasons, follow Weigall's results, and "the long and astonishing sequence of fixed dates will have the immediate effect of causing Egyptian chronology to be regarded as the firm backbone of the study of all the ancient civilizations of the Eastern Mediterranean."

While Weigall's successful accomplishment of his task of establishing the chronology of Egypt on a firm basis receives the reviewer's unrestricted praise, on many details he is out of agreement with the author, especially in respect to the reconstruction of the period before the First Dynasty. Of course, most of this reconstruction is based on combinations which often amount to no more than guesses. But if the author had approached his subject from a wider angle, sketching the activities of paleolithic and neolithic man in the Near Eastern area in general and of Egypt in particular down to the formation of the various city-states which at the dawn of history had merged into a restricted number of

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kingdoms, a more comprehensive background would have been secured for his subsequent discussion. He would, at the same time, have been impressed by the fact that his own reconstruction of this period is not quite so well founded as his presentation would make the reader believe.

The comprehensive treatment of each individual reign, for which the author marshals all the known data (historical, archeological, and otherwise) makes the book a treasure-house of quickly available information and a valuable reference work for students engaged in the study of the history of Egypt, or of the Near East as a whole.

Minor points that strike one as rather uncritical appear here and there, as for instance, the apodictic statement that the title of the king of Lower Egypt is to be read Bya, and, according to Weigall, was formerly misread Biti or Bati, while the title of the king of Upper Egypt is read Insi, where again Weigall makes the statement that it was formerly misread Suten or Seten. Such statements leave the impression that Weigall has discovered the correct pronunciation of these names. But the cuneiform renderings of these titles make it, on the other hand, more probable that the titles were pronounced enset-byati. The word "Pharaoh" is still explained as meaning "the Great House," but the explanation which Weigall gives is somewhat different from the customary one; he imports into it the sense of "the great hereditary proprietor." The explanation which I gave last year in the *American Anthropologist* (vol. 26, pp. 435 ff.) may, of course, not have been known to Weigall. My interpretation of the title as meaning "the great offspring, the great scion, the great son," in view of what is known from elsewhere in the Near East at a period more nearly contemporaneous with that when the title "Pharaoh" was for the first time used in Egypt, is more in harmony with the trend of development that kingship took in Egypt.

A little thought given to the actual conditions in which we find the dwellers of the Eastern Desert at a much later period would have excluded as quite improbable, the author's comments on the people of On or Heliopolis. To him it appears that the Trogodytes of Syria and of the Eastern Desert of Egypt are of Semitic stock, but this is most certainly wrong. The foundation of Heliopolis by Semitic peoples is generally accepted.

Nevertheless, though one may be at odds with the author on many questions discussed in the various reigns (as, for instance,

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his discussion of Khenti Athuthi, pp. 109 ff.), he has written an interesting book, filled with valuable information. All in all, the volume is a serious work which is heartily to be welcomed, and to its author are due the thanks of all those who profit from its perusal. H. F. LUTZ.

Robert Browning: Humanist. By ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT. The Dial Press, 1925.

This snug little volume proves to be "A Selection from Browning's Poetry, with an Introduction and Bibliographical Note." Since another Browning anthology is about the last thing the world is in need of, its superfluity must be justified by something new either in principle of choice or prefatory information and analysis. Mr. Compton-Rickett's offering wins on both these counts, besides being a member of a series, *The Fireside Library*.

The system of presentation is, however, more interesting for its novelty than satisfying by its logic. As a topical outline, it provokes many a question as to inclusions, locations, omissions. Some of the biographical statements also prick one to retort. The poet's "insensitiveness to criticism," for instance!

But these are more than offset by one great virtue of restraint. There is no prating about Browning's optimism, robust or otherwise. The writer gives a shrewd diagnosis of Browning's buoyancy and lets it go at that.

The Introductory Essay is informal in style, sufficiently comprehensive for the general reader, and, with the illustrative verses, makes a cozy readable book. It is the best of its type for a gift book, and admirably fulfils its editor's design in being an entertaining fireside companion. FRANCES THERESA RUSSELL.

China's New Nationalism and Other Essays. By HARLEY FARNSWORTH MACNAIR, Ph.D., Commercial Press Limited, Shanghai, China. 1925. xi and 398 pp.

This is a volume of essays that had appeared at various times in the *China Weekly Review* and other periodical publications. Dr. MacNair speaks of them as "attempts at interpretation of certain aspects of old and new China." They were written, he tells us, "with two types of reader in mind; Chinese students and those foreigners who are not too well acquainted with modern China." That use of the word, "foreigners," marks him as a resident of China, where Americans and Europeans are accustomed to designate themselves in this manner as distinct from the

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native inhabitants. Dr. MacNair is in fact a professor in St. John's University at Shanghai, a missionary institution, maintained by the American Episcopal Church.

The chapters deal with a variety of topics and are written in a lucid and interesting style. Some were called out by events of only passing importance, yet in their treatment the author brings to our attention motives and conduct that show him to be a careful observer and possessed of a first-hand acquaintance with the racial traits of the Chinese. His attitude toward the New China is sympathetic, yet it is free from mushy sentimentalism. He is not blind to the faults of the Chinese, whether those of the old mandarindom or those of the returned students, but his criticism aims to be helpful. There are some Europeans and Americans who never see anything good in China. When the Manchus were in power, they complained that China was too conservative and would not be modernized. Now that China is a republic and modernized students are leading the way in an endeavor to make China a modern state, the same critics complain that the good old days are gone and sigh for the old-fashioned type of a Chinese mandarin. Dr. MacNair is very fair to old and new. The chapter that gives the volume its title, "China's New Nationalism," deals with the present condition of affairs in China that is causing so much grave concern to all the foreign offices of the world. The author recalls the well-known fact that patriotism as understood in the West was practically unknown in the China of the last century. Chinese in one part of the empire did not hesitate to assist the Europeans who were invading another part. In fact there was patriotism of a sort, but it was parochial or at most only provincial. Today a great change is evident; there is an intense feeling of nationalism that at times manifests itself in conduct that is quite offensive to the foreign resident. But, as Dr. MacNair observes, "even an aggressive and bumptious spirit of nationalism is preferable to a spineless and jellylike spirit of cowardly acquiescence, or hopeless pessimism." We are reminded, moreover, of a truth that we are apt to overlook, that "modern education introduced into and maintained in China almost exclusively by Westerners, chiefly missionaries, is responsible more than any other one factor for the development of the feeling of nationalism." Young China will make mistakes, no doubt, and the movement may be mistaken for "anti-Westernism, anti-foreignism, anti-Christianism—all of which are likely to be phases

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of a many-mooded movement. But nationalism is bigger and broader than any or all of these and from its development much is to be expected of an encouraging rather than of a discouraging nature."

In the chapter on "China and the Man of Destiny Idea," a contrast is made between the appearance of dictators, like Mussolini in Italy, Primo de Rivera in Spain and Mustafa Kemal Pasha in Turkey, and the want of any such great leader or "Man of Destiny" in the turbulent China of today. The chapter was written in 1923 before the appearance of Tuan Chih-jui as Dictator in Peking, placed there by the bayonets of two rival generals, Feng Yu-hsiang and Chang Tso-lin. Still Dr. MacNair is right; Tuan is not a man of destiny, and, sitting between the bayonets of two opposing armies, he must be quite uncomfortable. But it is too early to say that the "Man on Horseback" will not appear in China. In fact there are apparently several candidates for that position in the background even now. The reviewer has faith in the Republic, but prophecy is unsafe.

Other chapters of interest in the volume are those that deal with "Some Asian Views of White Culture," "The Abacus Mind," "Some Causes of Banditry," "The Background of Oriental Exclusion," "Famine Relief at Work," and "Political Tendencies at Work." E. T. W.

Christchurch. By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.
The Janitor's Boy. By NATHALIA CRANE.
New York, Thomas Seltzer.

Now that innovation in contemporary poetry is ceasing to be inevitably synonymous with further liberation of the much-succored damsel Verse from her metrical bondage, one looks with interest for portents by which to forecast the next trend of literary adventuring. From a number of diverse indications one can venture to predicate a single characteristic that in one way or another comes to stand out as the one positive quality held in common by the newest poetry of significance; namely, the characteristic of simplicity. The terse lilting poignancy of Edna Millay in America, the bucolic placidity of Edmund Blunden in England, are examples of this unanimity in diversity; and two recent books which the accidents of reviewing bring together in the present article illustrate very aptly two converse manifestations of the same tendency. Robert P. Tristram Coffin in *Christchurch*

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shows the essentially cultured mind of a scholar investing itself in the childlike simplicity of Saxon England; Nathalia Crane in *The Janitor's Boy* shows the essentially simple mind of a child investing itself in the scholarly culture of the twentieth century. The element of simplicity is the one common factor, although in one poet it is an assiduously encouraged effect and in the other it is a subconscious endowment. Is there any necessity of proclaiming which is the more attractive to the casual reader?

Mr. Coffin exemplifies that interesting phenomenon, the American who falls under the spell of the Old World whence his lineage is sprung. Apart from certain stories by Henry James and Rudyard Kipling, the reactions of such penitent prodigals have been seldom recorded, and Mr. Coffin represents a distinct type—the Rhodes scholar. Just as one would expect, it is the "Gothic" architecture and its connotations which have entered his soul, and he responds to the stimulus with satisfying thoroughness. One feels that he has laid a wager to write in a vocabulary with an irreducible minimum of non-Saxon words, and in his subject-matter the procession of monks and saints threatens monotony. Too frequently one doubts whether the gain in freshness and unsophistication compensates for phrases that are harsh or awkward to modern ears, as in *Caedmon* and *Good Friday Song:*

Christ was dead last eve they said,
  And kneaded 'gainst the morrow
The dough to toast for Friday's Host,
  The token of men's sorrow.
When 'twas done—who buys a bun?—
  Five-and-twenty horses
Could scarcely pull the trays still full
  For buns with holy crosses.

But there are many stanzas in the brief volume which fully justify themselves by an ingenuous purity of depiction:

The moon came sweetly up behind
  And haloed Brandan's hair,
It lay on far off waves as if
  Angels were brooding there.
And after moon the morning star
  Flew up dew-white with day,
And to the holy tired Saint
  It sang, and flew away.

Such passages have a trace of the glamour which makes *The Ancient Mariner* not so much a poem as a magic spell.

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Miss Crane is something of a phenomenon too, and more likely to be hailed as such than Mr. Coffin, for it is difficult to consider her poems apart from the fact that they were written about the age of ten. And after all it is proper to comment on that fact, provided the right attitude is maintained. There is no literary profit to be gained by exclaiming in amazement at the eclectic vocabulary, the exotic allusions, the mature metrical sense revealed by so young a poet; but there is a genuine importance in recognizing that the quality which gives the poems their indisputable charm is a quality that can be defined only as essentially youthful. Our admiration is not simply for the rich color and glitter of the magic hoard of words that Nathalia Crane has stumbled on; it is rather for the jubilant and lavish ecstasy in which she scatters them. No writer who had gone through the usual discipline would dare to revel in such exuberant alliteration, to juxtapose flippant humor with luminously beautiful phrases, to pour gorgeous image after image without a qualm as to congruity. We can only accept as a unique gift of nature this poet who can bring to bear a child's perceptions upon the whole assortment of fact and fancy, science and literature, that constitutes our present-day mental furniture; and we can profit by observing the strange unfamiliarity of things which have figured in our newspapers every day, the unexpected potentialities of romance in so much that we accept as commonplace. Heretofore the child's unspoiled keenness of reaction to everything has found its way into literature only by means of the laborious reconstruction of youthful impressions by mature writers; but now it has become literature by direct transmutation, and in that fact lies the entire novelty of these poems. The thought which Nathalia Crane extracts from a subject is always unexpected, for it is not based on the associative processes which come from experience: occasionally her interpretation seems merely whimsical, at other times it approaches the apocalyptic, but it is always incalculable. In *The Dinosaurs' Eggs* she points with startling penetration to the commentary on evolution implied by the survival of delicate things at the expense of monsters, and her allusive, condensed style enables her to present the idea vividly yet simply in a few suggestive images. *The Blind Girl* goes unerringly to the heart of its theme by direct insight:

> In the darkness who would cavil o'er the question of a line,
> Since the darkness holds all loveliness, beyond the mere design.

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Such poems as *The Vestal* and *My Husbands* have the concise, aloof irony of Emily Dickinson, others have a fuller dignity of music:

> The sun shall shine in ages yet to be,
> The musing moon illumine pastures dim,
> And afterward a new nativity
> For all who slept the dreamless interim. . . .
> When you return, the youngest of the seers,
> Released from fetters of ancestral pose,
> There will be beauty waiting down the years—
> Revisions of the ruby and the rose.

Others, again, show the more rollicking method of Kipling—who is the only literary influence that can be definitely felt in the young poet's technique—but the perpetual freshness in the usage of words, as well as in what they express, prevents any of the poems from seeming derivative. With the serene certainty and self-confidence of a child in its world of make-believe, with refreshing delight in every word and rhythm and allusion, Nathalia Crane proves that the commonplaces of our jaded civilization can be as fascinating as a new Eden to a new Adam (or Eve) when interpreted by childhood's wise simplicity. LIONEL STEVENSON.

Century Readings in Ancient Classical and Modern European Literature. Edited by J. W. CUNLIFFE, D.Litt., and GRANT SHOWERMAN, Ph.D. The Century Company, New York, 1925. Single volume edition $5.00; 2-volume edition $3.75 a volume.

When a book such as the *Century Readings in Ancient Classical and Modern European Literature* is laid upon the reviewer's table he is tempted, after satisfying himself that there is within its sober covers something better than a thousand pages of double-column legible print and after taking a peep toward the end, the middle and the beginning, to dismiss the volume with a sigh and a grand word—the latter an after-thought. Really one has no call to read it through; to go at it consecutively would be merely to mess up one's state of mind; and so one is tempted, as I say, to dismiss it, with a polite recognition of the industry of the compilers, to take its place weightily upon the burdened shelves which support what (since they are unread) merely pass for books.

But conscience will not permit so light a release of the solemn duty of publicity. There is augustness in the very gathering together of so many sounding names—not of the editors (who are,

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however, honorable scholars), but let us say (though this is not quite true either) of all the great and renowned of literary time.

I am sorry that I am not a man of letters, or at least a pedagogue in literature, for the occasion; for then, I doubt not, I should be relieved of uncertainty. But it is no fault of mine if a miscalculating editor has committed to a philosopher a task which should fall to the more supple intelligence. Being, however, professionally such as I am and obedient to the editorial injunction, I am at once set to ask in what purposive domain such an anthology by formula and by nature falls. The answer by formula is easy, for it is given by way of preface. The book is for American youth who are to be kept by it "in touch with those literary resources of the past which form so great a part of the intellectual and artistic life of the present."

The problem of course is how to induce said youth to immerse his lips in Castalian springs and Heliconian fountains, to say nothing of Evian, Fiuggi, Hunyadi, and more adulterate waters (since modern letters flow with the ancient), once he is brought to the brink. But as this has to do with the apparatus of the pedagogue, it is none of our affair. What lies with the philosopher is, no doubt, the definition by nature, and anent this the mind is left in a whirl of questions, most of them old and unsettled. For example, we open the book to rhymed pentameter couplets done by Eighteenth-century worthies in the name of Homer, and chance leads the eye to—

> His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
> The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep
> Gambol around him on the watery way,
> And heavy whales in awkward measures play . . . .

Or, of the Cyclops—

> His ample maw with human carnage filled,
> A milky deluge next the giant swilled . . . .

All, a fair preparation for what purports to be Vergil's

> . . . . furious Dido, with dark thoughts involved,
> Shook at the mighty mischief she resolved . . . . *etc., ad fin.*

Such things surely should be returned to the dust from which nothing but a mistaken piety can have resurrected them; but whether it is some tangle about publisher's rights in better translations (if there be such), or some native predilection of the editors for tasty artifice, or the delusion that our "classical" has a genuinely

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antique flavor, or all combining, the haplessness of setting before our youngsters this for their drink is only one fall out of the many that are due to him who counts on tripping up poetry in another tongue. Lyric and dramatic, ancient and modern, all come out alike drab and dragging, and one gives it up with the renewed certainty that it cannot be done: poetry is untranslatable, and is generally killed in reputation by the effort. There are to be sure a half-dozen shining exceptions, a thin garland but precious, and here and there a poem bettered in our tongue; but for a Pindar, say, it were far better he were left a mystery than that any should essay to find him in remote speech.

Common sense, always comforting, answers with the obvious that it is out of question,—or for that, out of desire,—that American youth should master Greek and Latin, along with three principal and five secondary European languages, for the sake of books, many of which would lie unread if first written in English; and common sense would add that what might go for a passing acquaintance, putting a touch of moist humanity into otherwise desiccated names, can be obtained from such expedient sources as the *Readings*. In answer to which comes the not unnatural doubt if the interests of letters should be not better served by, let us say, such mastery of some one foreign tongue (having a respectable literature) as shall enable our contemplated youth to really grasp that fact of untranslatability, which is so often asserted and so seldom believed. At any rate, for one bred in the English I should say that he will get far nearer to the classics through those poems—epic, dramatic, lyric,—which derive their inspiration from Greek form and spirit than from those which essay to do them over into a transliteral dress. "Samson Agonistes" is surely more Greek than Plumptre's "Oedipus," and not only Milton, but Shelley and Landor and Swinburne give us more that is Hellenic than can any body of pedestrian texts. If anywhere, it is in the English poetry of men who love their classics that this portion of the past enters into our intellectual and artistic life in the only sense that counts. And for the rest, the less ambitious youth may be consoled with the assurance that their natal fortune has given them a tongue which, taking into account all the kinds, in itself contains such a splendor of poetic literature that he who knows it need feel no discomfort in keeping silence when others are in mention.

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The case of the prose is naturally more favorable, for where the aim of the prose-writer is more the expression of thought than the art of persuasion, his work is in a generous degree translatable. The *Readings* provide a liberal menu, with portions from many writers; and while most of them are in the nature of relishes and entrées, rather than solid dishes, this is to be laid to no man's fault, but only to those restrictions which the maker of an anthology assumes with his task. One gets far more a sense of being in the presence of literature from the prose, although here too (since cavil one must) the heart of it is taken out, not as a consequence of translation, but because of abridgment. For when one takes in fragments an author whose work is a really architectural achievement, judging him by an arch here and a pilaster there, the thing that makes of his book a book is gone. The essayist comes fairly well out of it, for his thought is frequently turned to the tid-bits; but your novelist, your historian, your philosopher,—who among them invites being taken piecemeal? It is a crime against Plato to portray him in mere wreckage from his dialogues; and I am led to suspect, when I see Descartes omitted from a French section which includes Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Montesquieu, Voltaire, that it is Descartes's architectural unity and the reach and grasp of his thought that has found for him this honorable neglect. Of course, there is the after-fact, too, that for us philosophers your man of letters-polite shows an unfathomable ability, where modern times are concerned, to set beyond his boundaries the solidest in human thinking. It is as if he had never come face-to with the fact that it is thought alone that makes letters great.

I suppose to complete this reviewer's bit something ought to be said of the selective genius of the editors. But this is really a task for the psychologist or the tyro, and not being the one and hoping not to be recognized for the other, the most I can say is that eminent names are joined in an eminent number, and that the chances of any enterprise are many. As for "American youth," whether when put through such a course, they will issue with an exalted idea of the doman of letters or with the cocky contempt for it of one who, having performed the stunt, now reckons himself securely among the knowing—as to this Allah alone may foresee.

H. ALEXANDER.

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FROM SHAW TO — SHAW

The Twentieth Century Theatre. By FRANK VERNON. Boston, Houghton Mifflin.

Instead of quarreling about their relative merits, we ought to be grateful to the Olympian Master of the Revels that the English theater has seen two epochs of very great glory. The first began when the gigantic Edward Alleyn stalked down the boards of some forgotten inn-yard or "playing place" to thunder for the first time the tremendous blank verse of *Tamburlaine.* The second, says Mr. Vernon, was ushered in by *Widowers' Houses* at the Royalty in 1892. Unless we accept the heresies of Mr. J. M. Robertson, Marlowe's mighty line was to reverberate in but three more plays before he met the death lately explained by Mr. Hotson's happy union of good luck with research intelligence of the first order: before he died like a dog in Deptford, his fame already on the point of eclipse behind the increasing stature of an uncolleged youngster from Warwickshire.

From the vantage point of three elapsed centuries we look back to see that figure dwarfing all its contemporaries; but to the spacious times in which Shakespeare lived his fifty years and wrote his twenty, he was but one luminary in a galaxy shining and numerous. Has a similar fate been allotted to the illustrious company that have made the period described in Mr. Vernon's book second only to the Elizabethan in dramatic splendor? However the critics of 2226 may conclude, there can be little question that Bernard Shaw comes by the starting post for his tercentenary race far more definitely ahead of the field than Shakespeare was in 1610.

There is also this other difference. If the first era began with Marlowe, it ended with Massinger. The closing of the theaters in 1642 was the merest incident, and had scarcely more effect on the course of English drama than the closing in 1666, when the Plague proved only less pestiferous than the Puritans. But the final date of the second outburst cannot yet be fixed: perhaps it was 1915. On this point Mr. Vernon writes with some bitterness, heading one vigorous chapter "The Theatre of the Flappers." Must we add the collapse of the drama to the long list of fine things killed by the Great War? One cannot yet be sure; but there is no question about the survival of a few, at least, of the elder chieftains. At their head Shaw still goes marching on—as it

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was in the beginning. Will he turn out to be omega as well as alpha, and will the date of his last production (*absit in perpetuo!*) mark the beginning of another of those hopelessly barren expanses which form the most consistent feature in the long landscape of English dramatic history?

It may well prove so; for the young men are not coming forward. The most promising of them, Mr. A. A. Milne, remains after half a dozen full length dramas, still only promising. He has here and there shown positive genius in detail, but he has yet to display it in extensive construction. I believe he may, though Mr. Vernon seems doubtful. And if the now mysteriously thrilling name of Eugene O'Neill at once occurs, I have in all sorrow to refer to a ten-page chapter on "The Pressure of America," where Mr. Vernon points out, in effect, that one shining swallow does not make a dramatic season, and that Mr. O'Neill is the exception proving Mr. Vernon's rule that Americans excel Europeans in making deftly plays not much worth making. "France was," he points out, "England never was, and America is, the home of the well-made play. America is also the home of Mr. Ford: and that has its relevance. So have these words of Anatole France—'Be sure a single beautiful line has wrought the world more good than all the masterpieces of mechanism.'"

Mr. Vernon goes on to lay the grievous charge on the Yalensian doorstep that "the effect of instruction in technique, from the correspondence courses to Professor Baker of Harvard, has been to raise the efficiency of the average American play to a remarkable height without adding anything to its powers of imagination." One must reply, on behalf not merely of Professor Baker but of academe in general, that it would be glad to have the formula for 'stepping-up,' as the electricians say, the imaginative processes. Therein, we find, most of us, I fear, the patient must minister unto himself.

As for Professor Baker's devotion to technique, that seems to be inevitable once you go over to the Fine Arts. He, of course, has succeeded in subordinating technique to the accomplishment of a higher aim, and his services to modern drama have been immense; but many of his imitators (this is his misfortune, not his fault) fail to make the saving distinction between means and end. For the real issue is not, and never was, flashy realism versus a mumbo-jumbo expressionism, but words versus "putty, brass, and paint," which deKiplingized means lights and lumber and daubed canvas.

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If the issue thus drawn were more generally understood, philologists would not take so humble an attitude toward the stage. As it is, they concede that silly plays are less silly if they manage to furnish grist for the play-acting courses of their colleagues. They know so little of the latest jargon of the theater that they are a trifle over-awed by those who can and do speak it trippingly on the tongue. They forget that familiarity with a technical lingo does not necessarily involve proficiency in technique. Is it not true that some of those who are administering the so-called "practical side" of the drama in our universities know no more about the two essentials of production—plays and acting—than many of their less spectacular colleagues who can never forget that drama is properly a branch of literature? It is notorious that many of these "practical" persons are qualified chiefly in vocabulary. Everyone knows that among the resources of the quack is always an esoteric terminology. Yet some departments of "Speech" are very frank in this matter; I quote from a college catalogue the following description of a course in "Advanced Dramatics": "Principles of dramatic criticism. The 'Little Theatre' and other significant developments of the drama. Stage effect and stage *terminology*."

The precious, the aesthete, the quack are by nature's generous endowment enormously vocal; but Mr. Vernon sounds a clarion call to those others who refuse to accept their theory that drama is chiefly a matter of line and color: "The advance of the serious theatre is due, first of all, to recognition of the importance of words." Thus he concludes his first chapter, answering its title, "Why Go to the Theatre?" as follows: "People go to hear speakers in acting plays." Or if a snappier slogan is desiderated: "The ear beats the eye in the theatre proper."

Unfortunately, in real life the eyes have it. But *The Twentieth Century Theatre* is full of aid and comfort for those who refuse to accept that verdict: "When the theatre receives 'decoration,' except in the most limited doses, it has indigestion . . . . The lunatic syllogism of these mad logicians ran, 'Words . . . . are not necessary; words are literature, and literature isn't drama; therefore decoration is drama.' "

Mr. Vernon is perfectly clear, then, on this fundamental question; and I predict that his book will be widely quoted, not only because it is the best book on its subject yet written, but because unlike most books about the theater it is both clever and sane,

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both up to the minute and historically sound. He calls Shaw's early criticism a bombshell in the camp of Sardoodledom; his own might be described as a first-rate crump in the front trenches of Belascality. And if this seems like flogging a dead horse, one must respectfully but firmly point out that it is still possible for Mr. Warfield to be appluaded for outraging *The Merchant of Venice*, and that we were lately promised from the same source a whole string of classic revivals, the climax to be capped (I intend no pun) with *Hamlet*, performed by that interesting infant, Master Jackie Coogan.

Not the least of the attractive things about Mr. Vernon's book is its complete avoidance of the preciosity of the workshop. Nor does this critic feel obliged to ingratiate himself by conforming to the latest critical whim of sneering at the Elizabethans. He finds it high praise to call the era embraced in his discussion our great post-Elizabethan period. Thus he parts company from the post-*Green Goddess* Mr. Archer, to whom along with Messrs. Shaw and J. T. Grein, "the three musketeers, ... men who knew what they wanted," Mr. Vernon attributes the opening salvo in the revolution which turned the nineties upside down.

Pinero helped, but never went clear to the left—never made "the onward step from *Tanqueray* to the drama of real people liberated from the trammels of stage-made situation." At my intramontane station I did not see Miss Barrymore's revival last season, but basing my opnion on Miss Reed's admirable performance at Minneapolis in the spring of 1924, I am in wholehearted agreement at this point with Mr. Vernon, whose delightful introducer, Mr. John Drinkwater, takes him to task as "less than handsome" to Sir Arthur. *Tanqueray* is certainly "good theatre" —so is Richard of Gloucester's opening soliloquy. But both seem a little old-fashioned now in their innocence of technical subtlety. Mr. Vernon calls Pinero "the great might-have-been" because he never took that onward step. Listening to Miss Reed's stirring delivery of the lines one thought the failure lay less in structure than in phrasing. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is indeed "good theatre." But it is not (*pace* Mr. Clayton Hamilton) very good English.

Yet Mr. Vernon is the gentlest of iconoclasts (though Henry Arthur Jones is similarly prised off his perch); he unites, to a curious degree, preaching fervor with a clever line, and seems to be putting these slightly aging worthies in their places more in

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mild sorrow than in anger: he is almost free from that naïve pleasure in destructiveness which has appeared too obviously in some recent correctors of Victorian fatuity. Thus he acknowledges old surrenders to the magic of Henry Irving in the same sentence in which he damns him for "electing to appear (when not in Shakespeare) in tawdry melodrama or in singularly bathetic poetic plays." Mr. Vernon might go farther and point out that even in Shakespeare Irving influenced the theatre unfortunately. Superb as were many of his impersonations, he did more than any actor-manager since the Restoration to divert his audience from the play to the staging of the play.

To the importance of words, and their supremacy over material accessories, Mr. Vernon recurs again and again. Though his book consists of only 159 pages, it is in fact much more than an enumeration of dramatic currents since 1890 and an estimate of the various dramatists afloat in them. Explicitly in certain chapters, but implicitly throughout the book, he handles the fundamental problems of the dramatic art.

Whether subjecting these to a fresh analysis or applying his solution to his special period, Mr. Vernon habitually writes charmingly, vigorously, racily. On the damage done by the flapper he is engagingly violent, though he probably exaggerates the importance of her contribution to the decline of the drama. "The old saw, about the drama's laws and the drama's patrons give, had insistent relevance in the War-time theatre, and the ruler of the roost was the half-baked, over-heated flapper. Damn her, she blighted English acting by reducing elderly, non-eligible-for-service actors to the status of clowns; she banished subtlety and beauty and anything which appealed to the mind instead of to the senses, and, pity her, it wasn't her fault. *C'est la guerre.*"

Thus, more than once, Mr. Vernon spoils a good thing by capping it with an insufferably trite thing. This time he doesn't: "War didn't damage only the drama; it soiled the playhouses: it raped them. But the flappers didn't care; nobody cared; there was a War on, and why blame the flappers for caring nothing for decent tradition when Lord Rothermere wanted to turn the British Museum into offices for the Air Force?"

Mr. Drinkwater is somewhat concerned over certain individual adjudications by Mr. Vernon; but the value of this study lies rather in its analyses of trends and schools. It is comfortably categorical, affording large and easy classifications which the author does not

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attempt to subdivide to the exasperating degree of the dogmatist or the pedant. He sees, for instance, drama since 1890 flowing in three broad channels: (1) "Old stuff." Most of Pinero, except *Tanqueray* and *Trelawney*. The unregenerated drama. (2) Plays to keep theaters open. Sutro, H. H. Davies, W. S. Maugham—not new drama, but old drama *touched* by the renascence. (3) The new drama, headed by Shaw, and the Barrie of the post-*Little Minister* period.

The great question, of course, which may remain unanswered for ten or fifteen years more, is whether that quarter of a century of high dramatic achievement is dead—whether the War killed it. Mr. Vernon is encouraged by his conclusion that the average English play now is better than the average English play of the nineties. Perhaps in the final answer America may have a part.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

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Ina Coolbrith

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
CHRONICLE

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WITH THE CARAVAN

INA COOLBRITH

I

Closer the curtain. Still the sun is flame,
And the sands metal, molten!
Ah, to lie
By the cool waters, breathing
The air that lifts the palm-fronds,
Hear my garden nightingale
Sing to his roses,—
Clasp *my* Rose of Roses!

II

Hasten your speed, O weary Camel-driver!
There is a catch in the bells, a lull, a drift to silence;
Night will be here,
Heavy the way,
Far lies the City—
Far!
And the Gates close, Hassán.

III

Strange was my dream mirage, of many scenes,
And in them I.
I would not greatly care
Again to dream, Hassán,
Or to my Shadow-land
Take me my Shadows:
Though by the Prophet, man, fair foe I was,
My fights with equal odds!

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IV

O my Saharan dawns,
Catching the fires at the horizon's edge
And flaming to the zenith!
My Saharan nights,
Great moons that blurred the stars,—
Silver above,
Silver beneath,
A Sea of silver whose vast waves
Broke into silver foam,—
And stillness—stillness—stillness, that was prayer!

V

My Mare, Hassán!
Nay, bring her,—I would see,
Would feel her nostrils nuzzle to my hand.
O my Delight! my Wonderful!
Bird of the Desert! Wings of the Winds of Flight! . . . .
Mind you the great simoon?
She sheltered me—though, by the Crescent, we
Had like to be one mound.

How does the Arab love?
First, aye, the Prophet, spiritually!
His son: he transmits his name;
His bride: be sure, the last;
His Steed—I do think, Hassán,
That ranks him next the Prophet!
Dah-ma, she is your care—
Let her lack nothing, least of all–love . . . .
And . . . . Hassán, ...
Not miss me overmuch.

VI

Why stilled the Camel bells, my Camel-driver?
Not stilled? the City near? . . . .
Fling wide the curtains!
Lift me, that I see
The sunset blazing upon tower and dome,
Hear the muezzin from his minaret—
"A-l-l-a-h—i-l—A-l-l-a-h" . . . .
Are the Gates wide, Hassán?

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GEOGRAPHY AND EVOLUTION IN THE POCKET GOPHER

JOSEPH GRINNELL

The most universally distributed type of rodent in California is the pocket gopher. It is found thriving at and below sea level, around the southern end of Salton Sea in Imperial County, and above timber line, at 11,500 feet altitude in the vicinity of Mount Whitney; it is found from the arid desert mountain ranges of the Inyo region, such as the Panamint Mountains, to the rainy and foggy coast strip at Humboldt Bay and Crescent City; it is found in the yielding sands of the Colorado River delta at the Mexican line and on the Modoc lava beds at the Oregon line.

This fact of occurrence far and wide might seem to indicate a broad tolerance, tolerance of a number of conditions each varying between wide extremes. How is such an interpretation to be harmonized with the obvious fact that the pocket gopher is an exceedingly specialized type of rodent? Does not specialization ordinarily bring great restriction in habitat? A truism is this statement: The pocket gopher stock has solved successfully the problem of meeting the essential conditions of existence, else its racial line would not have persisted to the present day. Among races of animals the law is evident that only those budding forms persist and continue to evolve that are able to find suitable places, niches for themselves, in the economy of animal existence that are not already preëmpted and successfully occupied by other forms.

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The pocket gophers are rodents restricted to the Western Hemisphere; not only that, they comprise a family (*Geomyidae*) restricted to the continent of North America; furthermore, that family centers in the southern half of the continent. The family *Geomyidae* contains several subdivisions —genera in the parlance of the systematist. The genus *Thomomys*, to which all the gophers of California belong, is still further restricted to that portion of North America lying altogether west of the Mississippi River, and between the 20th and 55th degrees of latitude. As to origin, pocket gophers are of squirrel-like ancestry. But that was in very remote times, geologically speaking: for the particular genus *Thomomys* has been in existence since the Miocene period. Despite this long lapse of time, then, the group of rodents here under consideration has not found its way beyond certain geographic limits, and yet within those limits it is exceedingly abundant and widespread, in other words, successful. What was the place for itself that the nascent ancestral race, just becoming gopher-like, discovered and which its descendants, continually specializing, have found so favorable?

Superficial examination of a garden gopher shows the animal to be remarkably formed throughout for existence underground. Observation of its habits shows that in all probability each individual spends fully 99 per cent of its time underground. Its world is limited by the earthen walls of a burrow which the animal is equipped to dig for itself through the soil. In one direction this burrow leads to safety for itself and young, from enemies; at the other end it makes food accessible. Thus the conditions of existence for any vertebrate animal, safe refuges and breeding places, and food of right kind and sufficient amount, are met.

But this discovery of a previously unappropriated means of subsistence, by adoption of the subterranean mode of life, has brought with it deficiencies in certain faculties not bound up with proficiency in digging. To dig, the animal must have short legs and a muscular body, especially anteriorly. The head of a pocket gopher is larger in proportion to its

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body than is that of any other land mammal in California; there is no obvious neck constriction, and the shoulders are broad. The musculature having to do with the operation of the front feet is massive; and so also are the bones of the skull to which are attached the big muscles which operate the relatively heavy incisor teeth, these being the chief tools with which the gopher loosens the soil as it advances along its underground routes of exploration for food, or digs to greater depths for more secure refuge. Obviously, the acquisition of all these modifications for burrowing has necessitated the loss of that litheness of body and length of limb which would enable it to move freely over the surface of the ground in search of food or in escape from enemies. The pocket gopher is, indeed, wellnigh lacking in powers of locomotion overland.

Furthermore, the pocket gopher is deficient relatively to other rodents with respect to eyesight, and probably also with respect to hearing. It is almost as helpless outside its burrow as a fish out of water. There may be some compensation in a heightened sense of touch, especially as localized in the nose and surrounding vibrissae and in the tip of the tail. While the animal has little need of being apprised of goings-on outside the walls of its tunnel, it does need to be aware of conditions in front and behind. We find that it moves in its cylinder nearly as well in backward direction as forward.

Since, as seems apparent, the general question of the pocket gopher's occurrence over wide territory must take into account its very special mode of gaining a livelihood, it will be useful in our discussion to inquire further as to its digging proclivities and the structures correlated with these. Comparison of the pocket gopher, as an extreme type of digger, with, say, the California ground squirrel, shows significant differences. While the brain-case has, in the two animals, relatively about the same capacity, the skull of a gopher is four times as heavy as that of a ground squirrel, total weights of the two animals being considered. As indicated above, the skull and teeth of the pocket gopher,

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together with the muscles which operate them, comprise the chief engine of digging. This engine operates in powerful fashion in cutting away the earth, so as to make possible the rapid extension of the gopher's underground system of passageways. The adequate housing of the heavy incisor teeth, and the need of meeting the severe stresses during the action of the muscles which operate the jaws, have resulted in the great thickening and ridging of the bones of the skull. We find that the forefeet are larger than the hind feet, a reversal of the ratio in animals which can run with agility; and the forefeet are provided with long stout curved claws. The forearm and shoulder are heavily muscled, and thus the actions of the jaws and teeth are supplemented, in loosening and particularly in transporting the soil.

So far as is known, no pocket gopher goes into dormancy at any season; none either aestivates or hibernates. The source of food upon which the pocket gopher can depend, year in and year out, and which it can seek in safety, is comprised in the underground stems and root stalks of various grasses and herbs. These it gets almost altogether by digging its way to them; it gathers food only as it can advance under cover. While it is true that gophers do pull into the temporarily open mouths of burrows, stems and leaves of above-ground plants, these latter, I am led to believe, constitute only a minor fraction of the total annual food supply of the animal. The only dependable food source, continuing throughout the year, is comprised in underground stems and roots. And this is an exceedingly important consideration in our present study; for the general geographic limitation of *Thomomys*, to North America west of the 100th meridian, coincides with the territory where sharp alternation of dry and wet seasons is characteristic of the climate. Linked up with this climatic peculiarity there is undoubtedly, in the Southwest, relatively greater abundance of plants with nutritious roots and thickened underground stems, which tide over the dry season, than in the remainder of North America, where there is no long dry season. In other words, the ancestral pocket gophers of

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the remote past made the fortunate discovery of an oncoming type of food source correlated with the increasing aridity of what came to be a marked climatic and vegetational province.

Restricting our attention now to *Thomomys* as the genus occurs in California, I will revert to the fact of its well-nigh universal distribution within the State. How can the fact of this wide distribution be harmonized with the restriction in the animal's mode of existence which we have just pointed out in some detail? Examination of the territory wherever pocket gophers thrive, from one end of the State to the other, does show most emphatically close concordance of occurrence with those very, and special, conditions—of suitable food, and of consistency of soil which permits of digging. In other words, these two critical factors *are* widespread, and wherever they extend pocket gophers have gone.

The hindrances, locally, to the spread of pocket gophers are comprised in, not altitude, not cold, not heat, but in discontinuity of ground wherein the pocket gopher can extend its burrows; in discontinuity of ground in which sufficient food of the kind the pocket gopher can use is available throughout the year; and of course, in impassable bodies or streams of water. In other words, we find operating as outright barriers to their distribution only ground such as lava flows which cannot be penetrated by gophers, or ground which is too dry or too alkaline to support adequate plant growth for the gophers' food throughout the year, or permanent streams or bodies of water which the gopher cannot cross.

In this latter connection, the pocket gopher can thrive, we know, without ever drinking; in many parts of the State the only water it can get for long periods is contained in the plant tissues which it uses for food. On the other hand, the animal can live healthily in soil that is saturated with water. Yet it is forced out of the ground when the land is flooded, as during very heavy rains or when under irrigation. Not only a river itself, but the adjacent bottomland subject to overflow at high water, may thus be effective in limiting the

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spread of gophers locally. A gopher can swim short distances when forced to; but it does not take to water voluntarily. These facts bear on the problem of geographic differentiation of races now to be discussed.

I have pointed out that, despite the pocket gopher's extreme specializations in structure and habits, despite its restriction to a very narrow range of living conditions, yet the fact that these special living conditions are widespread has permitted of the very wide distribution in California, of this type of rodent. Now we come to deal with the observation that while our pocket gopher as a genus exists in every county of California, from below sea level to almost the highest altitudes, from the hottest to the coldest portions of the State, and from the driest to the wettest belts, yet the *species* represented under all these varying conditions is not the same; the genus is broken up, as indicated on the accompanying map, into not less than 33 different races (species or subspecies), no two of them occupying precisely the same territory. And this fact signifies that the varying combinations of conditions resulting from the topographic and climatic diversity in California *have* made their impress upon the gopher sub-stocks, which are more or less isolated from one another in what may be called differentiation provinces. It is our problem to enquire as to what factors among the present or recently past conditions have resulted in this isolation and consequent differentiation of all these various stocks.

As will be observed from the map, the most conspicuous gopherless areas in California lie in the southeastern desert territory, chiefly on the Mohave Desert. Extended explorations of that arid territory have been made, with the special object of determining the kinds and numbers of rodents and other mammals present. Almost every square mile of those deserts, save on such evaporation floors as those of Searles "Lake" and Panamint and Death valleys (where there is a heavy deposit of saline substances, and no chance of plant growth), supports a large population of *seed*-gathering rodents—kangaroo rats, pocket mice, and ground squirrels

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SOME POCKET GOPHERS OF CALIFORNIA

1. *Thomomys monticola mazama*, Trinity Mts., Trinity Co.
2. *Thomomys bottae bottae*, Los Gatos, Santa Clara Co.
3. *Thomomys bottae pascalis*, Lane Bridge, Fresno Co.
4. *Thomomys bottae nigricans*, Witch Creek, San Diego Co.
5. *Thomomys perpallidus canus*, Honey Lake, Lassen Co.
6. *Thomomys perpallidus melanotis*, White Mts., Mono Co.
7. *Thomomys quadratus fisheri*, Walker Lake, Mono Co.
8. *Thomomys perpallidus albatus*, Salt Creek, Imperial Co.

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of certain species. Throughout all the deserts there *are*, at times, heavy rains, though they may be at intervals of as long as three years; and such rains are followed by luxuriant growths of various herbs. These go to seed and thus give

FIG. 1.—Map Showing the Distribution of the Species and Subspecies of Pocket Gopher in California.

origin to a nutritious type of food, scattered by the winds throughout the drifting sands, to be sought out throughout the long dry intervals by the spermophilous mammals just named. But for the pocket gopher, specialized for gathering, masticating, and digesting roots and stems, and not for seed-gathering, the food resources of the desert are, over

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most of its extent, inadequate. Only here and there, on mountain tops, where rainfall is more copious and of more regular occurrence than in the surrounding territory, and about permanent springs, is there produced the proper type of vegetation for gopher consumption, in permanent supply.

As a result of these special conditions of food supply, the general distribution of gophers on the deserts is conspicuously *dis*continuous; the animals exist only in colonies here and there, because surrounded by unoccupiable desert; and such colonies are often far isolated from one another. The feeble powers of locomotion of the pocket gophers mean that they are unable to cross the barren intervals, and they are subjected to the same sort of factor, in evolutionary process, as land animals sequestered on islands in the sea. As happens under this circumstance the world over, we find that greater or less degree of inherent, subspecific or even specific, sets of differences characterize the more or less isolated stocks.

As an example of races of pocket gophers which evidently owe their origin to the isolation afforded by discontinuity of food supply, we may cite the form *scapterus* on the Panamint Mountains, which range rises high enough above the general base level of the surrounding desert to enjoy a fairly regular rainfall with a consequent copious growth of biennial or perennial herbs.

Another example, is the race *amargosae*, restricted to the immediate vicinity of the permanent springs in the otherwise dry and alkaline valley of the Amargosa "River," at Shoshone, Inyo County. This quite distinct form, in the *perpallidus* "group" of gophers, may appropriately be looked upon as a relict form from earlier times when conditions of moisture much more generally prevailed in the Great Basin territory, and when the dependent fauna and flora were correspondingly widespread. *Amargosae* is not the only mammal at Shoshone dependent, directly or indirectly, on the presence of permanent water; for there is (or was a few years ago) a distinct race of meadow mouse (*Microtus*) occurring around the same springs. Then the springs them-

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selves contain a unique species of fish, residuary of a stock which evidence shows occurred widely in the general region in former times.

No pocket gopher whatsover has been found in the depression of Death Valley, into which the Amargosa "River" empties. The lowest parts of the Valley are too intensely alkaline to support any vegetation at all; and such water as there is around the margins, is either too alkaline, too impermanent, or else too small in amount to have permitted the persistence of gophers there up until the present time.

Even such general areas as that indicated on the small-scale map for the race *mohavensis* are not at all continuously occupied by pocket gophers; and examination of representations from different parts of such a general area shows minor differences characterizing the separated colonies. For example, those animals living in the bottomlands of the Mohave River differ slightly from those inhabiting the somewhat higher tablelands surrounding the Providence Mountains, in extreme eastern San Bernardino County.

The Colorado River is significant in our study, in that it has evidently long served as an impassable obstruction to the passage of pocket gopher populations in either direction. The race *albatus*, occupying the delta and "second-bottom" on the western side of the lower course of the Colorado River, is distinctly different in numerous respects, chiefly relating to the skull, from the form *chrysonotus* of the mesa lands on the eastern or Arizona side of the river. The actual distance apart of the nearest populations of these two species is not more than two miles in places, yet the intervening river and its "first-bottom," of ancient existence and large and permanent volume, has acted effectively in preventing the interbreeding of adjacent stocks. Complete isolation accompanied by even slight difference of environments accomplishes much, granted plenty of time.

A puzzle, at first glance, is offered by the occurrence of the two forms, *albatus* in the delta silts below Salton Sea, and *perpallidus* on the floor of the northwestern end of the

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same (Colorado) desert. Both races are restricted to fine-textured soil in the vicinity of water or where at least some underground seepage permits the proper growth of salt grass and other plants whose stems or roots are sought by gophers. *Albatus* follows the western distributaries of the Colorado River over the delta, and of late has found wonderfully favorable conditions for itself, with resulting enormous spread and multiplication of its numbers, on the irrigated lands of the Imperial Valley. *Perpallidus* occurs chiefly at the mouths of permanent streams coming down the cañons out of the San Jacinto and Santa Rosa mountains onto the floor of the northwestern end of the Colorado Desert, known locally as the Cahuilla Valley. Why should these two races be as distinct as they are from one another when the floor of the general desert area they occupy is continuous, and only about 150 miles in greatest length?

Not long ago, even measuring in years, the northwestern arm of the Colorado Desert was occupied by "Blake Sea," of which the present Salton Sea is the residuum. More remotely yet, the Gulf of California extended continuously up from its present terminus clear through the Cahuilla Valley; and today the floor of that desert is in many places covered with shells of ocean-inhabiting mollusks, and shore lines at sea level are to be seen along the bases of the mountains which rise abruptly on either hand. The rapidly accumulating silts from the Colorado River filled in the depression opposite its mouth and cut off the basin of Blake Sea; and the arid climate resulted in the disappearance of the waters of that sea by evaporation. But completion of this cutting off of Blake Sea and the evaporation of its waters was of quite recent occurrence. We can, I think, look to the former long and complete separation of the gopher stocks resulting in *perpallidus* and *albatus*, respectively, during the period that the waters of Blake Sea, at sea level, lapped the steeply rising rocks on either side impassable to gophers. Complete isolation was thus afforded for the initial bottomland stocks of gophers at the northwest and to the southeast. With the retraction of the shores of

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Blake Sea, there is now no barrier between *perpallidus* and *albatus*, save as is comprised in unwatered tracts; and these are getting smaller with the spread of irrigation. It will be interesting to see what happens when and where the two gopher populations meet.

An additional case of isolation by desert conditions is that of *operarius* at Owens Lake, also a member of the *perpallidus* group. *Operarius* is a quite distinct form, so distinct with respect to shape of skull and teeth that individual variation does not bridge over the structural interval between it and its near relative, *perpes*. Hence systematists call it a species, rather than a subspecies, the only criterion for the latter systematic rank being intergradation or blending of its characters with those of another race. *Operarius* is restricted to the vicinity of the permanent springs which occur around the eastern side of Owens Lake in the vicinity of Keeler. There, under conditions of moisture obtaining very locally, there is a luxurious and permanent growth of salt-grass upon which almost exclusively this species of gopher depends for food.

An entirely different *motif*, as one may say, of differentiation is provided on the tops of isolated mountain peaks or ranges. In general, the 33 forms of the genus *Thomomys* in California fall into five "groups," of major systematic significance. These groups probably represent much older periods of differentiation, and the subsidiary forms have budded from each of these major stems. The composition by races and the distribution of each of the five groups is illustrated by the differential shading of the areas of four of them on the accompanying map. The area for the *bottae* group is left unshaded.

It will be observed that three of the groups, which may be called the *bottae*, *perpallidus*, and *quadratus* groups, respectively, are essentially lowland groups in that they occupy territory of relatively low altitude; while two, the *monticola* and *alpinus* groups, are high-mountain dwelling. In other words, it would appear that some condition associated with altitude has had critical effect in checking the

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unlimited spread of certain types upward, and of certain other types downward.

Relatively thoroughgoing trapping of gophers along a typical section, transversely, of the Sierra Nevada, in the Yosemite region, shows a sequence of forms by groups from west to east as follows: *pascalis*, of the San Joaquin Valley floor, and *mewa*, of the somewhat higher foothill, digger pine belt, belong to the *bottae* group; *awahnee*, of the *alpinus* group, occupies middle altitudes on the western slope; *monticola*, of the *monticola* group, occupies the whole upper country from about the 6000-foot level to timber line and through the passes and down onto the upper eastern slopes;

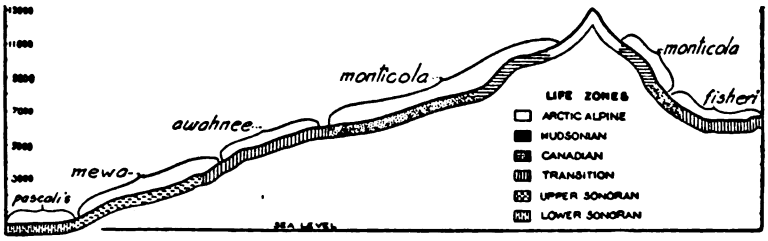

FIG. 2.—Sectional Profile of the Sierra Nevada through the Region of Yosemite, Showing the Location of the Species and Subspecies of Pocket Gopher according to Altitude and Life Zone.

and at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada is *fisheri*, of the *quadratus* group. (See accompanying profile, showing correlation with "life zones.") It would appear from this sequence of forms that temperature does, after all, in some measure, constitute a factor bearing critically upon the successful existence of, and hence determining the geographical limitation of, these several species and subspecies of pocket gophers. It might be supposed that relatively uniform temperatures would everywhere surround an animal staying below-ground; but a fact bearing on this suggestion is that the high-mountain gophers all winter do extensive burrowing *through the snow*, thereby reaching in safety stems of plants above the ground surface!

Returning now to the subject of isolation of high-mountain types on disconnected mountain masses, interest-

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ing examples are afforded on the highest mountains of southern California by members of the *alpinus* group. These are: *alpinus* in the vicinity of Mount Whitney, *neglectus* on Mount San Antonio of the San Gabriel range, *altivallis* on the San Bernardino Mountains, and *jacinteus* on San Jacinto Peak. As a rule, low-level types of gophers intervene in the low passes between these boreal colonies sequestered as they are by some factor involved in altitude. As a further example of montane sequestration, we find at the north, in the *monticola* group, *premaxillaris* set apart on the Yolla Bolly Mountains. But, curiously, we find *mazama*, of the same group, on the Trinity Mountains and on the Siskiyou Mountains, both these representations without any detectable differences between them, separated by the valley of the Klamath River. This intervening valley is occupied by *leucodon*, a member of the *bottae* group.

With respect to differentiation within the lowland groups, we find an obvious association of the areas of differentiation with difference in climatic humidity—rainfall, or perhaps cloudiness. In this connection, the general northwest-southeast trend of the areas of occupancy of the different members of the *bottae* group is significant. Comparison of this map of gopher distribution with a rainfall map of California shows the parallel. Take an east-west section, gopherwise, from the coast at Santa Cruz, and we find *bottae* inhabiting the narrow, most humid, coastal belt; in the interior San Benito or other valleys, of lesser rainfall, we find *angularis;* on the hard-soiled, juniper-clothed ridges of the Diablo range, is *diaboli;* beyond this on the floor of the San Joaquin Valley, but west of the river, is *angularis* again; to the eastward of the San Joaquin river flood-bottom is *pascalis*, chiefly in the bottomlands of the smaller rivers making down from the Sierras; and higher, on the hard-soiled foothills, is *mewa*. *Bottae* is darkest colored of all, *pascalis* is palest colored in this series; *bottae* is largest, but *angularis* and *pascalis* are also large; *diaboli* and *mewa* are small, the latter smallest. It would appear that the effects of varying rainfall, or of cloudiness, or of relative humidity of the air, are

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registered in varying tone of color. And soil texture affects size. The trend of the long, narrow area of occurrence of each of these races happens to be with that of both rainfall belts and mountain axes. The comparative study of the *outlines* of the ranges of animals brings clues as to the essential conditions for the special existence of each.

This matter of coloration of gophers presents a rather baffling problem. Referring to the accompanying plate, which depicts 8 of the 33 gophers of California, it becomes apparent that the paler colored forms are generally associated with arid habitats; the darker colored with humid habitats. *Bottae* of the coast belt as compared with the almost white *albatus* of the Colorado delta presents an extreme amount of difference. Is the factor which has to do with these diverse conditions of coloration, light, or temperature, or is it humidity of the air?

Let us remember that whatever the locality, the pocket gopher stays fully 99 per cent of its time within the underground burrow; and this burrow in desert territory, as well as elsewhere, may run through soil that is nearly or quite saturated with water, though, more often, it must be said, in deserts it extends through soil of relative dryness. In defense of the theory of concealing coloration, it can be urged that the moment of greatest hazard to the animal is the moment when the gopher exposes itself to view at the mouth of its burrow in pushing out earth, even though the total time involved may comprise only a minute a day. It *may* be that the pallor of the desert-inhabiting gopher, like *canus* or *fisheri*, in a statistical majority of cases, brings success in eluding enemies. Not so consistent with this theory is the fact that there are dark-colored gophers which inhabit the white sands of river valleys in relatively humid and cloudy belts; also there are pale gophers in arid territories, which live in very dark-colored soil, as in the case of *fisheri* in parts of the Mono Lake district. While in this particular matter of coloration no immediate explanation of the differences between the races is forthcoming, yet I have

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confidence that not only this, but each and every other character which we find to distinguish races, has its full adaptive justification in the scheme of existence.

Some reader may ask what grounds I have for assuming that long lapse of time is involved in this process of racial differentiation. Why may not the observed differences be induced rather quickly, in one or a very few generations of gophers, as conditions change locally or as the animals move about, say from one kind of soil into another? In reply: For one thing, we find the animals "true to type," in other words, relatively uniform in characters, each within its own distribution area—and this despite the great local differences in conditions. For example, *bottae* from the grassy tops of the Berkeley Hills is quite like *bottae* from the campus at Stanford University, and quite like *bottae* from the wooded slopes of the Santa Cruz Mountains, and also quite like *bottae* from the sand dunes at Seaside near Del Monte.

For another thing, we have in the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology specimens, skins and skulls, preserved by members of the State Geological Survey sixty years and more ago, representative of several of our Californian races. Compared with specimens of the same races collected today I see no appreciable differences.

And one other line of evidence pointing to the relative permanence of the species and subspecies with which we are dealing: From the Rancho La Brea asphalt deposits near Los Angeles there have been exhumed an abundance of excellently preserved skulls of *Thomomys* intimately associated with remains of certain mammals, now extinct, of known Pleistocene age. And those gophers show cranial characters identical with not only the species *bottae*, but with the subspecies *pallescens* as it exists in the vicinity of Los Angeles today. In other words, in upwards of 200,000 years which it is thought have passed since those Rancho La Brea gophers lived and died, there have been no changes in cranial features such as the systematist would recognize in separating geographic races existing today in different

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parts of southern California. This adaptive, evolutionary process is one which involves very long periods of time, therefore, when measured in years.

To summarize: In this essay I have set forth some of the facts in the natural history of the pocket gopher. I have picked out for especial comment those features of the animal, as regards both habits and structure, which seem significant in a consideration of its general distribution. I have also emphasized the fact of the differentiation of the pocket gopher type (genus *Thomomys*) in California, into numerous races—species and subspecies. Furthermore, I have referred to the seeming correlation of area of occupancy in each race with relative uniformity of the conditions of existence for that race. The inferior powers of locomotion of this type of rodent, as compared, say, with the jack rabbit, has brought upon it a condition of extreme provincialism, as it were. That is to say, especially with the contributing agency of more or less impassable barriers here and there, each of the many and diverse "gopher differentiation areas" thus formed in California has each impressed its occupant with its *stamp*, namely, a peculiar combination of adaptive characters best fitting that gopher to carry on successful existence in that restricted area. One more inference, of far-reaching implications, fairly forces itself upon us—that evolution of habitats (differentiation areas) must have preceded differentiation of the gopher stocks which came eventually under their impress.

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LADISLAS REYMONT
1868–1925

FRANCK L. SCHOELL

On August 15, 1925, Assumption Day, a touching ceremony took place in a sunny forest-clearing, near Wierzchoslawice, a remote village of Galicia. Two ex-premiers of Poland, three ministers, a dozen deputies of the Diet, hundreds of visitors from Tarnow, Krakow, and Warsaw, and thirty-five thousand peasants, men and women in their national costumes, gathered from all over the country before an open-air altar for the *dozynki*, the time-honored feast given to the farm-hands when the harvest is over.

The heroes of the feast, however, were not the usual type of mowers—tall, flaxen-haired peasants fresh from the scythe. The guest of the day was a veteran man of letters, Ladislas Reymont, the author of a four-volume epic of the Polish peasant, *Chlopi*. Heaven knows that Reymont the realist had not been over-idyllic in his amazing portrayal of the Polish peasants, but he had laid bare the root of their deep, passionate humanity, he had loved them dearly, and they all came to thank him for making them immortal.

Not all the thirty-five thousand had read his book, for only one-half of them, or perhaps less, could read at all. But they had all recognized themselves in Antek and in Hanka, in Boryna and in Agata, when chapters of *Chlopi* had been read aloud to them by the learned of their village during the long winter evenings. They all somehow realized that, as if by magic, Reymont had lifted them up, with their thatched cottages, their cattle, and their fields, into some

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dimly imagined kingdom of art, and that through him they, his fellow-countrymen, were commanding the attention of other men and women living in cities and villages in the far parts of the world.

Therefore they each and all brought their gifts to him: some laid at his feet sheaves of rye, others brought their best home-made cheese, young women dropped bunches of wild flowers as bright as their own shawls and skirts. And so, when the thousands of them, when the riding young men and the marching women had filed past, there lay a mountain of rustic gifts before Reymont, and Reymont, who had but partly recovered from a severe pneumonia, put his hand upon his heart, which was throbbing painfully fast. Did he then feel that his harvest was reaped, that his labor was done, and that to him, the valiant ploughman, those *dozynki* were but the stern call of death? Perhaps he did. His wife rushed him to a sanitarium immediately after that Feast of the Virgin and of the Sheaves. It did not do him much good. He went back to Warsaw "for the winter." But it was to be a short winter for him: Death came December the fifth.

Reymont's fame is little over one year old in America, as it is in half of Europe. Very few knew him, or had so much as heard of him, before the Nobel prize awarded to him in the fall of 1924 called the attention of the world to the obscure Pole. So obscure was he that the English and the Swedish press remonstrated with the Nobel board of award for selecting him instead of better known novelists, such as the German Wassermann or the Russian Gorky. Yet he had been writing for more than thirty years, and since 1897 he has been famous throughout Poland.

Born near Piotrkow in 1868, the son of a country organist, Reymont spent all his youth in a village that must have been very much like the Lipki which he was to describe later so lovingly and so masterfully. It is in that early part of his life, spent among those sturdy peasants who worked in the fields like bulls on weekdays when the season demanded, but who flocked to the Jew's saloon on Sunday afternoon and

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evening to dance enrapturing *mazurkas* and stunning *obereks* with their blue-eyed, blonde-braided sweethearts, that we have to look for the beginning of Reymont's extraordinary power of observation.

Later he was to see many other aspects of the world and to depict many other types of humanity. When still very young, he was a pilgrim to the shrine of Yasna Gora and came perilously near becoming a monk, a fact we cannot fail to remember when we read his *Pilgrimage* (1895). He was, somewhat later, an itinerant actor, and the heroine of his *Comedienne* (1896) as well as several characters of that book and of its continuation, *Ferments* (1897) are no doubt drawn from the "slice of life" which he chanced to see around him then.

He was for a few months a railroad employee, and perhaps a few of his own day-dreams and of the longings he felt during those endless, tedious hours, are projected into the hero of his *Dreamer* (1910), that poor railroad clerk who day and night sells tickets to far-away destinations, to wonderful cities the very names of which are a temptation and the hint of a paradise, until he one day escapes to Paris with the money of the station safe. But the poor disillusioned man fails to recognize the *real* Paris, the Paris of his dreams, and kills himself in despair.

Reymont spent some time in the mushroom city of Poland, Lodz—a hamlet in the forties, a town of a half-million inhabitants before the end of the nineteenth century—and his *Promised Land* (1897) is a hymn to the power and throbbing life of that commercial and industrial battlefield of Poles, Jews, and Germans.

He was, after Sienkiewicz, a diligent student of the tragic, but beautiful history of his country, and his long historical novel *The Year 1794* (1913–18) testifies to his passionate knowledge of those gloomy days before the long eclipse of independent Poland.

In 1919 he even came to the United States, he saw big industrial towns which dwarfed Lodz into insignificance, he stayed several weeks in Chicago at the Plaza Hotel, then at

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Sedgwick Street, allowing the monstrous city to grow upon him, and Chicago, Milwaukee Avenue, the Elevated, all appear, impressively enough, in his *Princess* (1923).

The mere enumeration here given shows the bewildering variety of Reymont's human interests. But it is none the less evident to the reader of his collected works that there is no world which he knows quite so intimately and loves quite so tenderly as the Polish peasant world. That is so true, and his pen apparently knows it so well, that we find peasants even in those of his books where we least expect to find them, in his novel about Lodz, for instance. He is always at home among peasants. He does not make them speak, they just speak before him and he overhears them. So exactly does he feel like the *chlopi* of his youth, so completely does he think, and see, and conceive like them, that if his theme is of the land and of the fields, of men threshing in the barn or of women beating their linen on the edge of the village pond, he instinctively expresses himself in peasant dialect.

So it is that *Peasants* (1902–1909), his acclaimed masterpiece, is written throughout in village patois. And no language that I know is quite so intoxicatingly redolent of rich bedewed earth as Reymont's. But the language Reymont uses in the *Peasants* is only one of the extraordinary merits of that Homeric work.

Nothing is more difficult than to single out the individual reasons why *Chlopi* is the supreme achievement of the European peasant novel, which can claim such names as those of Balzac and Zola, of Hardy and G. Keller, of D'Annunzio and Pontoppidan, of Knut Hamsun and of half a dozen great Russians. Is it because Reymont has shown better than any, and more artistically, the subtle relations that exist between the peasant and the soil that he ploughs, the air that he breathes, the cattle which are an important part of his family, the very forest that limits his horizon? Is it because Reymont's descriptions of nature (and there are hundreds of pages of them in the four *Seasons* of his epic) are of surpassing beauty and invariably have a lyrical quality

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all their own? Is it because Reymont has succeeded in giving life and soul, not only to all of his individual characters such as Boryna and Hanka and Yagna, but to the Village, which is after all the one hero of the book?

Is it because the *Peasants* is surprisingly well composed by an author known for the loose architectonics of his other novels, and leads us step by step to the dramatic dénouement of *Summer?* Is it because those who wish may read a great symbol into, and behind, the story? Is it because of its intense realism, which reminds one at times of Zola? Is it because of the secret, but never obtrusive sympathy of Reymont with his model, of that deep fundamental sympathy which makes him the brother of the Russian novelists? Or is it because, behind the work, one feels all the time a man of fine sensitiveness, of artistic affinities—not Reymont the author, but Reymont the man, with his great heart and his wonderful, ever fresh, ever child-like soul?

It is probably for all those reasons put together that the *Peasants* will defy time.

The critics of the world have hardly had a chance to form a complete estimate of that book. The New York translation is unfortunately abridged. The Spanish translation is not a translation but a mutilation. Only three volumes of the French version have been issued. England still knows only *Autumn* and *Winter*. In the Japanese translation only *Autumn* has appeared, the charming typography and cover of which Reymont had just time to admire before he died.

But it is my conviction that on December 5, 1925, in the death of Reymont, European literature suffered its greatest loss since the death of Anatole France. In this opinion I am sure all those critics who have read Reymont's *Peasants* in a good translation will heartily concur.

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CARTHAGE

CHARLES G. BLANDEN

I stood upon the site where Carthage rose
In all its pride and glory, and looked around:
Silence and sand; scarcely a ruin shows
To mark the place where thronging life and sound
Made blithe the days; where Joy himself was found;
Where Music's voice was heard and Love made bright
The time. Alas, this once enchanted ground,
By day, is but a tract of blazing light,
And but a star-invested solitude at night!

Rome's fury came—and Carthage was no more;
Leveled to earth its temples, walls, and towers
And palaces that shone along the shore
Of this kind sea, like trampled summer flowers,
Became a dream, a myth to passing hours!
Yet still, it seems, I see the ghosts of years
Agone go up and down the fragrant bowers;
And also seem to see the flash of tears
In frightened eyes that look on bloody knives and spears!

Drive on, O dragoman; my soul is thronged
Unto crowding with thoughts I needs must hold
From speech; my heart seems pained and wronged
To think upon a million people sold
For slaves, or slain; my blood seems running cold,
To muse upon the hearts beneath my feet,
The love, the beauty mingled with this mold
That seems to sigh. Drive on, drive on; be fleet;
I still would keep the springs of fancy clear and sweet!

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MARATHON

CHARLES G. BLANDEN

At Marathon, I stood beside that mound
  Where heroes lie in undisturbed repose.
Anemones were thick upon the ground;
  The sky of morn was blushing like a rose;
The sea was calm and blue as violets;
  The plain was green, and bright with dews of spring
And almond trees in bloom. Nuzzled by pets,
  A lamb and kid, three children came to sing.

The fluent Greek was wine upon their lips,
  And wine it was unto the soul that heard;
For lo! I saw a thousand haughty ships,
  Saw marshalled men that waited for a word.
I saw, I heard the struggle, loud and long;
  I saw the Persians flee into the wave;
I heard the victors wake triumphal song—
  And felt no Greek is born to be a slave!

Pentelicus, that looks upon the plain
  And guards his flock of laughter-loving seas,
So long as nations last shall proudly reign
  And send at need a new Miltiades.
And though her temples lie in ruins white,
  Athenian Pallas watches from the sky;
Within each Grecian heart there gleams a light
  That shall not pass till Earth herself shall die!

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CHANGING AND UNCHANGING GREECE*

JAMES T. ALLEN

Nineteen years elapsed between my first visit to Greece and my second. This long interval included two Balkan Wars, the World War, the disastrous campaign in Asia Minor, and the fall of the monarchy—events such as would work transformations of far-reaching consequence in the social, economic and political conditions of any country, and Greece has been no exception. Certain aspects of the life of the people, however, even under circumstances so gruelling as those which have prevailed in recent years, and in spite of the many changes that have been wrought, have resisted modification to any appreciable degree. The result is a strange commingling of the old and the new that makes a sojourn in this faraway land—this gateway to the near orient—an experience of fascinating interest.

Greece is still on the whole a primitive country, the majority of whose inhabitants continue to be humble fisher-folk or lowly peasants engaged in tilling the soil or herding sheep and goats. Even among the city dwellers there are many who belong by birth to the peasant class and have not yet succeeded in effacing the marks of their lineage and upbringing, so that whereas with us the city in a sense extends itself far into the country, in Greece the country flows into and partially inundates the city, even as the sea fills the inlets along the coast.

There are only three cities of any size: Athens with a population of about 600,000, the Piraeus next door with about 400,000, and Saloniki (or Thessaloniki), recently

*A paper read before the Kosmos Club September 7, 1925.

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acquired, with perhaps 500,000. Athens and the Piraeus with a combined population of approximately 1,000,000, though separate municipalities, constitute practically a single community. Aside from these three cities there are several towns of considerable size such as Patras, Pyrgos, New Corinth, Chalcis, Lamia, Cavalla, Jannina—the last the Albanians still covet and hope to win back some day—many smaller towns, and innumerable villages. The villages contain the homes of the bulk of the population.

The condition of these villages and even of some of the towns is most depressing to the western visitor. The streets are crooked, narrow, ungraded, and unpaved, and in the rainy season are frequently merely a succession of mud holes which are the despair of the automobilist and are almost impassable for the pedestrian. The houses which are of adobe or stone are scantily furnished and impress one as being cheerless in the extreme. Moreover as most of them are old and ill kept they are usually infested with bedbugs and fleas about which Aristophanes cracked stale jokes more than 2000 years ago. The western traveler who is compelled to pass the night, one cannot say sleep, in one of these houses, greets the dawn with unusual pleasure and goes on his way rejoicing. Sometimes one is driven out while yet it is still dark, as were, on one occasion, Dr. B. and a friend, who after slaughtering one hundred and seventy-five bedbugs in three interminable hours finally gave up the struggle, gathered up their effects, paid their bill, and departed at 2:30 in the morning! The villagers themselves seem strangely indifferent to these pests; probably they have developed in the course of the centuries a peculiarly tough epidermis.

Sanitary conditions in these villages continue to be as deplorable as ever. Often there is only a single well or fountain from which the women and the children laboriously carry the water to their houses and where they gather to wash the family's clothes. The water is conveyed in jars or casks or Standard Oil Company's five-gallon gasoline tins. Indeed the ugly but serviceable tin carried in the hand is

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rapidly displacing the picturesque jar borne on the shoulder or head. In some instances the only available water is a long way from the village. Sometimes it must be carried up a steep slope, as in the case of the twin villages of Kaskaváli and Eremókastro near the site of the ancient Thespiae. The villages crown the summits of two hills; the water supply is in the little valley between. Even where there is a copious spring near at hand as at Kapraena (the modern representative of the ancient Chaeronea), it seems not to occur to the villagers to pipe the water to their houses. Indeed, why should they? The women and children can carry it.

The standard of living is distressingly low, and this is true of a large proportion of the people in the towns and cities as well. In the last, dread diseases continue to take a frightful toll with tuberculosis at the head of the list.

Greece is a poor country. There are no navigable streams; there is no oil, no coal, no lumber, very little water power, and little mineral wealth. Fuel is expensive; gas and electricity are luxuries. Aside from agricultural resources and grazing for sheep and goats and in some places for cows or steers the land affords few sources of income, with the result that imports always far exceed exports. Thus in 1924 at the port of the Piraeus imports totaled more than 1,560,000 tons, exports were less than 38,000 tons, the difference in favor of the former being 1,524,117 tons. The total imports into Greece in 1924—as I learn from an article by Th. Vellianitis, one of the best informed writers upon Greek economic conditions—were valued at 36,000,000 pounds sterling. During the same period the exports had a value of only 18,000,000 pounds sterling. The deficit of 18,000,000 pounds was offset in large measure by money sent to Greece by Greeks living in foreign countries, chiefly in America. This totaled in 1924 the enormous sum of about 10,000,000 pounds or approximately $45,000,000. Even so there remained a deficit of about 8,000,000 pounds, and as this condition of affairs appears to be chronic one wonders how the country manages to maintain itself.

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It is not strange, then, especially in view of the long strain of war from 1912 to 1922, that for many years the governmental budget has not been balanced and that the drachma, the par value of which is theoretically about nineteen cents, is now worth only 1.6 cents or less. The only *coins* in circulation are ten-lepta pieces (worth less than $^1/_5$ cent) and a few twenty-lepta and five-lepta pieces. These small coins are so nearly worthless that they are used largely as gifts to beggars. In Athens many of the stores keep a plate filled with them near the door where beggars may help themselves, for to refuse a mendicant is thought to bring bad luck. Does not Homer remark that beggars come from Zeus?

All other money from the fifty-lepta (i.e., ½ dr.) piece up is in the form of paper, much of it frayed, patched and filthy. Much of it, too, is cut in half. Thereby hangs a tale of considerable interest. In the spring of 1922, at the time when a fresh offensive in Asia Minor was being planned and there was need of a large increase of funds, the treasury was empty, and all efforts to raise a loan in London or New York failed by reason of the financial blockade which had been in force since November, 1920. The situation was most serious; those in control of the government were in despair; a ministerial crisis was threatened. At last one day in April, Mr. Petros Protopapadakis, Minister of Finance, arose in the presence of the Chamber of Deputies and with a pair of shears cut a one-hundred drachma note in two. "This, gentlemen," he said, "is the solution of our difficulties." Loud and prolonged laughter was the only response. But Mr. Protopapadakis held his ground and made an earnest appeal for calm consideration of his proposal. The upshot was that parliament passed a decree authorizing the Minister of Finance, on a specified day to cut in two all of the money in the Greek state from the five-drachma note up, the left-hand half of each note, that bearing the portrait of George Stavros, to continue in circulation as legal tender at one-half its former value, the other half to be taken by the government as a forced loan at 6%;

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and this was actually done and the national treasury was the richer by some 1,600,000,000 drachmae.

Since that memorable day there have been several new issues of notes, and the money thus issued has stamped upon the right-hand end the word NEON (new), indicating that it is legal tender though uncut. (This does not apply, however, to the notes issued last April which are of a different size and style, so that they cannot by any possibility be confused with the old).

Before the day set for the cutting of the money—so far as I am aware a quite unique device for raising funds for governmental needs—there was for a time a greatly heightened activity in business life. Every man sought so far as he was able to pay off all his debts, of course in the higher denominations, and to keep for himself as many of the smaller pieces as he could accumulate. The two-drachma, one-drachma and one-half drachma notes were hoarded and finally disappeared from circulation. Thereupon business came to a standstill; there was no small change. Accordingly a second decree was passed authorizing the Minister of Finance to cut also the two-drachma and one-drachma pieces. The minister then made proclamation that if by noon of a certain day these two-drachma and one-drachma notes were not released from concealment, he would order these also to be cut. Immediately they returned to circulation and business was resumed.

Naturally there was objection on the part of many to this method of raising money. No man likes to have his bank-account and stocking-account cut in two. But the scheme seemed to the majority so incredibly clever that the people acquiesced without much serious opposition. The author of this legislation, Mr. Protopapadakis, was a few months later one of the six prominent men of affairs convicted of high treason and condemned to death (November 28, 1922).

But I was speaking of conditions that have not materially changed in the course of the years. Another of these is the presence of brigands in the mountains, especially in the

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northern portion of the country. As a result of the disturbances caused by the wars brigandage is said to have increased rather than diminished. Somewhat more than a year ago, so I was told, the government captured and executed two thousand brigands in Thessaly and Macedonia, most of them, perhaps all of them, soldiers who had deserted the ranks, as indeed the word brigand indicates. Last fall and winter there was an outlaw of this type who made his headquarters in his native village of Parapunghia, about ten miles from Thebes, the village in which Miss Hetty Goldman and her party resided while engaged in the excavation of the pre-Homeric town of Eutresis. This young man—he was barely twenty-five years of age—was frequently seen by members of the party. Indeed on one occasion he made a compact with Miss Goldman agreeing on his part to do her no harm—what her agreement was I do not know,—and the compact was solemnized and made forever binding by mingling a drop of blood from his thumb with a drop from hers. Though hunted by the police he was shielded by his fellow villagers, a practice which seems to be not uncommon. The sympathy of the people appears to be with the outlaw rather than with the gendarmerie.

The presence of these lawless and frequently desperate men in the mountain districts makes traveling somewhat unsafe. The efforts of the government to eradicate the evil appear to be sporadic and usually ineffectual. While at Athens I was told the following extraordinary story. It appears that at Thebes, which is fifty miles from Athens, there resides a physician, one of the most prominent citizens of the town, who practices medicine as his profession and brigandage as his avocation, a veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. This gentleman is said to be the leader of a band of outlaws who make Thebes their headquarters. About two years ago, a price having been put upon the heads of two of his men, he walked one day into the office at Athens of the Minister of Communications, opened a suit-case which he had brought with him, and out rolled the two heads upon the floor. Thereupon he returned to Thebes where he still

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resides in good standing and directs the activities of the remaining members of his band. I cannot vouch for the truth of this tale; I did not see the heads. But as the story was told me by several different persons who were in Athens at the time, I am loath to pronounce it false. Our American minister to Greece insists that it is not safe to travel in a carriage or automobile even as far as to Eleusis, twelve miles from Athens, without taking an armed guard. We, however, did not do so, and traveled hundreds of miles in perfect security.

But one untoward event happened this year which dampened our ardor and cast us all into deepest gloom. A small group of American students and one member of the British School, while making a trip through Acarnania and Aetolia in northwestern Greece, were fired upon and one of the party wounded. In this instance, however, brigandage was not involved, as was at first supposed. Investigation showed that it was an attempt to kill a government official. The mistake that the gunmen made was that they fired upon the wrong car. The party was riding in a Ford and as they rounded a turn in the road four shots were fired from the rear. All of the bullets passed through the car and one of them through the body of Dr. John Logan, a young man of great promise who had only a week before accepted a call to the University of Vermont as Instructor in Greek. The bullet which struck Logan first passed through the cushion of the rear seat of the car and as a result blood poisoning developed. Logan died about ten days later in the tiny hospital at Arta. This was a case of sheer murder. The firing was without warning. There was no holdup, no attempt to rob or to take captive. The investigation which followed (so at least I was told shortly before leaving Athens) disclosed the fact that a high official in the government was implicated in the crime, and the matter was accordingly hushed up, and so far as I know nothing more was done. But the government at Athens sought to make reparation by insisting upon paying all of the hospital charges, the expenses of the funeral and the cost of shipping the body to

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New York. The funeral was a most impressive affair, though held in the tiny English church, and was attended by representatives of the government including officers of the army and navy in full regalia, the Metropolitan or head of the church in Greece, the archbishop of Arta, members of the British Legation and many others.

We who were in Athens felt considerable indignation that the American government, beyond expressing sympathy and regret, apparently took no action in the matter. Had the victim been a British subject, the case would have been different. At any rate when word of the shooting first reached Athens and it was reported that the British member of the party had been killed, the British Legation was aroused to feverish activity, and one feels certain that had the original report been true, Great Britain would have intervened quickly and decisively. But to us Americans America seemed to be almost criminally supine.

In many other respects, too, in addition to these I have mentioned, there has been slight, if any, progress. Illiteracy and superstition still abound. The priesthood is still for the greater part uneducated. And events occur from time to time which amaze the westerner.

One recalls how in 1916 after Venizelos and his adherents, one of whom is the same Admiral Koundouriotes who is today the provisional president of the Republic,—how after these had left Athens and set up an opposition government at Saloniki (September, 1916) the officials of state and church attended by thousands of their fellow citizens gathered in the fields of Ares in Athens, and after certain rites the Head of the church pronounced a solemn curse against Venizelos and threw a stone at his effigy. Thereupon each of the thousands in attendance likewise threw a stone until a veritable hill of stones was formed. My friends who witnessed this extraordinary spectacle say that the people brought stones for the purpose in their hands, in sacks, in carts, in wheelbarrows, in automobiles, in fact in every conceivable receptacle and conveyance. And throughout the Peloponnesus, which was and, I am told, still is

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strongly royalist in its sympathies, similar heaps of stones were piled up in the same manner. But this of course was a political gesture.

One recalls, too, how in the summer of 1915 King Constantine was dangerously ill. The local physicians could do nothing for him. Physicians were then summoned from Vienna and even from Berlin. These also after making every effort in his behalf pronounced his condition hopeless. Thereupon it was decided as a final desperate resort to send to the little island of Tenos to fetch the miracle-working icon of the Panagia—the Virgin and Child—for which Tenos is famous, probably the most sacred emblem of its sort in all of Greece. Accordingly a war vessel was dispatched from the Piraeus under full steam, the icon was placed on board, and the return journey accomplished in the shortest possible time. At the Piraeus the vessel was met by the Metropolitan and all the clergy, the icon was delivered into the hands of the Metropolitan and the party marched in solemn and impressive procession all the way to Athens even to the very door of the palace. There Queen Sophia received the sacred emblem and hastening with it to the bedside of her dying spouse placed it against his lips. From that moment the king began to mend.

Sometime later when at length the health of the king was again so far restored that the presence of the blessed icon was thought to be no longer necessary, the sacred object was removed to the Cathedral, whither multitudes of devout Athenians thronged to kiss and reverence it. Many miraculous cures, I was told, were wrought through its beneficent influence. But Queen Sophia, a firm believer in germs and more scrupulous in such matters than the clergy, sent a nurse to sit beside the icon and sponge off the glass after each reverent kiss. So far as I was able to observe, her example has not been followed. The kissing of icons still prevails and there is no sponge to remove the lurking germ. Until the clergy unite in denouncing this disgusting practice there is little hope.

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Were there time I could relate many another story: of how only a year ago an Athenian killed his daughter in order to appease the imagined displeasure of the Panagia because of the change in the calendar, a story which reminds one of the sacrifice of Iphigenia to placate the wrath of Artemis; of how on the outskirts of Saloniki an English family, Quakers I was told, yielded to the entreaties of their peasant neighbors because the roof leaked and the wind blew down the chimney, to offer prayer and sacrifice to Pan, who evidently heard their petitions, for the rain ceased and the roof no longer leaked, the wind died away and no longer blew down the chimney; of how—but there is not time for more. Lest, however, these tales which I have told give a somewhat misleading impression, I hasten to add that there are in Greece, especially in Athens, many Greeks of as high intelligence, of as broad education, grace of manner and sterling character as one will find among other people anywhere in the world. Greece and the Greeks should not be judged solely by the peasants and the conditions that obtain in the villages.

Turning to the subject of changing Greece first let us note the increase in territory and population. In 1833 when the Greek kingdom was finally established and young king Otho, the Bavarian, came to the throne, Greece consisted, in addition to a few of the islands, including the large island of Euboea, of the Peloponnesus and Attica and the country lying to the north of these as far as to the gulfs of Arta and Volo. In 1864 the Ionian Islands were added; in 1881 Thessaly. In 1913 at the end of the second Balkan War (Treaty of Bucharest, August, 1913), Greece acquired Southern Epirus, Southern Macedonia, a portion of Western Thrace including the important port of Cavalla, and most of the Aegean islands and Crete. The territory then totaled about 42,000 square miles which is about the size of Ohio, or somewhat less than one-half the size of Oregon, with a total population of approximately 5,000,000. Since that memorable year (1913) there have been many kaleidoscopic changes, but little further territory has been acquired.

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As a result of these changes the population shifted more or less during the years 1912–1922, especially in Macedonia and Thrace. Then came the great disaster in Asia Minor and the destruction of Smyrna (September, 1922), whereupon Greeks from Smyrna and its hinterland poured into the ports of Greece, particularly the Piraeus and Saloniki, by tens of thousands. In 1923 (January 30) was signed the Treaty of Lausanne by which Greece and Turkey agreed to an exchange of populations, all Greeks in Turkey (except a certain group in Constantinople designated as the *établis)* to be deported, and all Turks in Greece, a much smaller number, to be removed to Turkey. On a much smaller scale there has been a similar exchange of peoples between Bulgaria and Greece. These extraordinary movements of populations took place chiefly during the years 1923-1924, though a few stragglers from Constantinople and the region of the Pontus were still coming into the Piraeus in the spring of this year, and the Greeks are still, I believe, filtering in from Bulgaria. In all not less than 1,500,000 Greeks (and Armenians about 10 per cent of the whole) were thus added to the population of Greece, making a total now of more than 6,000,000 (some put the figure at 6,500,000). There are said to be about 200,000 Greeks still in Constantinople.

Thus in the short space of two years this small country, limited in resources and sadly impoverished by ten years of warfare, received a net increase of approximately 20 per cent of population, the majority of the newcomers being women and children, many of them stricken with disease, nearly all of them penniless. The suffering was intense, indeed almost inconceivable, and though the Greek government did (and is still doing) all in its power to aid these hapless creatures, had it not been for the kindly services rendered by the Red Cross, the Near East Relief, the International Commission for the Establishment of Refugees, the American Friends of Greece, the Save the Children League and other similar organizations, the rehabilitation of these unfortunates would have been well-nigh impossible. Last spring perhaps as many as 50,000 were still without homes in Athens and the

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Piraeus. Some were sheltered in tents, some in warehouses, barns and the like, and the old palace at Athens,—now a disreputably shabby building—was filled with them.

These 1,500,000 newcomers constitute the refugees of Greece. A few of them are people of wealth with large bank accounts in London, Paris or New York. Indeed there is a refugee club at Athens which occupies a palatial residence on Academy Street. But the majority are struggling against desperate odds. On the whole, however, these Greeks from Asia Minor are more energetic than the old-time inhabitants of Greece; they seem to possess more initiative and a higher degree of efficiency. Already their coming is beginning to be felt as a blessing. New villages have sprung up everywhere, new farms are being cultivated, new industries have been established. Thus the rug industry of Asia Minor has been transferred almost entirely to Greece; innumerable looms have been set up in Athens, Piraeus, Saloniki and in many towns and villages. The tobacco industry, too, has made enormous strides. Greece has become through the acquisition of Southern Macedonia the leading country of Europe for the raising of cigarette tobacco, and tobacco heads the list of exports. Cotton, too, and silk are being produced in considerable quantities and several spinning mills and cloth factories, I was told, have been established. Raisins and currants, once the chief export products, now hold second place.

In point of territory, then, Greece is more compact than at any time certainly in the modern period, and the population more homogeneous than—who can say for how long?—perhaps for thousands of years. Who these modern Greeks are racially is a question to which I at least can give no definite answer. They are pleased to call themselves "the direct descendants of the ancient Greeks." The assertion that the modern inhabitants of Syracuse are direct descendants of the ancient Syracusans would probably be as correct. In both cases there has been racial mixture of a very pronounced character, and to determine in what proportion Greek blood flows in the veins of either the modern Syra-

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cusans or the modern Athenians is probably impossible. But it remains true nevertheless that among the Greeks of today one meets with traditions, beliefs, customs, folklore, folk songs, habits of thought, modes of action, mannerisms in speech and gesture that undoubtedly date from ancient times. The language also contains much that is of hoary antiquity—but of this I shall speak later. In these respects it is indeed true that the modern Greeks are the direct descendants of the ancient Hellenes, and this applies to the newcomers from the eastern shores and Constantinople and the uplands of Anatolia quite as fully as to those born and reared in Attica or Messenia or Macedonia. Very appropriately then, so it seems to me, were the Greek refugees almost immediately declared citizens in full standing and the men permitted to vote at the general election which was held December 16, 1923. Indeed this seems to have been the intention of those who drew up and signed the Treaty of Lausanne, for in Article 7 of Document 8 of the final act we read: "Emigrants will lose the nationality of the country which they are leaving and will acquire the nationality of the country of their destination upon their arrival in the territory of the latter country." Strictly the election to which I have just referred should have taken place a year earlier. But because of the political dissensions and turmoil that followed the debâcle in Asia Minor (September, 1922) the revolutionary committee which had assumed control of affairs under the leadership of Gonatas and Plastiras repeatedly postponed the day of trying their strength at the polls until a full year had elapsed. In the meantime they changed the electoral system by substituting narrow constituencies for the wide constituencies which had been in vogue and by decreeing that candidates should be elected by reference to the total vote cast for their party and not by the votes which they individually received. One may call this political duplicity or astuteness as one prefers. Probably it was both. But the result of the election appears to have justified the irregularity. The refugees who were admitted to the vote were to a man opposed to the monarchy and as

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the royalist faction largely abstained from voting the republicans and liberals won an overwhelming victory. In consequence two days after the election King George left the country and a few months later (March 25, 1924) a republic was proclaimed subject to a plebiscite to be held on April 13. The plebiscite was an overwhelming victory for the republic. In its favor 758,742 votes were cast as opposed to 325,322 votes for the monarchy. The republic was therefore declared established and Admiral Koundouriotis was appointed provisional president. Not yet, though a year and a half have now elapsed, have the people been permitted to vote for a president. In the meantime parliament has been busy with many important matters, the chief of which has been the framing of a new constitution.

Though the royalists are still hoping for a restoration of the monarchy the republic is steadily gaining strength and its success seems to be assured. As the royal family is of foreign extraction and as no members of the family remain on Greek soil to complicate the situation the new government will doubtless be able to establish itself upon a firmer foundation undisturbed by serious royalist intrigues and uprisings such as plagued the land of France for many decades after the French Revolution.

In an article which appeared in the London *Times* of April 19, 1925, the writer, Mr. Frederick Cunliffe Owen, states:

> Although the Republic has been in existence only a year and celebrated at the end of March the first anniversary of its proclamation, the entire atmosphere of this more than thirty-century old metropolis . . . . has undergone a radical change.
>
> Until a year ago everyone talked and wrangled and fought about domestic politics. The bitterness engendered thereby poisoned the very air, warping characters, principles and patriotism. Greece's best interests abroad, national as well as economic, were subordinated thereto in a manner that seemed incomprehensible to foreign countries. . . . .
>
> But today the people of Athens . . . . have turned over an entirely new leaf. Politics have become taboo and have to a great extent lost their interest. Business and industrial and commercial development are the order of the day.

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These statements are a bit too sweeping and positive, and yet in the main they are true. Politics of course are not taboo, and never will be so long as the Greeks are Greeks; nor have wrangling and hatred entirely died away. Yet a short residence in Athens is sufficient to convince one that the flaming passions of a few years ago have burned themselves out. One recalls, for example, how when news reached Athens that Venizelos had been attacked and wounded in Paris (August 14, 1920) by alleged royalist sympathizers, the leaders of the Venizelist faction, then in power, caused the arrest of a number of prominent men who belonged to opposition groups. One of these was Johannes Dragoumis, brother of Julia Dragoumis, the noted authoress, and a scion of one of the best families of the city, several of whose members had held high offices in the government. Though probably entirely innocent of the dastardly attempt upon the life of Venizelos, young Dragoumis, who was known to be a royalist at heart, was seized by soldiers and hustled along Cephisia Boulevard to a point just east of Howe Street, where he was ordered to halt and was shot down by a firing squad. That was about six o'clock in the evening. At midnight soldiers knocked at the door of his home and informed his aged father that if he wished to attend the funeral of his son, he should be at the cemetery at six o'clock in the morning.

When a few months later the royalists returned to power for a brief space they erected a beautiful monument in his honor on the spot where he fell. The inscription stated that here on August 15, 1920, Johannes Dragoumis was murdered, etc., etc. This inscription was mostly chipped away by the Venizelists when they in turn again took over the reins of government, but fortunately the monument was not destroyed. Though mutilated it is still one of the most beautiful memorials of Athens. It bears silent and pathetic testimony to the hatred and passion which poisoned the life of Athens only a few years ago. Those days of turmoil and terror have gone, let us hope, never to return.

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As for the business and industrial and commercial development, of which Mr. Owen writes, the evidences are on every hand. Though poor, Greece, strange as it may seem, is in the midst of an era of great prosperity. Everywhere, not in Athens only, but throughout the country, building activity is most intense. Thousands of houses have been, and still are, being erected, of course largely with money contributed by foreign peoples or raised through the coöperation of the League of Nations. In the suburbs of Athens, especially in the direction of Cephisia and Tatoi, new tracts of land have been subdivided and are being exploited in a manner that suggests Los Angeles.

The state railroad system of Greece, that which enters Athens from the north was linked up in 1916 with the transcontinental lines of Northern and Western Europe,—one of the benefits conferred by the Great War—and through passenger service is now in operation between Paris and Athens; there is service also between Athens and Belgrade, Bucharest, Vienna and Berlin. This alone is a factor of tremendous importance to this country which heretofore, through the ill-will of Turkey, has had no rail connection with the rest of Europe. New railroad lines are now being projected and will soon be in course of construction, one running north from Agrinion to Arta and Jannina and the Adriatic coast near Corfu, another from Jannina to Saloniki, and other lines in Macedonia and Western Thrace. The railway lines now in operation have again returned to a paying basis. A deficit of five and a half million drachmae for the fiscal year 1922–23 was converted in the following year (1923–24) into a surplus of thirty-eight and a half million drachmae.

The Vardar Valley in Macedonia is being drained and reclaimed at a cost of about $26,000,000. Approximately 1000 square miles of land will be drained and vast areas of arid land reclaimed through irrigation. The Foundation Company of New York has the concession for this work. Other engineering undertakings of similar magnitude are planned, the most noteworthy of which is the construction

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of a dam in the hills above Marathon for the impounding of waters to increase the water supply of Athens and Piraeus. The contract for this important work was signed shortly before I left Athens, the contracting parties being the Greek Government and the well-known engineering firm of Ulen and Company of New York. The cost is estimated to be not less than seven and a half million dollars, and may reach ten million; and it is confidently believed that the lake which is to be thus formed will serve to relieve the water famine in these two cities for many years to come. But of course it will not solve the problem. Athens and the Piraeus will never enjoy an adequate supply until water is piped from sources far up in the mountains of the Peloponnesus or of northern Greece. The cost of such a vast undertaking is at present prohibitive, but that it will have to be faced some day I have no doubt. Nature never intended that more than a million people should inhabit the Attic plain. Today the water which is distributed in Athens and the Piraeus is hardly adequate, according to American standards, for 200,000; yet there are already a million consumers. The situation is most serious. Saloniki, which has abundant sources of supply near at hand, may for this reason some day outdistance her rival cities. But there are commercial reasons as well which lead one to believe that Saloniki is destined to become a great city. With the maritime trade of Constantinople and Smyrna now practically extinct the volume of business handled at the port of Saloniki is increasing at a phenomenal rate. Incidentally it may be of interest to know that a second Greek University has just been established in the northern city.

This reference to the new university at Saloniki reminds one that several educational institutions, uprooted from the soil of Turkey, have been replanted in Greece. A college for girls, formerly at Smyrna, is now flourishing at Old Phaleron, one of the suburbs of Athens. At Old Phaleron, too, is a branch of the Bible School which was moved after the war from Marash to Constantinople; Saloniki has been chosen as the site of a school for boys, transferred from Asia

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Minor, and the buildings are now in course of construction. All three of these institutions are, I believe, supported mainly with funds provided by the American Board of Missions, all are small and many of the students, possibly the majority, are foreigners. What the Greeks desire, however, and are now urging is the establishment in their midst of an Amherst or a Pomona, so far as may be a typical American college for Greek young men and women. But this may be an idle dream.

Elementary education has suffered many reverses during recent years. School-houses in large numbers were converted into shelters for refugees; many teachers thus deprived of a livelihood found employment elsewhere. With schools closed or grievously overcrowded the situation has been (and still remains) most disquieting.

But to return from this digression. The cost of living has increased enormously in the last ten years. The index in May, 1925, was about 1500 as compared with 100 in 1914, an increase nearly three times as great as that which had taken place in France. In some commodities the index was as high as 1800. In consequence Greece is an expensive country in which to live, especially if one tries to approximate an American standard of comfort. During the same period wages and salaries have of course increased, though usually not in the same proportion. For one who has dollars to spend service is ridiculously cheap. But this advantage is offset by the high cost of food, rents, fuel and electricity.

In this connection it may be of interest to note—and this is one of the changes that impressed me most at first—Greece has become a land of fixed prices. About a year ago a law was passed requiring merchants and shop-keepers to mark the prices of their goods in plain figures. And this law, so far as I noted, is generally observed, and the prices are adhered to. Owing to the instability of the drachma the prices of many articles—for example automobiles, automobile parts, building materials—are quoted in dollars or pounds, and dollars or pounds are eagerly accepted in payment.

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During recent years labor unions have been organized throughout the country and now exert a powerful influence. Many of these, I was told, have been financed with money furnished from Moscow. However this may be, it appears to be certain that Russia has been, and still is, making strenuous efforts to get control of the labor situation in Greece, probably as an entering wedge to the establishment of a more sweeping influence. The Russian Legation at Athens, my informant told me, maintains a personnel of not less than seventy, as compared with ten or twelve in the American or British Legations; but of this I have no personal knowledge. The activity of Russia, however, in the Balkan states is an open secret. Some of the facts are set forth by Walter Littlefield in an article "Pistol Shots in the Balkans" which appeared in the *Forum* for June. But Mr. Littlefield's indictment of Greece I do not understand: "There is her [i.e., Russia's] former ally Greece," he says, "now almost her vassal, timidly doing her orders in spite of the frowns of the League of Nations and hoping she may not be obliged to surrender Saloniki to her." This sounds strangely like the voice of Bulgaria speaking. Certainly in Greece one gains no such impression; the activities of the advocates of Bolshevism were being vigorously opposed by Michalokopoulos' cabinet last winter and spring, and I doubt not that the present cabinet headed by General Pangalos is equally severe in its measures of repression.

Just as the ancient and picturesque jug is being displaced by the ugly but convenient gasoline tin, so the slow-moving carriage and *sousta*, or two-wheeled cart, and the jogging ass are giving way to the time-saving automobile, for time is beginning to count for something even in Greece. The ass may never disappear as Greece is a very mountainous country. But wherever good roads can be constructed the horse-drawn vehicle is doomed, as the cabmen in Athens are already beginning to realize. There are now about 10,000 automobiles in the land, the majority of them in Attica, and the number is increasing daily. Motor bus-lines are in operation between Athens and all the neighboring towns

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and villages within a radius of twenty-five miles, and in many other localities as well. Service stations are being installed and even repair shops, though outside of the cities conditions are still most primitive. Good roads constitute the greatest need. At present these can be counted on the fingers of one hand: a road from Phaleron to Athens, another from Athens to Cephisia, a third from Athens to Oropos over the ridge of Parnes by way of Tatoi, and a fourth from Itea and Delphi to Saloniki—a military highway constructed by the English and French during the war. All the other roads so far as I know—and I sampled many—are, with the exception of occasional stretches, in deplorable condition, with the result that even in an automobile one cannot average under the best conditions more than fifteen miles an hour. The majority of the people still travel in soustas, on mule-back, or astride the patient ass. The difficulties of communication are a serious hindrance to the development of the country. But with the construction of a network of good roads and the introduction of a hundred thousand more automobiles, both of which conditions will, I believe, be realized in the near future, all of this will be changed. I never appreciated the importance of motor transportation as an economic factor until I visited Greece last year. And not only as an economic factor. The motor car is destined to play an important rôle in the development of social conditions in this primitive land. Whether anyone has written on this aspect of automobile transportation, I do not know. It would make an interesting study.

Finally there is the changing attitude with reference to the language. At the time of the Greek revolution one hundred years ago a group of Greeks and Philhellenes, actuated by an intense enthusiasm for classical antiquity, started a movement to purify the language, which seemed to them to have become sadly corrupted, and to restore it to a condition approximating the language of the fourth and later centuries, the language of Xenophon and his successors. This movement gained great headway, and the language thus restored was (and still is) known as the *καθαρεύουσα*,

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i.e., the purified tongue. It became the language of parliament, of the schools, the newspapers and a large part of the literature of the day. But its apparent victory was gained not without a struggle. For the adherents of the vernacular, a tongue which bears about the same relation to ancient Greek as Italian does to Latin, waged incessant warfare against the purists. Matters came to a head when in 1901 Alexander Pallis translated the gospels into an extreme form of the vulgar tongue and copies were placed on sale in Athens. Riots ensued resulting in bloodshed and even death. The question, like most questions in Greece, soon passed into the realm of politics. The opponents of Pallis and his supporters hinted that Russia was behind the movement, that the translation was merely a scheme for depriving the Orthodox Greek Church of one of her most priceless possessions, the New Testament in the original tongue. The question assumed the proportions of a national policy, and in 1911 the second revisional national assembly actually amended the constitution by inserting a clause prohibiting the translation of the scriptures without the consent of the Church in Greece and the Ecumenical Patriarch at Constantinople.

A similar riot occurred also in 1903 when Mr. Soteriades, a well known scholar, produced the Orestean trilogy of Aeschylus in a version which according to some of his critics was not free from certain offensive vulgarisms. The students of the University were up in arms at once, and the pressure of public opinion became so strong that the ministry was compelled to prohibit further performances. To injure a university professor it was sufficient to accuse him of using the vernacular in his lectures.

Today the feeling of the Greeks with reference to this philological question has changed to a very marked degree. It is true that the purified speech—the *καθαρεύουσα*—is still in use in parliament, in the University, in the newspapers to a large extent (though less so than formerly), and in certain types of literature. But many of the educated people—and I took special pains to discuss the question

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with the best informed Greeks whom I met—university professors, lawyers, doctors, parliamentary leaders, and others, are beginning to acknowledge that the purified tongue is artificial and lacks the breath of life. In the intimacy of their homes, if they do not use English or French, as many of them do, they employ very largely a species of vernacular. Poets and even novelists and story writers in ever increasing numbers are striving to give the vernacular literary standing. Men like Palamas and Drosines are exerting a powerful influence in its behalf.

In September, 1917, after the forced abdication of King Constantine (which occurred in June of that year) the Minister of Public Instruction issued a decree that the vulgar tongue should be the medium of instruction in the primary schools. There was of course a brief period of reaction—politics again—during the following royalist régime. But with the inauguration of the republic the order of September, 1917, was again put in force. And I have read somewhere recently that permission for the free use of the translation of the Bible was voted by parliament only a short time ago. A translation into the καθαρεύουσα is now easily obtainable in Athens. I tried to purchase also a copy of Pallis' condemned translation, but without success. The time is not yet ripe for so radical a departure as this—for as I stated, Pallis employed an extreme form of the vernacular—but it is coming, of this I am certain. Pallis was merely fifty years ahead of his time.

The use of the vulgar tongue in the schools, coupled with the efforts of the literary circles, will lead, I believe, ultimately to the extinction of the artificial purified speech. Then the term 'Modern Greek' will come to have a definite connotation. I am frequently asked about the characteristics of Modern Greek, its relation to the ancient language, etc., etc.—questions which I cannot answer with conciseness and precision for the simple reason that I do not know what Modern Greek is. It seems to depend upon one's point of view, one's temperament, to a certain extent even upon one's political inclinations and affiliations. This is of course

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absurd. But it is a fact nevertheless that the purist gives one answer, the defender of the vernacular another. Listen to Achilles Rose in his little book *Christian Greece and Living Greek* (New York, 1898):

> Modern Greek, the literary language, is but Attic Greek simplified and complemented by additional elements taken from the old dialects or formed in strict conformity with old forms. Neither the language nor the pronunciation has changed materially these two thousand years. Living Greek (note the expression: living Greek) is the most beautiful, the most perfect language in Europe.

His assertion that "neither the language nor the pronunciation has changed materially these 2000 years" is simply ridiculous, while the expression "living Greek" begs the whole issue. Albert Thumb in his learned and invaluable *Handbook of Modern Greek* understands the expression to mean the popular language. The conflict between these two opposing views appears clearly in the beginners' books in Modern Greek, a comparison of which leaves one sadly muddled. It appears also in the lexica of modern Greek. For example, the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Grec Moderne Français* by Legrand emphasizes the vernacular and denounces the efforts of the purifiers. The *Lexicon Anglo-hellenicon* of Pervanoglou on the other hand almost entirely ignores the vernacular. Thus he gives for *nothing* οὐδέν, not τίποτε; *house* is οἶκος, οἰκία, not σπίτι (which everybody uses); *who* is τίς, ὅστις, ποῖος, not ποῦ; *wine* is οἶνος, not the universal κρασί; *thirty* is τριάκοντα (the classical word now used only in print) not τριάντα which prevails in speech; *this* is οὗτος not αὐτός; *fish* is ἰχθύς, not ψάρι; *at home* is οἴκοι, ἐν τῇ οἰκίᾳ, not 'στο σπίτι, and so on, and so on. Such a lexicon simply does not represent the facts. The same author's *Lexicon Hellenoanglicon* gives a much truer impression of the language. It contains many vernacular words for the reason that, as the author rather naïvely remarks in the preface, the Greeks will wish to know the English equivalents of vulgar words as well as those of classical terms.

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And so I contend no one yet knows precisely what Modern Greek is. The battle will have to continue until one of the two definitely prevails or until a combination of the two is developed upon which all can agree. In my judgment a refined form of the vernacular, the speech of the common people, will be the victor, and I welcome any legitimate agency that will bring this to pass. If some great writer should appear to perform for the vulgar tongue the service which Dante rendered to Italian, the victory would be won.

TENET

MARGARET TOD RITTER

If I should light a taper and declare
My rituals beside that slender flame
A murmured repetition of your name
Would be the link connecting prayer and prayer.
Or if in some Olympian intervale
Tiptoe against the deep, sapphiric blue
I leaned entranced, the memory of you
Would sweep me back like smoke before the gale.
If centuries should pass and I should find
A shining life, a lovelier, loftier way
My changed, transcendent being would obey
That passion it had failed to leave behind,
Would turn from any ecstasy it knew
Back to the earth, back to the thought of you.

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MATHEMATICS IN MODERN LIBERAL EDUCATION

FLORIAN CAJORI

In the reëxamination of educational theory which has taken place since the closing of the nineteenth century, the place and importance of mathematics in elementary education has been challenged. It has been declared that the old-time theory of the general training of the mind rests upon an outgrown psychology, that there are no general faculties to be trained, that the mind consists of particular faculties—countless special mental operations or functions—and all we can do is to train one or more of these special operations, there being no transfer or spreading of training. Spearman forcibly declared that "the great assumption upon which education has rested for so many centuries is now at last rendered amenable to experimental corroboration—and it proves to be false!"

The educational import of this psychology was momentous. Vocational education was its logical sequence. If a boy is to be a farmer, teach him farm arithmetic, farm mechanics, farm chemistry, but not arithmetic, mechanics, and chemistry in general. According to this view, Abraham Lincoln was the victim of an antiquated and false psychology, when he studied demonstrative geometry for the purpose of improving his reasoning power as a lawyer. The new psychology was the result of comparatively few observations and laboratory experiments carried on when experimental technique in psychological laboratories was still imperfect. Careful investigation moves slowly, but in this case the pedagogic interest moved quickly, and educators did not wait for confirmation. But the psychologists continued their

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experiments, developed their technique, began to use controls, and arrived at results showing that this new psychology needed revision, and that, while there was some transfer of training, there was not the complete transfer claimed by the advocates of formal training. As to the exact amount of transfer, accurate experimental data are still wanting and there prevails a wide diversity of opinion. One psychologist says, "mathematics as a subject cannot be described in my judgment as sure of transfer." Another says, "whether a child would reason better in politics because he had had a thorough training in mathematics, for example, is not proved by any actual work or measurements." Others are "inclined to deny that an accurate test would show a substantial amount of transfer to some related field."

Educational theory is still further complicated by an elaborate statistical study published by a most distinguished American educator, in the *Journal of Pedagogical Psychology* for 1924, which seems to indicate that the gain in power to think does not depend upon the "studies taken" in school, that bookkeeping, cooking, or sewing increase a pupil's ability to think, as much—even more in some instances—than does the study of the classics or mathematics. These results are startling; nevertheless, a committee of the National Educational Association on the teaching of arithmetic, make such statistical results the basis of their work; they state explicitly that "no subject has any more right than dozens of others to claim for itself unusual considerations from the standpoint of either culture or discipline." The statistical results alluded to are so paradoxical, that many thoughtful readers entertain a doubt whether even now the test-measurements of human intelligence have been sufficiently perfected to yield reliable conclusions. The old Roman, Seneca, taunted the mathematician by saying: "You know how to measure the circle, you can compute the distances between the stars. . . . But if you are a real master of your profession, measure me the mind of man. Tell me how great it is, or how puny." Even now, Seneca's banter has not wholly lost its force.

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It should be stated that the distinguished author of the statistical studies alluded to, points out with great frankness, certain minor imperfections in his method of investigation. He also emphasizes the need of confirmation, by the study, not of 8564 pupils as he had done, but of at least twice that number. His method seems to me to involve two serious defects which he himself does not name. In the first place, the reliability of the mental tests in delicate measurements seems uncertain. These tests favor the alert, quick minds and minify the slow, though frequently more profound minds. I imagine that Sir Humphry Davy, the English chemist, would have made a high score, while Robert Mayer, one of the discoverers of the law of the conservation of energy, would have been low. The story is told of Davy that, when being shown through French chemical laboratories, he seized upon suggestions thrown out by the French chemists, quickly assembled his apparatus for an experiment, and, to the astonishment of the French hosts, arrived then and there at valuable scientific results. A story is also told of Robert Mayer visiting the physicist Jolly, at Heidelberg. With dubious implication, Jolly remarked that, if Mayer's theory of conservation were correct, water would be warmed by shaking. Mayer left without a word of reply. Several weeks later, he rushed into Jolly's presence, exclaiming, "Es ischt so." Mayer required weeks where Davy required only hours.

The intelligence tests measure only the fleeting performances of the mind. They do not take cognizance of the power of sustained effort to which serious study habituates the individual and of the frequent subconscious mental action in such experiences as are cited by Poincaré's "showing how the missing link in a chain of reasoning which intense and prolonged effort had failed to complete, would unexpectedly present itself during a holiday excursion or when crossing the street." The story is told of Sylvester, the mathematician, that, when asked by a friend how he had enjoyed the opera, the previous evening, replied: "It was most inspiring; there stole into my mind unsolicited, like a ray of

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light, the idea that was wanting for the perfect evolution of the theory of the Sturmian residues." Gauss, Helmholtz, and Pupin have had similar experiences. We have no assurance that our instantaneous intelligence tests measure the mind's ability for such unconscious work.

Another source of doubt is the validity of the statistical procedure in determining the relative values of studies. In the article referred to, two large groups of students are taken, both groups pursuing the same three studies (say, English, History, Geometry), but the fourth study in one group is, say Latin, and in the other group, shop-work. The object is to compare Latin and shop-work. In pursuing the four studies both groups gain in intelligence, but the excess in the gain of one group over the gain made by the other is attributed to the superiority of Latin over shop-work or of shop-work over Latin, as the case may be. This procedure impresses me as dangerous. In the first place, if shop-work had not been taken at all, so that the second group had carried only three studies, while the first group carried four, it is conceivable that the second group might show equal gains in an intelligence test, because of concentration upon only three courses. But the statistics in such a case would show Latin to possess no value whatever in developing intelligence. A second consideration: Many teachers of the present and past have found an advantage in correlating different parts of mathematics with one another, but the statistical procedure under consideration takes no cognizance of that advantage. It takes no cognizance whether algebra and geometry are rigidly confined to separate quarters, or whether they are made to melt into one another "like sunset tints or the colors of the dying dolphin."

A third consideration: According to the experiences in the correlation of studies, algebra and physics, being closely related, is a stronger combination for simultaneous study than algebra and chemistry. Also, biology and chemistry is a stronger combination for simultaneous study than biology and physics. But if a boy takes all four subjects at the same time, the addition of the two inequalities would

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lead to the absurdity that these four subjects are a stronger combination than are these same four subjects; that is, a thing is greater than itself. It is evident that the associative law of addition does not hold here. Yet that law is implied in the procedure mentioned above.

The many uncertainties on the relative values of subjects taught in high schools, and on the reality of the transfer of training, have raised the question whether there are not other light-sources available which can be focussed upon these most fundamental problems in education. As we see it, a light-source is found in the history of teaching. The schoolrooms of the ages, from Plato down to the present time, were places of observation, of concrete study of the developing mind, where, if we apply the Baconian method, we may gather numerous valuable results. It would be a great presumption on our part to assume that we are so superior to the teachers of former ages that their observations are worthless as compared with our own. We should profit also by the testimony on education found in autobiographies, and by the scientific scrutiny of mind phenomena as described by the great philosophers of the ages. In the words of an English editor, "The thought of these . . . . writers is not dead. Understand and then subtract from it the local coloring of time and circumstance, and it is instinct with life: either the noxious life of foul delusive error, or the ethereal life of Truth . . . . and even the just measuring of their many mistakes and errors may not be time thrown away."

The historical method in mathematics has been tried before, but the bias of the navigators upon this sea of inquiry has led to wreckage at Charybdis or at Scylla. On the one side we see the mathematicians gathering testimony from all the advocates of mathematical study, and avoiding the testimony of the opponents—thereby doing violence to Baconian ideals of inquiry. On the other side, men like Sir William Hamilton, the philosopher, gather only the judgments of men opposed to mathematics. It will be our endeavor to follow the path of true enquiry, and, like

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Ulysses of old, to fill our ears with wax against the enticing sounds of some seemingly attractive but illegitimate conclusions. We are endeavoring to take as complete a survey as possible of writings on the educational value of mathematics. For lack of space we omit most of the arguments advanced by different writers in support of their respective findings.

Beginning our census, we observe that the earliest Greek philosopher to express himself on this question, namely, Protagoras, was in intimate agreement with the latest tenets of American school men. Protagoras believed in the unrestricted elective system. "Others injure the young," he said, "for they drag them back against their will into arts which they would fain avoid, teaching them arithmetic, astronomy and geometry and music . . . . but he who comes to me shall learn only that for which he comes." Thus Protagoras does not object to mathematics if the pupils desire it, but does not consider mathematics or any other branch of study as a necessary prerequisite for philosophy and ethics. Socrates is sometimes cited as an opponent of mathematics, but wrongly so, for he believed in the study of as much arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy as is necessary for everyday life. He did not express himself on the educational value of mathematics, and therefore cannot be counted either for or against. The Greek physician, Hippocrates of Cos, was the first to take a positive stand. He wrote a letter to his son, recommending the study of arithmetic and geometry, not as ornaments, but to better fit himself for the art of healing. Next comes Plato who in his *Republic* and other parts of his works lays extraordinary emphasis upon mathematics as a necessary preparation for citizenship. "Have you further observed," he says, "that those who have a natural talent for calculation are generally quick at every other kind of knowledge; and even the dull, if they have had an arithmetical training, although they may derive no other advantage from it, always become much quicker than they would otherwise have been. . . ." Calculation should be taught in a manner so that boys "should learn with amusement and

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pleasure." Mathematics, according to Plato, is an indispensable "prelude" to dialectic and philosophy. The Athenian orator Isocrates supported mathematics, for it trains a boy to fix his attention, and his wits are sharpened. Aristotle, though less exuberant in his mode of expression than Plato, nevertheless favored mathematics as making manifest "order" and "symmetry." His writings teem with mathematical reasoning. The skeptic philosophers and Epicureans made no statements which bear on the mind-training value of mathematics, nor did the Greek mathematicians of the classical period. Later commentators assumed more or less the attitude of Plato. Our final count among the Greeks is 12 for and 1 against the outstanding educational value of mathematics.

During the Roman and medieval times, mathematics as a sharpener of the intellect was universally recognized. Cicero speaks of its use in "reasoning;" Seneca speaks of the "benefits" derived from geometry and astronomy; "as to geometry," says Quintilian, "people admit that attention to it is of advantage in tender years; for they allow that by this study the thinking powers are excited." Boethius declares: "The investigator who is deficient in these four domains [arithmetic, music, geometry, astronomy] cannot find the truth and without recognition of truth no one can be wise." The early church fathers merged the idealism of Plato with their own idealism, and stressed mathematics in the training of the young. An anonymous collection of curious problems in arithmetic and algebra which has come down from the middle ages, is entitled, *Problems for Quickening the Mind*, and thus in its very title stresses the conviction that mathematics sharpens the mind. Extraordinary emphasis upon our science is found in the writings of Roger Bacon, who insists that "neglect of mathematics works injury to all knowledge." The Hindu mathematician Bhaskara writes, "to grow in wisdom and to strengthen your mental powers, you must read and re-read the mathematicians." Among the Romans and medieval writers, our list contains 20 favoring mathematics, but we have not been

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able to find a single writer opposing this science as an important subject in education.

During the Renaissance, the religious reformers, Martin Luther and Melanchthon, the French physician and writer, Rabelais, the French scholar, Ramus, the English teacher of the classics, Roger Ascham, the English astrologer, John Dee, all favor mathematics, though in some cases the study of this science to the exclusion of all other topics is disapproved. Of our witnesses, 27 in all, 4 opposed mathematical training, the others favored it.

For the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the number of men cited is sufficiently great to make it worth while to consider them in subgroups. Beginning with the philosophers, those endorsing the educational value of our science include Kant, Descartes, Voltaire, Locke, and are 16 in number, while among the 15 who deny its educational efficiency are the mystic Poiret, Madam de Staël, and Thomas Hobbes. Among the theologians, 7, including Bishop Berkeley and Isaac Barrow, favor mathematics, while the Bishop Huet opposes them. The count among the mathematicians is 59 to 1 for mathematics; among educators, 6 to 1; among statesmen, scientists, and literary men, 15 to 12. The total count for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is 103 to 30 in favor of mathematics in liberal education.

The nineteenth century offers a veritable cloud of witnesses. The philosophers on our list stand 10 for and 3 against mathematics. Among the former are Comte and John Fiske; among the latter are Sir William Hamilton and Schopenhauer. Four theologians, including Henry Ward Beecher, strongly endorsed the value of mathematics. Of literary men 13 acknowledged the place of mathematics in education; while 7 stood out against it. The statesmen of the nineteenth century voted for mathematics, 11 to 1. Of the scientists in other fields than mathematics, the French chemist, Berthelot, the Germans, Lichtenberg and Helmholtz, were for our science, while W. P. Atkinson, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and also, at one time, Thomas Huxley, spoke against it. Among educators

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of the nineteenth century, 31 were for mathematics, 6 against. Among mathematicians, we counted 49 votes for and 1 against. The total figures for the nineteenth century are 123 for and 20 against mathematics as a mind sharpener.

In the twentieth century, the views of Henry Adams, Woodrow Wilson, and Charles E. Hughes, among statesmen, stand out on the side of mathematics. The British novelist, William J. Locke, pronounces mathematics "a futile and inhuman subject." The expression of twentieth-century opinion comes in largest numbers from mathematicians, educators, and business men. Of successful business men in Chicago and Cincinnati, 219 declared themselves for mathematics, 48 were in doubt or against the study. The writers on psychology and philosophy stood 11 to 6; the mathematicians of different countries, 62 to 3. Altogether our straw vote for the twentieth century is 318 for and 73 against the mind-training value of mathematics. Among those who would dethrone mathematics from its high place in education, there were half a dozen American educators who wielded an all-persuasive influence upon schools in the United States at a time when there was a great democratic movement in American secondary education, when the old ideals of the training of the mind and the aiming at general culture were being displaced by social and vocational tendencies.

We proceed to combine the figures which we obtained for the seven historic periods. The grand total of our survey yields 599 who favor mathematics for its superior value in strengthening the mind, while 128 hold a contrary view. Eighty-two per cent of these wise men of the ages who have expressed themselves on this important educational problem are convinced of the superior value of mathematics in all good schools. Such a record makes us pause and consider. As Daniel Webster said, "Great authorities are great arguments."

But it may be claimed that this census is not fair, that it includes the votes of many teachers of mathematics who would be biased for professional reasons. This objection

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STATISTICAL TABLE EXHIBITING THE JUDGMENTS *For* AND *Against* THE HIGH VALUE OF MATHEMATICAL STUDY IN LIBERAL EDUCATION

	Philosophers Psychologists Theologians		Educators		Mathematicians		Scientists, not Mathematicians		Literary Men Statesmen		Business Men		Total	
	For	Against	For	Against	For	Against	For	Against	For	Against	For	Against	For	Against
Greek Period	8	1					3	0	1	0			12	1
Roman Period and Middle Ages	9	0			6	0	1	0	4	0			20	0
Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries	6	0	2	0	10	0	2	0	3	4			23	4
Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries	23	16	6	1	59	1	4	1	11	11			103	30
Nineteenth Century	14	3	31	6	49	1	5	2	24	8			123	20
Twentieth Century	11	6	19	14	62	3	3	1	4	1	219	48	318	73
Total	71	26	58	21	186	5	18	4	47	24	219	48	599	128

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has considerable weight; nevertheless it would be a mistake to discard these ballots. The teacher of mathematics, more than any one else, has the opportunity to observe pupils pursuing this subject. Moreover, he, more than others, is apt to indulge in introspection regarding his own experiences as a pupil. Those who insist on eliminating the votes cast by mathematicians, will find the count to be 413 to 123, still a substantial majority of 77 per cent favoring mathematics.

Our statistical results are exhibited in the table on page 303, which shows also the votes of the different groups of thinkers. For ancient and modern times taken together, the vote on the value of mathematics in liberal education is 71 to 26 among philosophers, psychologists, and theologians; 58 to 21 among educators; 186 to 5 among mathematicians; 18 to 4 among scientists who were not mathematicians; 47 to 24 among literary men and statesmen; 219 to 48 among business men.

We have based our statistics upon a "fair sample" of witnesses. We believe that this record of human experience teaches mankind truths which it should not be necessary to acquire all over again by trial and error.

And yet, the validity of our statistics favoring mathematics may be questioned on the ground that the ideas of the theoretical educators are new ideas which of necessity are ideas of minorities. It is true that advanced thinkers at first stand alone. When Pasteur first advanced his germ-theory of fermentation, he represented a minority. But does it follow that majorities are always in the wrong and minorities always in the right? Is there a sanctity in minorities? On the contrary, is it not a fact that minorities are usually in the wrong, that most of the hypotheses advanced in science are not true? It is indeed well that new ideas should be obliged to fight for existence, and it is a fact that most of them fall in combat. The history of science is largely a graveyard of fallen theories. Educators denying the great value of mathematics in liberal education are a minority; their arguments have been considered by some of our best thinkers, but found to be unconvincing.

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The bulk of their arguments refer to defective teaching of mathematics and therefore call for the better training of teachers, but not for the virtual elimination of algebra and geometry from the required courses in secondary schools.

Another question arises, whether recent measurements and statistics in education, in spite of their defects, should not be accepted as superior to the observations of even the best thinkers and seers of the past. When in physics, Fraunhofer invented the spectroscope, he obtained results on spectral lines which completely displaced the previous crude determinations. When the elder Herschel, with his great reflecting telescope, discovered Uranus, this was at once added to the old planetary group. Why do the measurements in education not meet with equally immediate and hearty acceptance? To us there seem to be two principal reasons. One we have already noted, namely, that measurements of intelligence are incomparably more difficult than measurements of material phenomena. There are very many variable and uncertain factors in mind study. The mind is like an ocean whose depths have not been sounded. In physics one careful experiment suffices to establish a point. In education, it is admitted by all investigators that it is not safe to accept as generally valid, any statistical observations made upon only a few individuals. Again, the methods that have been devised for mental tests contain no radically new modes of procedure. They are labor-saving devices—short questions, frequently of the nature of little puzzles, requiring immediate answer. They aim to ascertain in an hour or two what is ordinarily obtained through long and tedious examinations, or from observations of an individual, extending over long stretches of time. For purposes of immediate and approximate classifications these tests are very serviceable. But for delicate measurement, it is not evident that these instantaneous tests are more reliable, or indeed as reliable as the older observations, in which the time for both observer and observed extended, perhaps, over a quarter or half a century.

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Still another possible objection to our historical mode of attack is that, in the sifting of truth, ideas rather than votes should be considered. The importance of ideas we heartily concede. We respect the illumination cast by privileged intellects. We have studied our problem from that angle and find the arguments in favor of mathematics to surpass those against it, even more decisively than does the mere count of witnesses. Lack of time prevented a full presentation of views. On the one side, we have the well-nigh unanimous arguments of mathematicians and the arguments of leading philosophers, educators, and business men. The arguments against mathematics come almost exclusively from writers who possessed only a meager knowledge of this science, or who were unfortunate in the kind of mathematical instruction they themselves received, or who had no idea of the aims of mathematical instruction as held by the more progressive and far-sighted teachers of this science. Some of the arguments of the opponents relate to the ill effects of a study of mathematics when pursued for a long time, to the exclusion of all other subjects. Such arguments are beside the point, for no one advocates such an exclusion.

Certain other possible objections should be considered. The philosophers, statesmen, educators, and mathematicians, whose judgments were consulted are, of necessity, drawn from the distinguished men of the ages. The views of the inconspicuous men, as a rule, are not preserved. The claim has been pressed with insistence that, to attribute the greatness of men to their inclusion of mathematics in their school studies, is to reason *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, where one runs the risk of attributing the effect to the wrong cause; perhaps mathematics did not contribute at all to their greatness. With equal insistence we state that our argument has not been of that character. We have not taken a census of successful men who are known to have studied mathematics and attributed their success to mathematics. What we have done is to list the men who from their own personal experience in life, or from their observa-

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tions of others, themselves arrived at the conclusion that mathematics does possess or does not possess great educational value. We have taken a census of "experiences" and "observations." These experiences and observations are the more valuable because of the prominence of the men. Their very ability is somewhat of a guaranty against the error of attributing the effects to the wrong causes. Moreover, if among our 727 witnesses, such errors did occur, they are not likely to have fallen systematically on one side of the question. A comprehensive view of our situation is this: Those who wholly reject the voice of the past in these matters are drifting helplessly from one fad to another, for the reason that present-day measurements of educational values have not yet attained the precision necessary to serve as safe guides.

The conclusions of our historic study are reinforced by the results of our modern neglect of elementary mathematics in the United States. While in Europe there have been fluctuations in the time-allowance for mathematics in schools, this subject has been taken much more seriously than it is taken now in America. With us, there has been for some years a propaganda against this study in our schools. Both parents and pupils have been assured by educational theorists that algebra and geometry are comparatively unimportant and useless. Even teachers of mathematics have been seized by that idea. In such an atmosphere it is rare for a pupil in mathematics to acquire ideals of procedure, appreciation of logical methods, a recognition, for example, of the wide reach in modern affairs of the concept of functional relationship. This lack of ideals has caused instruction to languish. No longer can teachers say with Tyndall: "I have seen the boy's eye brighten . . . . with a pleasure of which the ecstacy of Archimedes was but a simple expansion." There is a total absence of the idealism of Plato, who insisted on arithmetic and geometry, not only for practical needs of life, but for the training of the mind, "for the soul itself." The effects are felt in our higher institutions. Recent reports indicate an increased number

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of failures among students in our engineering schools—failures laid to inadequate preparation in our high schools. In our universities, students entering upon the more advanced fields in economics, education, biology, eugenics, and political science begin to feel the need of a knowledge of statistics, and enter upon the study of elementary courses on this subject, but lack the mental habits and training afforded by pure mathematics which would enable them to master and use statistical methods with intelligence and security. Often too late, they begin to realize the truth declared by Kant, long ago, that mathematics enters the higher fields of most sciences; they begin to realize that mathematics assists in the penetration of the aerial regions of research, that it contributes to the rapture of the more distant view into the cerulean sky; they begin to understand the poet who, eulogizing mathematically disciplined reason, tells

> How from the planet that his own eyes found
> The mind of man would plunge into the dark,
> And, blindfolded, find without the help of eyes
> A mightier planet, in the depths beyond.

Unfortunately, the weakness found in mathematical instruction prevails in the other departments of knowledge *which demand intellectual effort.* The delusion that one subject is educationally as good as another justifies a pupil's selection of the studies least exacting. Often the only correlation of the courses chosen relates to the ease with which they may be mastered. Is it surprising that foreign visitors almost invariably pronounce American education mediocre? Our own prominent men express dissatisfaction. Dean A. F. West of Princeton says: "Present conditions in America, both general and specific combined, ought to be at once bettered." Charles E. Hughes, when Secretary of State, said in his address before the National Education Association, "There is at present a bewildering and unsuccessful attempt at comprehensiveness. It fails of its purpose in giving neither adequate information nor discipline. It asks too much of

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the student and too little." As to accuracy, Hughes states that "the lack of it . . . . is now conspicuous in students of all grades." Secretary Hoover in an address to the Society of Mechanical Engineers stated that the United States is behind most European nations in scientific research. President Butler in an annual report stated that Columbia University cannot replace on its faculty "older scholars of distinction and large achievements" because "a choice must be made from a larger or smaller group of mediocrities." Last December (1925), the president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science raised the question whether we do not now "produce fewer scientific men of distinction than formerly." R. M. Gummere writes in the *Forum:* "We are improving the average of instruction but are neglecting our leaders, our future statesmen, scholars, diplomatists, inventors, business pioneers; . . . . the channels which exercise the higher intellectual functions and associations are being neglected."

And what is the remedy? The American masses are ambitious for the best; they have been following what seem to them true lights—in reality iridescent theories. We need a closer adherence to the European practice which has kept in closer alignment with the experience of the ages. We need a speedy return, in our secondary schools, to the serious study (on the part of students not mentally deficient) of a few fundamentals—mathematics, chemistry, history, languages—a return to the ideal that education is the training of the mind. The intellectual life of America needs not the minifying of mathematics, but better teaching of mathematics. Let us bend our efforts upon a few fundamental subjects and teach them thoroughly.

That the well-being of mankind is promoted by the rigorous training of the *best* minds is now meeting with recognition in a few of our institutions. This is encouraging; indeed, on the mountain tops there are seen signs of an approaching dawn.

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A SEA SONG

EUNICE MITCHELL LEHMER

Dizzy with hurrying to and fro,
Weary with pushing still on and on,
Fearful of changes that swift or slow
Leave those who loiter behind and go
    Steadily, stealthily on—
From the land where tomorrow holds tyrant sway
I went to the kingdom of yesterday.

Over the sand still the sea-gull flew,
White on the headland still broke the foam,
Still on the reef clinging sea-weed grew;
Winds with the tang that Magellan knew
    Carried the glistening foam;
And the sea-song of Homer was sounding yet
Where the time-scarred earth and the young sea met.

Gone was the weight of my hurried years,
Gone with my footprints that marked the sand;
Strong as the sea-bird that boldly steers
Into the rollers and silent hears
    The song of the sea and the sand,
I sprang to the breakers that beckoned me,
And the youth of my heart was the youth of the sea!

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THE IDEALISM OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY*

MICHAEL I. PUPIN

It is a great honor to be invited by your University to deliver the Charter Day Address. When this honor is conferred upon one foreign born, who landed here as a young Serbian immigrant fifty-two years ago, it is no wonder that he is willing to cross the continent to thank you for your generous compliment, and to recite his story describing how the idealism of the American university was revealed to him!

An awkward Serbian immigrant landing here at the age of fifteen cannot expect to meet with a very enthusiastic reception at the hands of the immigration officials. How could he, when his ignorance of things, of people, and of this country was as complete as the ignorance of the ancient prophets concerning the physical structure of the universe? Philadelphia was the only definite spot in my American geography. A teacher had told me that an American, named Franklin, experimenting in Philadelphia with a kite and key, had discovered that lightning and thunder were caused by an electrical spark jumping between clouds or between a cloud and the earth. This was indeed a startling revelation to a superstitious peasant boy. Another American name had impressed itself upon my mind when I was nine years of age; it was Lincoln. The peasant minstrel of my native village called him the American Prince Marko. This legendary hero is the central figure of the ancient Serbian ballads, and the poets endowed him with all the

*Address delivered at the University of California on Charter Day, March 23, 1926.

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virtues which an ideal Serbian ought to have. The idea conveyed by the peasant minstrel of my native village was that Lincoln had all the virtues of an ideal American. Franklin and Lincoln were the only two luminous spots in my hazy ideas about America when I landed here.

There was no reason why a Serbian youth with no training, no money in his pocket, with shabby clothes on his back, with no relatives or friends in this country, should not be deported. I saw that verdict written on the faces of the immigration officials. Then one of them asked me: "Don't you know of anybody in this country?" I answered: "Yes, I know of Franklin and of Lincoln." The officials smiled and let me pass, and I smiled too. Ever since that time I love to think of the many sunny smiles of this blessed land. This invitation to address you today is one of these sunny smiles. I have to thank Franklin and Lincoln for this great privilege, not only because the knowledge of their names recommended me to the immigration officials, but also because they helped me to find the household gods of this nation and thus make myself at home in the land which was so strange to me when I first saw it. Every Serbian has a patron saint whose name he celebrates. I celebrate the names of two patron saints: Franklin and Lincoln.

The leniency of the immigration officials gave me a hint that Franklin and Lincoln meant a great deal in American history, and I lost no time in unravelling that meaning. Starting with Franklin in my consultation of American history, I soon met Washington, who introduced me to Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams; Adams introduced me to Marshall, and Marshall introduced me to Clay and Webster; Webster and Clay introduced me to Lincoln. I soon recognized in them the household gods of this nation and I worshiped at their altar. The monotony of factory drudgery is easily forgotten when, reading American history during the evenings, the lonely immigrant finds consolation in communion with these household gods. They convinced me that the Serbian peasant minstrel was right when he called Lincoln the American Prince Marko. No immigrant, I

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thought, can catch the American spirit until he sees in Lincoln the embodiment of the spiritual forces which directed the destiny of this nation, and finds them expressed in the Gettysburg speech.

This was my knowledge of American history which I carried to college; it encouraged me to claim that I was just as good an American as any of my classmates. The claim was disputed, and I defended it by the same argument which Lincoln in his early youth applied to Jack Armstrong in that historic wrestling match at New Salem, and it prevailed. After that no fellow student dared deny that I was just as good an American as anybody on the Columbia College campus.

That was the first tangible reward for my knowledge of American history; other rewards followed in quick succession. But the greatest reward which this knowledge offers to an immigrant is the comforting belief that he is no longer a stranger in a strange land, but among friends whose ideals are his ideals. The ideals of my fellow students became my ideals; they were the ideals of the American college, the nursery of the spirit of the national household gods which I began to worship long before I had ever seen an American college. My worship, however, was based upon knowledge obtained from books, whereas college life demanded actual practice of the principles of conduct becoming an American who is loyal to the best traditions of his country. This training and the laying of a foundation for higher intellectual endeavor is, according to my experience, the mission of the American college.

What, then, is the mission of the American university? Comparing the American college with the American university one is reminded of Janus, the old Roman deity, the guardian of the entrance to the Roman home. In the early dawn of Roman history this deity had one face only, but as the Roman home grew bigger a second face appeared. The American college and the American university are the two faces of the same guardian angel; one face contemplating reverently the familiar past and the other anxiously explor-

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ing the unknown future of this nation. The college perpetuates the national idealism of the past, the university prepares its future expansion. This idealism is the bond between the two, and without this bond they lose their spiritual meaning.

Lincoln closed his Gettysburg speech with the following warning:

> It is rather for us to be dedicated to the task remaining before us . . . . that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

A dedication to so exalted a task demanded an expansion of our inherited national idealism. It is not surprising that the generation which heard this warning saw also the birth of the first real American university. The most comforting response to Lincoln's warning was a series of events which should be recorded in red letters in American history. The earliest among these events is the foundation, under a Congressional charter, of the National Academy of Sciences in the same year in which Lincoln delivered his immortal speech. Lincoln, our greatest idealist in political philosophy, and Joseph Henry, his personal friend, our greatest idealist in science in those days, were the sponsors of this national organization whose members were always devoted to the cultivation of idealism in American learning. Some of the most distinguished members of this organization, like Joseph Henry, John William Draper, Frederick Barnard, and Andrew White, started that great movement for higher endeavor which found its first visible expression in the foundation of Johns Hopkins University in 1876, the first real university in the United States. Every student of the history of American idealism should know the life of Daniel Coit Gilman, at one time president of the University of California, who became the first president of Johns Hopkins University and presided over a faculty of idealists of the highest order of magnitude.

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The aim of these idealists was the cultivation of idealism in every department of American learning, in order to prepare this nation for the expansion of the early American idealism which Lincoln glorified in the very beginning of his Gettysburg ode. How did the nation respond? In less than a decade a score of American universities sprang into existence and followed the example of the idealists of Baltimore. This sudden upheaval in the higher intellectual activities of our young universities encourages the belief that the period inaugurated by the termination of the Civil War witnessed an Intellectual Renaissance in the United States. A catalogue of its achievements during the last fifty years is as long as Homer's catalogue of the ships which carried the Greek heroes to the plains of Troy. Neither time nor purpose permit its recital here. There is one achievement, however, which I must mention.

Nothing resists a change as obstinately as the mental attitude of man. The history of science from Archimedes to Newton offers many illustrations of this well-known fact. The change in the mental attitude of our age is one of the greatest achievements of our Intellectual Renaissance. Less than two generations ago educational training was expected by many to operate like a penny in the slot machine, that is, learn your lesson and convert your learning into cash without much delay. The so-called practical man who managed our American industries was at that time an ardent advocate of this utilitarian theory. He worshiped the art of making a living. Franklin and Lincoln, my patron saints, had no sympathy with this theory. The art of making a living was not the determining factor in their schooling, but the art of making life worth living was everything to them. They would find no fault with the American college because its diploma does not testify that college graduates are loaded with a knowledge of the art of making a living, provided, however, that they carry with them some definite ideas about the art of making life worth living, not only the life of the individual but also the life of our nation. The expan-

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sion of these ideas is the message of the gospel of the American university. The Philistines, the so-called practical men of two generations ago, could not resist the power of this gospel; they have been converted. It is a great triumph of the apostles of our American universities.

The idealism of the Christian gospel which St. Paul and St. Peter preached was not clearly understood until the world had seen it in operation in the lives of those who had embraced it. The idealism of the American university was not clearly understood by the so-called practical man until he had seen it in operation in his dearly beloved industries. Motive, mental attitude, and method of work form the tripod upon which this idealism rests, but a motive which means unselfish search of the truth; a mental attitude which demands open-minded communion with nature and freedom from prejudice; a method of work which in the hands of men like Archimedes, Galileo, Newton, Faraday, and their disciples conferred innumerable blessings upon mankind; all these things were too abstract for the so-called practical man. But presently problems arose the solution of which demanded the subtle touch of the university idealist; the stubby hand of the practical man had failed. The idealist showed the way, and from that time the American industries began to worship at the altar of idealism of the American university. Today it is their patron saint who guides them in their progress; it will soon perform a similar service in all the activities of our nation, and lead us to that ideal democracy which was the dream of Lincoln.

Your distinguished fellow citizen, Secretary Hoover, is a practical man, but he has nothing in common with our practical men of two generations ago. His gospel may be summed up as follows: Cultivate the fundamentals in the research laboratories as well as in the lecture rooms. This will lead us to the truth which will give this nation a new birth of freedom, and will raise our democracy to the lofty level of Lincoln's ideal. Hoover's gospel is the gospel of the American university. When Hoover preaches it he undoubtedly thinks of the achievements of the Lick Ob-

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servatory and of the Mount Wilson Observatory; he thinks of Campbell, Hale, Millikan, and of many other California idealists in science; he thinks of the University of California, of Leland Stanford, and of your other institutions of higher learning. The thrill of these thoughts gives a poetical touch to his messages, and whenever I listen to them I am reminded of a picture which was recorded in my mind when I first visited California six years ago. My trip took me through New Mexico, Arizona, and the San Joaquin valley. The pathetic appeal of the parched and feverish lips of the thirsty deserts made me exclaim: "Alas! this is a Paradise Lost!" But everything changed when I passed Bakersfield and continued my journey to Fresno and San Francisco. The smiling orchards and vineyards and the gay fruit trees on each side of the festive road, like rejoicing hosts in holiday attire, bade me welcome to California's golden atmosphere and honey-hearted hospitality. The blue-eyed heaven, such as only California sees, seemed to rejoice in watching the work of man which made my journey to Fresno and San Francisco a journey through paradise. I could not help thinking that the hand of man was writing a glorious epic upon the face of this state and when completed the world will call it California, the Paradise Regained. But remember that the idealism of your universities is guiding the hand which is writing this wonderful epic.

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THE VALLEY OF DECISION

LAURA BELL EVERETT

If I could know, if I could only see,
Clear-visioned through the mists that gather round,
The one true way! Debatable the ground
I stand upon. If but my way were free
From doubt, from fear of erring, naught to me
What others thought or said, what way they found
Inviting, or on what gay errands bound
They onward fared in their companioned glee.

O happy hero-worshippers who know
Your leader faultless, his antagonist
Fit only for the shafts you long to aim,
Up to the mountain! In the vale below
I see the good that each side aimed and missed;
I cannot praise without a note of blame.

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From time to time the contents of the Morality Bottle have been changed. At first it held a rather bitter brew known as Obedience to Authority. Distilled for the trade by enterprising Medicine Men, it was advertised as especially efficacious in regulating the social system. The Authority was understood to be of the Properly Constituted brand, inherent in parents, teachers, masters, rulers, and priests. The consumers were children, pupils, servants, subjects, laymen, and women.

By and by the discovery was made that this panacea, like all soothing-syrups, operated by means of stupefying drugs. Constituted Authority turned out to be self-constituted and spurious. Under the Pure Food Law its dose was transferred to the Autocracy Bottle and partaking of it made to some extent optional.

The empty Morality Flask was thereupon refilled with a mixture secured from the Anthropologists and called Codified Custom or Conformity to Conventions. This was no less stringent than the other but more democratic in its application. No class or rank was excused from taking its share. And, like the other, its effect was to cure rebellion, anarchy, and all other symptoms of that dread contagious disease, Self-assertion.

Still later it was found that this Insubordination was not a disease at all, but your only true health. So once more the stale medicine had to be poured out, this time into the Scientific Jar, and Morality given a fresh content. For this the formula included originality, initiative, decision. The compound was named Intelligence and offered as a specific for servility, imitation, parasitism, and all automatic and mechanical tendencies. It is forcibly fed to none but voluntarily quaffed by all who like the taste and can stand the effects—exhilarating but heady.

The most recent and a most skilled and competent purveyor of this new wine in an old bottle is Professor Fite, of Princeton

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University, author of *Individualism*. The subtitle of his new volume* is "The Critical View of Life," and its keynote is the quoted Socratic sentiment as to the worthlessness of the unexamined life. The treatise is really a modern "Essay on Human Understanding," presented with engaging candor and freedom from categorical imperatives.

The author says frankly that his Moral Philosophy is simply a philosophy of life from the personal point of view. He meditates as it were in public and broods aloud. He penetrates with catholic curiosity into the maze of human existence but always holds fast to his clew, Morality as Intelligence. He reiterates this indeed until it becomes a refrain and along with his poignant feeling and pensive air gives a certain lyric quality to his ethical dissertation.

From the meaning of Fite's main proposition there can be no dissent. That morality must be intelligent may be accepted as an axiom. If the moral life is anything it is as he avers the self-conscious, critical, responsible life. But is it anything? That is the question.

To reverse the theorem and put it that intelligence is (in itself) moral would not be a fair test, although good Socratic doctrine, since the converse of any statement is not necessarily true. Yet that is just what the author does. For him it is a rule that works both ways. Since then the terms are identical, why not delete the duplicate and cease going round in a circle?

That, however, is a mere matter of nomenclature. And Professor Fite expressly cautions us against taking phrases too seriously. A more important, perhaps really serious, issue lies in another implication which he blithely disregards. This is not the reciprocal but the negative inference. If intelligence is moral, is stupidity immoral?

The point of this query is not just verbal contentiousness. It pierces into such vital organs as justice and courtesy. By long usage, illogical but influential, the term "immoral" has become an epithet derogative. It is meant to inflict humiliation or at least to puncture self-respect. Nor does it help much to denature the word to "unmoral."

Of course those who are not much concerned with morality can shed this opprobrium and forget it. But those who are deeply

* *Moral Philosophy*. By Professor Warner Fite. Dial Press. 1925. 317 pp. $3.50.

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concerned with it and insist on keeping it around must keep its consequences with it. And one consequence is the paradox of repudiating and pronouncing judgments with the same breath.

Validity of judgment depends on source of responsibility. Whose fault is it if I was born a moron and belong to the herd of dumb driven cattle? It is not that I was offered a high I. Q. and waved it away as Caesar his thrice-presented crown. "Call ignorance my sorrow, not my sin." And do not add insult to injury by calling me immoral. "The moral process," says Fite, "is analysis without end." But even the beginning of analysis requires brains. What can I do with my slanted brow and baser clay but take my rule and routine as I find them, and gape vacuously at the universe if I happen to look beyond my own treadmill? My dull life must remain forever unexamined, uncriticized, and unmoral. It is no encouragement to me to hear the professor declare, "If you know what you are doing, it is right." Because I don't know and it is wrong.

But, objects the intellectual moralist, you don't count so much, for you are below par and out of the reckoning. That may be, but I belong to the great majority, and any reckoning that leaves me out is as exclusive as Plato's aristocratic communism. Most of us literally "know not what we do" and what is worse, we do not want to know.

Professor Fite does us too much honor when he asserts that "in the desire to know we have the central and fundamental fact of human nature." It is to suspect that he made this deduction when his mind's eye was on his academic colleagues and he had for the moment blissfully forgotten his athletic students together with the whole world outside the school-yard fence. We may achieve greatness, but reflection, from Job on down, has been thrust upon us.

At the present time it is a question whether it hurts worse to be called knave or fool. As we grow in knowledge, and wisdom becomes of better repute, folly will increasingly be put on the defensive. And when intellect has finally gained enough prestige to be in the fashion, folly will be acknowledged as unwise. In the meanwhile can we not find enough cleanly descriptive terms to tag ourselves with, and rid us of the unfortunately connotative? Professor Fite admits that "If morality is based on authority, the term might as well be abandoned." Why not just as well, if based on the intelligence test? He grants too that his moralist

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is really a naturalist of souls who might in fact be identified with the mere psychologist, except that the moralist is less mere than the psychologist by virtue of his insight. What there is distinctively moral about insight is not explained.

Suppose then, instead of expounding at length what we don't mean by morality and encroaching on another domain for what we do mean, we quietly clear our lexicons of useless lumber, and our minds of cant. What the result? Have we deprived our speech of a symbol, our intellect of an idea, our life of a factor, for which there is no substitute just as good? And particularly if we come right out and say that "ought" is obsolete and "duty" defunct, do we thereby put all brakes out of commission, polish up the Primrose Path, fly the red flag, and induce fatty degeneration of all the virtues?

On the contrary we have only ousted a futile mawkish "Should" in favor of the stern inexorable irrefutable "Must-If." Docile Inertia and erratic Revolt alike have been geared up by the change into a self-starting and self-stopping condition, difficult and expensive to maintain but with infinite capacities for development. Obligation depends for its very existence on being recognized as such. Pious plea and scandalized rebuke are alike paralyzed in the presence of a supercilious smile. But there is nothing dubious or apologetic about necessity. Its "you *must* do so and so *if* you wish such and such" is a detached and serene oracle, calmly signifying the way things are. Flout them at your peril. Wisdom is a wonderful life-saver but has no occasion to be decorated with a row of moral medals.

"Given the examined life," concludes Professor Fite, "I say that nothing else is needed." Needed for what? Well, for morality. But what is morality needed for? Whatever it may be, is it an end in itself or the means to another end? What is the chief end of man, according to the revised secular catechism? It would seem to be the justified life. But justified how and by whom? Is justification by virtue or wisdom or beauty or joy? There is no arbiter of values, unless it be a consensus of enlightened opinion. Fite's own vote is for Hedonism, though he uses the more restricted term Epicurean, and warns us against the fallacy of a "simple" happiness,—as delusive as "simple" honesty.

This happiness, that is, the highest and finest satisfaction, he finds in the personal life and its intimate ties, those affections and loyalties that create all our emotional and spiritual wealth.

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Careers and crusades are after all a sort of pseudo-idealism. Nothing in his book is more refreshing than his neat deflation of pedagogic altruism. His candid confession that he is in the teaching profession for the same reason that anybody is in any profession—for what he can get out of it—is sufficient reply to those who signal for sympathy on the ground of their public-spirited, self-sacrificing, noble devotion to a cause. Of course what he does get out of it gives a hint of what he puts into it, and lifts his wry realism quite above the realm of cold calculation.

Since Professor Fite's whole argument is for exploration, a tentative but judicious probing, without dogmatic fiats, he bespeaks the same treatment for his own speculative excursion. His moral world is a pluralistic universe with multiple standards and no monopoly on measuring-rods. He offers us his own immediate mundane certitudes and beyond that admits to a modest metaphysic agnosticism.

All we can do is to express appreciation of his zestful search and gratitude for his valuable findings. We might prefer to leave that old bottle empty and consign it to the discard. But as long as he prefers to retain and refill it, we cannot afford to let it go. The Fite content is sovereign for our thought and behavior, and we can always turn the label to the wall.

FRANCES THERESA RUSSELL.

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REVIEWS

NOTES ON A SPANISH *ART REVIEW*.

The Junta para Ampliación de Estudios, center of scientific and literary investigation in Spain today, has recently added a new review on art and archaeology to its long list of scholarly publications. The first number of the *Archivo Español de Arte y Arqueología* appeared in January of 1925 and constitutes, with the other two numbers that followed in May and September of the same year, a volume of some three hundred pages of text, handsomely illustrated with over one hundred full-page prints. At present we may consider the new review a firmly established publication which will henceforth be coupled with the well-known *Revista de Filología Española*, directed by Ramón Menéndez Pidal, as a representative organ of the activities of the Centro de Estudios Históricos in Madrid, a department of the aforementioned Junta.

A mere glance at the names of those who are editing the new magazine suffices to indicate its scope and scholarly pretensions. Elias Tormo y Monzó and Manuel Gómez Moreno are two of the foremost art critics in Spain today. Well known for their numerous publications in the respective fields of art and archaeology, also through their work as professors of the Universidad Central at Madrid, they are perhaps best thought of as the leaders of a movement in art criticism and investigation which is directed toward a virgin field of the national culture. It is only in the last century that Spanish scholars have begun to investigate in a scientific way the art treasures that the peninsula contains, and which foreign critics, from Carl Justi of well-nigh a century ago to A. Kingsley Porter of Harvard University today, have been the first to appreciate and evaluate. Now after centuries, in which art treasures have been carried off freely to other parts, and rare old monuments have been left to crumble and decay in the neglected centers of a once flourishing life, Spain has awakened to the

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realization that she is one of the richest countries of Europe in the striking diversity and originality of her art relics, and is taking measures to study, catalogue, and preserve them.

The editors of the new *Archivo* are in the fore of this interesting movement, as it concerns Castilian Spain. Elias Tormo, who is a native of Valencia, is steeped in the traditions of pictorial art and sculpture of that ancient center of Iberian culture, which, having produced in the fifth century B. C. one of the most noteworthy pieces of Spanish sculpture, the so-called "Dama de Elche," bust of an Iberian priestess, has won renown in contemporary art with the name of Sorolla and his school of landscape painters. Indeed the regional note is not absent from the work of Elias Tormo. Although his work embraces the entire field of the fine and industrial arts—this very catholicity of taste being one of the distinguishing traits of the Spanish critic—his most valuable study is the volume entitled *Jacomart y el Arte Hispano-Flamenco Cuatrocentista*, an attempt to reconstruct an obscure period of Spanish painting and restore to Valencian painters their just title to primacy in the development of oil painting in Spain.

Other works of the Spanish critic, aside from his earliest volumes on the history of Spanish sculpture and the development of painting during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have been related chiefly to the study of the various art collections which are to be found in the palaces, museums, and convents of Madrid and its vicinity, besides numerous articles which have appeared in art magazines, and especially in the *Boletín de la Sociedad Española de Excursiones*, a less pretentious but valuable forerunner of the present *Archivo*. Also it should not be forgotten that Señor Tormo is the author of the most complete and reliable guidebook of Valencia and its province which exists today, and which in itself contains many valuable pages on the art of this delightful Mediterranean region.

When speaking of Elias Tormo it is impossible not to mention, if nothing more, his valuable work as vice-president of the board of directors of the Museo del Prado at Madrid. The enlargement and re-decoration of the salons where the works of the great Spanish masters are displayed, and which were thrown open to the public in the spring of 1924, is chiefly to be attributed to his initiative. In this magnificent Spanish museum, surrounded by a distinguished audience and in the company of Velasquez' noble canvases, Señor Tormo has delivered many a fascinating talk on

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famous paintings, interpreting them, and sketching their life-history with a mastery that one does not soon forget.

Several articles have been contributed to the first numbers of the review by Elias Tormo. His first was a valuable study of the four large bronze crucifixes of the Escorial, which he attributes to their respective authors, Italian sculptors of the Renaissance, whose talent was solicited by Philip II for the decoration of his great monument. His second article appeared in the September issue of 1925, and constitutes an important chapter on the history of tapestry weaving in Spain.

Señor Gómez Moreno is a very different type of Spanish scholar and gentleman. A refined, nervous little man with flashing eyes under coal-black lashes, he seems a noble descendant of those cultured Arabic princes who brought with them to the valleys of southern Spain, the learning and culture of the ancient East. His dynamic personality finds a congenial atmosphere in the classroom of the "Centro de Estudios Históricos"—which by the way includes many distinguished scholars and visitors aside from the regular university students. There with the brilliance and eloquence of the Latin orator he traces the history of the Alhambra or analyzes the intricate decorative *motifs* of the mosque of Cordoba to a spellbound audience. For Gómez Moreno possesses, in addition to the laborious talent of the scholar and critic, that precious human gift of the true teacher and leader. The group of young men who are contributing articles to the new *Archivo* are the pupils and disciples of this passionate, inspiring teacher who continues the noblest traditions of the Arabic scholars of old Cordoba and their predecessors, the Greeks.

Gómez Moreno was undoubtedly first initiated into the beauties and mysteries of Moorish art by his father, Manuel Gómez Moreno "padre," himself a painter and historian of the art treasures of his native city and province, Granada. The younger Gómez Moreno, has become the authority in Spain today on Moorish art and archeology; he brings to his work, aside from the thorough training of the European scholar, the exquisite appreciation of the beauties of oriental line and rhythm which springs only from an inherent love and admiration for the art of his own region. His most ambitious work is entitled *Iglesias Mozárabes*, published in two volumes in 1919, in which he studies the first Christian churches of southern Spain. The period to which they belong, which embraces the ninth to the eleventh

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centuries, is one of the most obscure in the history of Spanish architecture. Its importance was first noted by Vicente Lampérez y Romea,[1] author of two of the most fundamental works on Spanish architecture, and one to whom the present generation of Spanish critics is greatly indebted.

The interests of Manuel Gómez Moreno are, as in the case of his associate Elias Tormo, by no means limited to one field of Spanish art. This was strikingly revealed by a brilliant series of lectures covering the entire history of the nation's art delivered at the Universidad de la Plata in Argentina a few years ago, and recently by the articles which Señor Gómez Moreno contributed to the first numbers of the *Archivo*. They deal with Lorenzo Vásquez, a Spanish sculptor of the Renaissance, who introduced into Castile the classic models of his Italian contemporaries, erecting his delicate portals and façades in the flourishing cities of Castile and finally in Granada, that latest acquisition of the Spanish monarchs.

Another familiar figure at the Centro de Estudios Históricos, one of the distinguished visitors who was often seen attending the lectures of Señor Gómez Moreno, is also a contributor to the new review. Ricardo de Orueta, likewise an Andalusian, has nevertheless consecrated his talent principally to Castile and her place in the history of Spanish sculpture. He has published works on the art of Alonso Berruguete, Pedro de Mena, and Gregorio Hernández, besides a volume on that most original and characteristic phase of Spanish sculpture, the figure tombs of Castile. In 1925 Ricardo de Orueta received recognition for his distinguished work as art critic by being elected member of the Real Academia de San Fernando, an organization which is to the field of Spanish art, what the Spanish Royal Academy is to that of letters.

To those interested in Spanish culture, it will be of interest to follow the development of the *Archivo de Arte y Arqueología* and the movement which it symbolizes. Castilian Spain through its art center, Madrid, is at last following the lead of Catalonia which in this, as in many another manifestation of modern Spanish life, has taken precedence over the rest of the peninsula. Barcelona has long been the center of an enthusiastic group of art critics and scholars who, besides contributing valuable studies to the

[1] Vicente Lampérez y Romea, *Historia de la Arquitectura Cristiana Española en la Edad Media*, Madrid, 1908–09, 2 vols.; and *Arquitectura Civil Española*, Madrid, 1922, 2 vols.

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art history of their own region, have been publishing for some years the finest periodicals dealing with the subject in general that have existed in Spain previous to the appearance of the new *Archivo*. However, being published in the Catalan language, most of these works fail to receive the recognition which their merit deserves. Hence it is, that the Madrid review fills a very definite need in its own particular field and affords all lovers of art delightful excursions into an unexplored and unstoried realm of Spanish culture.

ANNA KRAUSE.

We Tibetans. By RIN-CHEN LHA-MO, A WOMAN OF TIBET. London, Seeley, Service and Co. viii and 228 pages. 12s,6d.

Rin-chen Lha-mo is the wife of an Englishman, Mr. Louis M. King, who was formerly the British Consul at Tachien-lu, on the eastern border of Tibet.

The book is unique in that it is the only book about Tibet written by a woman of that country. Probably it is the only book in a European language about Tibet that owes its origin to a Tibetan of either sex. When her husband suggested to her that she should write such a book, she says, "It was an astonishing idea to me at first, but I soon fell in with it. I was used to being astonished. My whole life was unusual. I had married an Englishman. No Tibetan woman had ever done that before, as far as I know. And I had got used to your ways. I had, for instance, got used to shaking people by the hand, to your evening gowns, which make a human being look like a stork, and, after a toss or two, to your high-heeled shoes. And in more important matters I saw that what might seem impossible to one of us was the ordinary thing with you. It even seemed that some of you did not believe anything to be impossible. I heard that a scientist was trying to invent a telephone with which to talk to ghosts. What was merely writing a book compared to that sort of thing?"

The language difficulty was a serious one. "I knew very little English," she adds, "and my husband still less Tibetan. We usually talk to each other in Chinese . . . . and that was the medium through which this book passed. What I wanted to say I had first to think out in Tibetan, for I do not know Chinese well enough to think in it; then I had to translate in my own mind from Tibetan to Chinese, and my husband had to translate in his mind what I had said from Chinese to English—then he wrote it down. And we also used on occasion an English-

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Tibetan dictionary. There are likely to be errors here and there in a book written in this way, but I think there are none of importance, for we have been over each chapter many times."

This book gives an intimate and interesting picture of Tibetan life as the Tibetans themselves see it. We have had many descriptions of Tibet and its inhabitants in the past, but all by strangers who have for a brief time sojourned in that strange country. Here we have a very naïve description of customs and beliefs from the inside, and all the more fascinating for that reason.

Mr. King, himself, has written a historical introduction which puts the reader in possession of the important facts necessary to furnish a proper background for the picture painted by his wife.

Rin-chen Lha-mo is a woman of Kham, a province of eastern Tibet. She regards herself as typically Tibetan, and says: "There are a number of tribes on the borders of our country who are not pure Tibetans. Some are closely allied to us. Others are widely different." This is said in connection with a very emphatic denial of the oft-repeated statement that "polyandry obtains as a form of marriage in Tibet." She seems to imply that if such a custom prevails anywhere in Tibet, it is not Tibetan. She declares that she never heard of such a thing. This is a rather remarkable statement in view of the fact that nearly all travelers who have visited Tibet agree that polyandry is a common practice there. Some of these travelers have spent long periods of time in the country. The statement is generally referred, however, to Farther Tibet and Bhutan, so that it is possible that these travelers may be right. Tibet is a vast country with poor means of communication and the customs of one place may not prevail elsewhere.

Mrs. King was surprised to learn that her country was considered by foreigners to be cold and desolate. To her very naturally it is beautiful. She declares that the chief characteristic of the climate is sunshine. The air is invigorating and the country "beyond compare in beauty. The Tibetan character is in tune with the environment. There is nothing mean about our people. Sunshine is constant in our land and is reflected in the Tibetan soul." It reads just like an advertisement by "The Californians, Limited."

The superiority of the West in machinery is admitted, but the author says very truly: "Civilization and material culture are

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not one and the same." Perhaps we do make too much of material luxuries. When their possession becomes the measure of social standing, men struggle for wealth and their "minds are taken off other things we consider more important," says Mrs. King.

Chinese history tells us that a Chinese princess, who was sent to Tibet to marry the king of that land, objected to the custom of painting their faces with dark paint, which was practiced by Tibetan women. Mrs. King says the custom still prevails, but that the object of it is to protect the face against wind and sun and not, as surmised by evil-minded Europeans, to protect the celibate lamas against temptation by beautiful women. The author says very indignantly: "Our lamas need such protection no more than do your priests." The Abbé Huc was quite sure that the paint was designed to conceal the beauty of Tibetan women and so save the lamas from seduction. But it may be that the Abbé was too suspicious.

The book in its simple direct style is a charming revelation of a Tibetan woman's views of life, and its brief descriptions of Tibetan religious and social customs are interesting and informing. There are chapters that deal with family life, with house furnishing, with food and drink, the priesthood, with farming, games, with pilgrimages, and travel. A number of characteristic stories are also translated and the narrative is interspersed with Tibetan proverbs and aphorisms. Mrs. King deserves our thanks for a distinct contribution to our knowledge of her country. Her method of presentation, moreover, is one that carries conviction of her sincerity and earnestness and wins the sympathy and confidence of the reader. E. T. W.

The Mind of John Keats. By CLARENCE DEWITT THORPE. New York, Oxford University Press, 1926.

The spirit which goaded the alchemists to seek the homunculus and the philosopher's stone survives with little alteration in modern scholasticism. Devotees of "the life sciences" can sometimes be tempted to confess their covert ambition of solving that ultimate mystery, the secret of life itself; and the analysts of literature are less shy in proclaiming their objective to be the kindred problem—what is genius? While they are probably as far from a solution as their biochemical colleagues, they have at least done valuable work in destroying the sentimental delusion that works of art, and especially poetry, are the direct result of divine inspiration, and

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that the critic impiously destroys all their beauty if he ventures to analyze the technique. The present persistently inquisitive age has no respect for such sanctions, and applies the same analytical methods to the most fragile lyric as to the atom or the imbecile, with the very reasonable assertion that if the work of art cannot survive the scrutiny, there is something wrong with it.

At the moment, the most popular instrument of the investigators being psycho-analysis, the lives and works of the standard poets are being ransacked anew to render evidence of complexes and inhibitions. It is therefore refreshing to meet a book which deals with a poet's mind without devoting itself to his subconsciousness. Such a book is *The Mind of John Keats*, by Clarence DeWitt Thorpe, and it marks the extinction of one of the illusions most cherished by those who defend the sanctity of inspiration. For Keats has always been labeled by the popular historians of literature as a thoughtless voluptuary engrossed solely in sensuous beauty and by some magic process endowed with the power to express it. Mr. Thorpe presents a convincing array of extracts from both the poems and the letters of Keats to show that on the contrary he was primarily a thinker, whose devotion to beauty was seldom if ever for the immediate sensuous pleasure, and that he was as thoroughly imbued as Wordsworth or Shelley with the creed that the mission of poetry is intellectual. Simply because the theory which he expressed was less restricted to contemporary social and moral problems, his method was not so obviously didactic as theirs, and accordingly his philosophic purpose is less obvious. Furthermore, as he lacked their equipment of learned allusions and terminology, he had to strive for his own modes of expression, with incomplete success.

If this book's contribution to the definition of genius is not quite Carlyle's, it is not far from it, for Keats is shown to have had at least an infinite capacity for self-discipline, and the book is a record of the excruciating struggle toward a dimly-perceived ideal, beset by all sorts of obstacles arising from environment, training, and temperament. Mr. Thorpe's exposition is two-fold: first, that Keats' aim was toward a consistent philosophy of life; and then that this philosophy, being essentially aesthetic, was applied by Keats throughout his principal poems. The result is that Keats takes a definite position as a thinker, not only in relation to his contemporaries but also as a forerunner of Tennyson and Browning and the other reflective poets of the nineteenth

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century. The presentation of his philosophy was of course less thorough and organic than theirs, but considering his short life and deficient education, the number of illuminating flashes of insight is astonishing. The very fact that Keats puzzled out his *Weltanschauung* for himself, instead of taking it from current schools of thought, as his contemporaries did, makes it the more valid today; where their speculations are frequently significant only in the history of thought, his startle us by their kinship with the basic theories which seem the most satisfactory at the present day and which are nevertheless identical in essence with those of the earliest recorded philosophies. When Keats gropes for words to express his sense of the spiritual unity of all things, he is in accord with Tennyson and Yeats and the most recent mystics, yet he is in accord too with Plato. When his aesthetic theory is summarized by Mr. Thorpe as "a poetry whose central theme would be humanity, with a warp and woof of the character, sentiment, and passions of mankind, yet with the divine touch of eternal truth upon it, within it the breath and spirit of the infinite," he is simply rediscovering Aristotle's "universal and particular," but the fact that he found it for himself empirically, by painful effort, instead of taking it ready-made from a book, gives it new significance. Mr. Thorpe's analysis of *Hyperion* as "a world in evolution passing successively from stage to stage" shows how close it comes to those later poets who sought a metaphysical interpretation of Darwin's hypothesis. Even in such a detail as the essential cruelty of nature and the struggle for survival, Keats flatly contradicted the sentimentalism of his generation and anticipated Tennyson's "red in tooth and claw with ravine." Elsewhere, notably in the "Vale of Soul-making" letter, Keats is equally precocious in formulating Browning's favorite concept of misfortune and sorrow as necessary elements in spiritual progress.

Mr. Thorpe does not explicitly indicate these affinities and foreshadowings. His task is simply to rescue Keats from the category of aimless sensuous dreamers by proving that his exaltation of beauty was not for its superficial appeal to the senses, but for its revelation of a transcendent unity with which the poet could feel himself mystically identified, just as Wordsworth sought the same thing in Nature. The book is a clear and capable exposition of its thesis. There are repetitions and overlapping which might possibly have been avoided by another arrangement or a more concise presentation, but such awkwardnesses are probably

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inevitable in a subject of this sort, in which the significance of each statement is incomplete until all the others have been made; so on the whole Mr. Thorpe is to be congratulated.

LIONEL STEVENSON.

The Romance of New Russia. By MAGDALEINE MARX, translated by ANITA GRANNIS. Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1924.

In *The Romance of New Russia* Mrs. Marx attempts a first-hand account of what she saw in Russia, in 1923. In the Preface the author tells us that she at first intended to work out the material which she gathered "into a unified whole"; but having soon "felt the futility of it" she decided to discard the "figures, facts and documents" and give a few "pictures." These "pictures," nineteen in all, are of little interest from the social point of view and are equally uninteresting from the historical standpoint. Mrs. Marx portrays the leaders of the Soviet Government with great sympathy but fails to convey to the reader any adequate conception of their personalities.

The book is crammned with observations and reflections, both on men and on things, all told in a naïve fashion. In the 'picture' "Arrival" we have a long, detailed traveler's description of "porters in white aprons," a "bearded cabby," a "rusty and dusty carriage," a restaurant where "coquettish young women, their hair dressed Parisian style" were waiting on the guests. All this seemed to Mrs. Marx "very Russian" and "picturesque." In portraying the streets of Moscow she records the following:

> At the foot of each tree peddlers were stationed; one chap, a mere youngster, was selling cigarettes, shrieking "Papirosi! Papirosi!" Clutched between the legs of another boy I saw an enormous glass bowl in which five or six cucumbers floated in a greyish juice. Some little girls planted themselves in my path offering me fresh hot rolls (p. 18).

This and similar scenes of children in the streets, crying their wares "in piercing voices" are, apparently, not repugnant to Mrs. Marx; for she describes them as "picturesque results of the freedom of commerce." When she noticed along the Tverskaya more book shops than food shops, she immediately concluded that "the brains of Moscow are more exigent than its stomach" (p. 13). This conclusion shows the extent of the naïveté of the modern novelist, Magdaleine Marx. The same naïveté runs through almost all the chapters of the book. In some of them, such as "Masha," "Red Square," "Lunch in a Factory," the author indulges too often in sentimental reflections.

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The most curious 'pictures' of Mrs. Marx's book are "The Symbol of New Russia" and "Pure Gold." The subject matter in both of them is the new generation; their background is the great mass of the Russian children. Lena is the main figure in "The Symbol of New Russia." She is very active and much different from "the daughters of the *bourgeois* world" to whom "intelligence is a poison, knowledge a misfortune." The learning of the girls of the *bourgeoisie*, asserts the author, "serves only as a measure of the emptiness of their destiny. . . . Logically there is nothing for them but to commit suicide."

"But Lena is all for life. The life elements are there. She has only to create . . . . " (p. 78).

Everyone will agree with Mrs. Marx that the new generation of Russia "has to create." But it has not yet done so, and meanwhile the activities of the Lenas are lost in the atmosphere of destruction of all that belongs to the past. The author herself correctly states in another place that the youth of Russia "has not yet produced anything new or anything that contains in embryo the original material of the liberated class" (p. 162). If such is the case, the "daughters of the *bourgeois* world" had better wait and see what, if anything, the new Lenas will create, and defer their decisions as to whether they have no alternative than "to commit suicide."

In "Pure Gold" Mrs. Marx deals with school children who "are being nourished body and soul" in the Karl Marx boarding school, in Moscow. "The boys and girls live together without dissimulation, without false mystery. And when the moment of love comes for them they will be more than men and women to each other" (p. 114). The reviewer would like to share the optimism of the author as to the future of these children and the ideal of the Karl Marx schools in Russia. Unfortunately he cannot be so optimistic and enthusiastic about them for the following reason: At the very time that Mrs. Marx was in Russia, the statement was published, on the authority of Dr. Gelman, that "every 14 and 15-year-old boy among those whom we see in all our schools has already indulged in sexual intercourse from the age of 13. (*Izvestia*, March 23, 1923.) Another authority on the subject, Professor Fedinski, has written that "there is an enormous spread of veneral diseases among the Russian school children" (*Izvestia*, November 4, 1923). This is far from being "pure gold."

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It is to be regretted that Mrs. Marx decided to disregard "the figures, facts and documents." With these, however, she would not have been able to write the book that she has produced. It is clear from every page that she went to Russia filled with preconceived ideas and determined to see there conditions upon which to base what seemed to her *The Romance of New Russia*. The book that has resulted will not help the reader to understand the complicated social problems of contemporary Russia, nor the historical significance of the Russian revolution.

GEORGE Z. PATRICK.

The Old Curiosity Shop.
Barnaby Rudge.

By CHARLES DICKENS. New York, Oxford University Press, 1925.

Whenever the novels of Dickens reappear in a popular reprint (this time it is *The World's Classics* series) one is convinced again that there must be a large and steady demand. And perhaps the clue to the situation was discovered by the reviewer when he was confronted by these particular examples, in that he immediately began to turn the pages in search of favorite passages, and soon found himself immersed in the familiar narrative of Mr. Swiveller and the Single Gentleman; and had the greatest difficulty in arousing himself to other responsibilities, so fascinating was the prospect of greeting Quilp and Mrs. Jarley and all the rest—yes, and even of reading again the blank-versified death of Nell. Unreasonable though it be, one finds a securer pleasure in these antiquated episodes than in the cleverest of new fictions; and there must be many people in the world who realize that they can be happier with these original creations than with such modern imitations as Alfred Doolittle and Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh.

One other thought is impressed on one by the fact that these two books, a total of more than twelve hundred pages of small type, and utterly different from each other in setting and atmosphere, were written in eighteen months. A modern novelist would be hard pressed to produce two good books in an equal period of time, and they would be the tenuous records of two or three protagonists, whereas Dickens' volumes are crowded with vivid personages. The amazing creative vigor, which is thus exemplified, must be responsible for that unaccountable attraction still stored up between the covers of a Dickens novel.

LIONEL STEVENSON.

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Theory of History. By FREDERICK J. TEGGART. Yale University Press, 1925. xix+231 pp.

The purpose of the *Theory of History* is "to revise the methodological conceptions in accordance with which the separation between historical and scientific study was introduced in the seventeenth century"—a separation to which Professor Teggart attributes most of the ills of modern historiography and much of the confusion and backwardness of the social sciences. Professor Teggart believes that historians who have tried to write history as a representation of the past "wie es eigentlich geschehen ist," and not as an interpretation of the past in terms of values, have generally failed—have, indeed, generally ended by doing exactly what they set out to avoid. This leads him to inquire whether the traditional opposition between positivist and idealist theories of history is valid. He concludes that the opposition is false, at least so far as the actual knowing and writing of histories is concerned—false because what the positivist historian has conceived and followed as scientific method depends on a set of outworn and mistaken conceptions.

No man can know or state all the facts about anything. The positivist or scientific historian, when he has come to write unified narrative history, has been obliged (as have all his fellow-historians) to select from the innumerable facts at his disposal (themselves already many times selected by discriminative attentions, memories, and reports) a comparatively few facts to present as history. How has he made the selection? He has noticed that natural scientists look for and report regularities, recurrences of types, normal continuous processes, in the phenomena they study; and he has tried to employ the same criteria in distinguishing historically important facts from the rest of the facts, which are just as certainly facts, and for which he has equally good documentary or other evidence. But in history, Professor Teggart argues, the positivist historian has not *discovered* normal and recurrent and continuous type-processes; he has imagined or *invented* them. They are fictions, and can deserve only the credit or the disparagement appropriate to fictions. They may be beautiful or fascinating as works of art or fancy, but they can have no scientific truth. The positive historian, then, is charged with having taken for his guiding thread ideas of normal stages in a continuous progress which are as little to be found in events themselves as is the Aristotelian desire of perfection or the Hegelian dialectic of the Idea.

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The "social sciences" Professor Teggart finds to be as badly off as history, and for much the same reasons. They owe their pattern largely to Comte, and many of their leading ideas to their alliance with nineteenth century evolutionary biology. Comte inherited his conception of scientific method indirectly from Descartes' account of the proper mode of knowing the qualities of bodies as effects of types of motion of extended substance. He set the fashion of defining stages in social organization, the succession and relations of which were to comprise the content of sociology. The evolutionary theories of Darwin tended to confirm social scientists in their hope that if they distinguished the stages or types of social phenomena accurately they could assert an actual and necessary temporal advance from the less to the more complex.

But the Darwinian biology, far from being an independent witness to the soundness of the principle of "slow, continuous progress" as a guiding conception in social studies, may really have sprung (in its methodological aspects) from the same root as the very social sciences which have looked to it for confirmation. Professor Teggart offers an analysis, on the basis of Darwin's own admissions in *The Origin of Species*, of the weakness of the case for the continuity of evolutionary process. Particularly revealing is one of Darwin's arguments against belief in sudden new developments—the argument that such an hypothesis gives little "advantage," under " a scientific point of view," "over the old belief in the creation of species from the dust of the earth." The criticism of Darwin's principal writings is of high importance in these days when they are so much discussed and so little read—and perhaps as little understood by the generality of those who claim to agree with Darwin as by those who denounce him. It is interesting, too, to be reminded of how thoroughly several of Darwin's chief "collaborators," such as Huxley and Lyell, distrusted his dogma of the continuousness of biological progression (*Natura non facit saltum*). Professor Teggart argues with great force that the principal ground for Darwin's position on the continuity of normal development was the desire to give some such systematic completeness to the scientific organization of living types and processes as physics had for two centuries taught men to expect in accounts of mechanical processes. This same sort of systematic completeness has been aimed at by the social sciences and by positivist histories, and these disciplines have consequently hailed nineteenth century

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evolutionary biology as an ally. Professor Teggart contends that nothing short of an axiom to the effect that the temporally changing world is completely teleological or completely cyclic could really justify the adoption of such an aim by the social or historical sciences.

It might have been expected that the warnings of Maine and Maitland (to mention only two of the more widely read nineteenth century social historians) would have put social scientists on their guard against the dangers of constructing "'ideal' series to represent the 'natural' order of the development of mankind." But anyone acquainted with even a few recent social studies—say those of Wundt or Durkheim or McDougall—will admit that Professor Teggart's criticisms of this phase of method are still highly pertinent.

His general conviction that attempts at "scientific" history and sociology have so far failed does not drive Professor Teggart into the arms of the numerous school who insist on sharply dividing historical knowledge from the kind of knowledge which natural science offers. This school of "logicians," as Professor Teggart calls them in his kinder moods, regards historical knowledge—which of course can never be identical, any more than can any science, with all that happens—as consisting in the selection and representation of unique individuals (persons, national epochs, arts, literatures) in relation to the values they embody. History, according to these critics, is successful if its objects are chosen with respect to a sound doctrine of values and set forth with the artistic skill that makes them apprehensible as unique and interesting "individuals." Professor Teggart dismisses this whole position on the ground that values are subjective and "emotional," and that a history written in terms of them would be interested not (to take his own example) in understanding the connections and consequences of English land laws, but in selecting "such facts as are of importance for the impression we desire to convey, let us say, the necessity or the injustice of 'enclosures'." Now there may be "logicians" who hold to such nonsense as this, but it is unfair to class Windelband, Troeltsch, H. Rickert, A. E. Taylor, or R. G. Collingwood among them. These students of historical method do not hold that the aim of history is to decide that anything or anybody is "necessary" or "unjust," good or bad. Luther, e.g., is not, for them, a genuine historical figure because he was very bad or very good, nor because he was merely "unusual," but

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because he was one of that special kind of unusual persons who bore an important relation (whether negative or positive they regard as an unhistorical interest) to one or more of the principal sorts of objective value. But even with this qualification, Professor Teggart would doubtless insist that the impossibility of achieving any really objective doctrine of values would still render the history of the "logicians" either mere art or nothing.

Professor Teggart's solution of the problem of method is set forth in chapter fourteen. It is to regard the classification of similar cultural manifestations in human groups as merely preliminary to the study of those interruptions of historical processes which constitute "differences." Such differences are to be studied without prejudice as to their being progressive or regressive. They are to be correlated with all we can learn of antecedent and accompanying phenomena—geographic and climatic phenomena, migrations of peoples, states of trade, education, and so on. Professor Teggart is careful to insist that no sovereign explanatory force is to be ascribed to any one set of these correlative phenomena. Finally, the historian is to refuse to cast in the conventional and confusing narrative form the results of this sort of study of "how things have come to be what they are."

Professor Teggart finds support for his programme in the writings of Hume and Turgot, whose views on historical method he analyses in chapter fifteen. There is, however, a serious obscurity in the relation of Turgot's position to one of the principal parts of Professor Teggart's programme. On page 184 it is said that "the type of inquiry thus inaugurated [by Turgot] does not appear to have been followed up either in the later eighteenth or the earlier nineteenth century. The reason for this neglect is to be found in the prestige and the attractive quality of the 'idea of progress,' which, as we have seen, carries with it the assumption that "'progress' is slow and continuous, necessary and inevitable." And yet, on the preceding page (183) the exposition of Turgot was thus concluded: "Finally, he [i.e., Turgot] points out that, after all the fluctuations induced by upheavals, everything must once more approach a state of equilibrium, and reach, eventually, a condition of fixity and tranquility. So, through alternations of agitation and calm, mankind as a whole progresses continually toward perfection."

The *Theory of History* offers an alternative to the view that scientific history can deal only with relations of abstract normal

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stages, and not with unusual and especially "valuable" events. The unusual event is given a preeminent place in scientific history, not by its relation to "transcendental" values, but by the "differences" it makes. The critical reader will wonder whether the sheer bulk and reverberation of an "interruption" is enough to make the interruption historically important, whether every event is not really a change, an interruption, and "unique," and whether the artist's taste for a story and the historian's sense of values must not, in the end, discriminate between interruptions. He will wonder, too, whether "mistaken" theories of history may be blamed for the past, or "corrected" theories of history be relied on for the future achievements of historians to the extent that Professor Teggart supposes. So far, most great historians have been as independent, if not as innocent, of theories of history as great artists have been of theories of art.

WILLIAM R. DENNES.

The Christian Renaissance, a History of the "Devotio Moderna." By ALBERT HYMA. New York, The Century Co. [1925]

Now and then a volume appears which rescues a vital human movement from the shadows of comparative obscurity and, by sheer weight of incontestable facts and warrantable inferences, gives it a hitherto unrecognized place in history. Such a service Dr. Albert Hyma's *The Christian Renaissance* seems to have done for the *Devotio Moderna*, a movement of religious purification and enlightenment in Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which originated with Gerard Groote in the valley of the Yssel in the Netherlands and led to the organization of the Brethren of the Common Life. Undoubtedly it greatly influenced both Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. A competent testimony to the value of the volume is that of Dr. Preserved Smith, Professor of History in Cornell University, who says of it: "Nowhere else is to be found so thorough, sympathetic and delightful a treatment of the Devotio Moderna. Dr. Hyma's study is sure to take its place among the really important contributions made by America to the history of Europe."

The *Devotio Moderna*, as Dr. Hyma has shown, was not only mystical, theological, and missionary in character but literary, social, and educational. It was fathered by men of scholarly habits as well as of earnest piety who knew not only the Bible and the church fathers, but Plato and Aristotle and the Medieval

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scholastics. The *Imitation of Christ*, "next to the Bible, the most popular book in Europe," is the consummate flower of their reflective piety. A valuable chapter of Dr. Hyma's book is given to this devotional classic, in which its content is carefully analyzed. Thomas à Kempis is held to be the compiler and author of the larger part of it, but Book I and many of the noblest portions of the remainder are ascribed to Florentius Radewijns, the friend and successor of Groote, who became the first rector of the first house of the Brethren of the Common Life at Deventer.

The life and work of Groote (1340–1384) is recounted with thoroughness and appreciation. Dr. Hyma attributes to him not only the inspiration and inception of the "Christian Renaissance" but holds that directly or indirectly he exercised a large influence upon Erasmus, Luther, Lefevre, Calvin, and other Protestant reformers, and also upon Loyola and the leaders of the Counter-Reformation. Citations from the works of these writers show their correspondence with earlier utterances of Groote upon the same themes. While Groote undoubtedly had a far larger part in stimulating and guiding these formative minds than has ever been understood, there is too little recognition on the part of the author of the fact that similar ideas do not necessarily involve dependence. Original minds often come upon the same great truths simultaneously, or successively. It should be remembered also that corporate, as well as individual, thinking plays a great part in the advance of truth.

The spread of the movement and its effects throughout a large part of Europe are traced with diligence and discernment and a careful study is made of the writings of Wessel Gansfort, John Standonck, and other representatives of its aims and doctrines.

When Groote was prohibited from carrying on his preaching missions, he gave himself to scholarly work and instruction and there gathered about him, as in the case of so many other great religious leaders, a group of kindred spirits which formed the nucleus of the first house of the Brothers of the Common Life. Groote had already (1734) ceded the use of his house to some poor women, and drawn up a constitution for them, thus inaugurating the sister-houses which flourished even more successfully. These simple Christian groups, bound by a common faith and purpose, multiplied until there were some forty men's houses and double the number of women's houses. These houses afford one of the most ideal and successful experiments in the history of communal

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life. It was a lay movement, although priests were admitted. The rectorship was elective and the members were free to leave when they chose. Artisans of the company went daily to their toil outside the house. Mendicancy was forbidden. Excellent schools were conducted which contributed greatly to the diffusion of learning and the formation of Christian character.

The success of this communism looking to the early church of Jerusalem as its model for over a hundred years, must be ascribed to the purity of its aim, to the devout and whole-souled character of its members, to the favorable environment, and to the simplicity and reasonableness of its requirements. The causes of the decline and final disappearance of the movement, about the end of the fifteenth century, are not entered into by the author; yet they call for consideration in order to fully complete this valuable study.

The volume is admirably written, its rich research material wrought into a vivid and consistent narrative. There is much repetition, but mostly in the way of summary. The notes and bibliography are extensive and the appendix contains a copy, long thought lost, of the constitution of the Brethren at Deventer.

JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM.

The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson. By JAMES KERNEY. The Century Company, 1926, New York. pp. 503.

More books have been written about Woodrow Wilson and the period of his active public life than of any other man in recent public affairs. The times in which his active work was done were the most critical in recent history. The personality of the man, with his ability to arouse great enthusiasms and to stir up bitter animosities, made him one of the most interesting figures in American life. His rapid rise into political prominence and the tragedy of his later days form a dramatic illustration of the methods of modern democracy. Most of the books concerning Wilson have emphasized either the historical background of the Great War and the part played by him in our participation in it and in the Peace Conference, or they have been biographical sketches of the man himself, tracing his life from boyhood through his academic career to the climax of his life in the White House. These books have ranged from the eulogies of Ray Stannard Baker to the bitter criticisms of Robert Lansing.

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The book under review is neither a history nor a biography. It gives little attention to Wilson's earlier life or to his work as student and educator. Its title, *The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson*, accurately describes its purpose. It discusses the method by which Wilson was brought into public life, the individual politicians who helped to make him and the methods they used, and the personal friends and enemies with whom he lived and worked. Its author was editor of the *Trenton Times*, was a neighbor of Wilson in New Jersey, and had close personal contacts with him in Washington. Its style is that of the newspaper editor and its point of view is that of the practical politician. While critical in many places, the book is not vindictive or obviously biased against its subject.

To the student of politics the chief value of the book is the emphasis it places upon persons and personal influences. To the average citizen the government seems somewhat remote and appears to function somewhat as a machine. Many are inclined to forget that President, Congress, and Supreme Court are not mechanical contrivances, but human beings, with all the interests, motives, prejudices, and ideals that influence human beings. This misconception will be thoroughly shattered by a reading of the volume under review. It brings into clear light the part played by men like George Harvey and James Smith, Jr., in giving Wilson his start in politics, and the nature of the contacts between Wilson and numerous important persons during his national career. The book bristles with names and personalities. It shows Wilson as the shrewd and practical politician, making such concession to his earlier ideals as the exigencies of the times demanded. It is an excellent study of the methods by which the game of politics is actually played. The volume is illustrated by numerous photographs of persons and by facsimiles of a number of interesting letters.

RAYMOND G. GETTELL.

What Then Must We Do? By LEO TOLSTOY. Translated, with an Introduction, by Aylmer Maude. Oxford University Press ("The World's Classics," No. 281). pp. xxviii+403.

This volume is the latest addition to the list of versions of Tolstoy's works by Aylmer and Louise Maude included in the World's Classics series, a list which Mr. Maude hopes ultimately to make complete. His translation of *What Then Must We Do?* is superior to either of the two English translations of the same

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work that have preceded it; the style is idiomatic and vivid and slips of rendering are extremely rare—at least I have been able to find only two or three. On the other hand his *Introduction* is sadly inadequate, almost trivial.

Tolstoy wrote *What Then Must We Do?* in 1886, when he was fifty-eight years of age. He had passed through his religious conversion and had formed new ideals of personal conduct, to which he had given expression in *My Religion* (*What I Believe*). His new book, in fact though not in form, was an analysis of what effect the adoption of such ideals would have on the economic organization of society.

In form *What Then Must We Do?* is first a description of the Moscow slums, with their degrading poverty; second, a consideration of the causes of that poverty; and third, a suggested remedy for that poverty. In the first part of the work Tolstoy's genius is seen at its best. Many authors of talent, such as Jacob Riis in *How the Other Half Lives*, have described the external appearance of city poverty; Tolstoy does the same thing, but in a still more vivid, pungent fashion. He goes farther than this; he enters into the minds and souls of the people living in that poverty, showing their view of life, which he finds corrupt. Tolstoy is a novelist who can create living men and women; he does so here with as much skill as in *Anna Karenin*. He describes conditions, material and spiritual, and awakens his reader's conscience in regard to them. He draws up an indictment of modern civilization that is of unequaled power. No man of any moral sense can read his book without being stirred and uplifted.

As to all this there can be little difference of opinion. But now Tolstoy proceeds to discuss the cause of city poverty. This he finds to be the enslaving of one man by another through the power given him by the possession of property, of money. Slavery has always existed. It was first chattel slavery, which is now extinct in Europe; next it was land slavery, serfdom or tenancy, which is now at least not so powerful as in former times; finally it became money slavery, which dominates the economic organization of Europe and of the world today. Any man owning money, any man of property, enslaves other men and reduces them to degradation. His slaves (the slum dwellers of Moscow are Tolstoy's illustration) acquire a corrupt view of life, which on examination turns out to have been learned from their master. Their master (or, to be definite, Tolstoy himself) cannot help them

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by merely distributing to them part of his wealth. He must change his corrupt view of life to a correct view; he must divest himself of *all* his wealth, must live simply in the country, and must make his own living by the work of his hands. Then only will he cease to exploit others and will begin to infect them with his correct view of life as he has formerly infected them with his corrupt view. The world will be regenerated on foundations of simplicity, manual labor, and brotherly love.

As to all this there may be much difference of opinion. Tolstoy issues a challenge to modern civilization, which he wishes to rebuild on the foundations of a very definite theory of personal morality, a theory developed by a life experience and by a course of reasoning that had nothing to do with city poverty or with economic science. Few persons have accepted his conclusions, and those few, when they have attempted to guide their lives by them, have frequently changed their minds. The value of Tolstoy's book, however, does not disappear if his conclusions be proved false. Like other lay preachers, Tolstoy has won success if he has found readers, if he has stimulated thought in many of them, and if he has affected even to a slight degree the lives of a few of them. (By the way, one proof of the stimulating power of Tolstoy's thought on young men and women has come from our own community: see *The Truxtun Beale Prize Essays on Tolstoy's "What Shall We Do Then?":* University of California Press, 1912.) Tolstoy may state facts unfairly, he may reason incorrectly, but his summons to self-examination, to the awakening of the individual conscience, remains potent and stirring. His fundamental error is that all reforms of economic organizations are necessarily useless if not based on the abolition of private property. His fundamental truth is that any reform movement depends for its success on the human sympathies and on the moral point of view of the reformers.

G. R. NOYES.

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A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY CONNECTED WITH THE HOUSE.

Bear Camp River House,

WEST OSSIPEE, N. H.,

CONWAY DIVISION OF EASTERN RAILROAD.

J. H. PLUMMER, Proprietor.

West Ossipee, N. H., 6th 9th mo 1877.

Dear Sir

I think the selection from my paper very good, and, of course, I have no objection to the use of them as proposed. But as my publishers (J. R. Osgood & Co.) of Boston, have an interest in the poems, it would be well to consult them. I am very truly thy friend

John G. Whittier

JOHN G. WHITTIER TO A FRIEND

It is not known to whom Whittier addressed this letter.

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
CHRONICLE

Vol. XXVIII OCTOBER, 1926 Number 4

PAGES FROM AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION*

II

Edited by FELIX FLÜGEL

The homely details, the casual expressions, the slow, the careful, or the bold stroke of the pen frequently reveal to the biographer and autograph collector the true personality of the living man. This in itself justifies the preservation of the informal documents printed in the following pages.

In view of the miscellaneous character of this collection the reader must not expect to find any continuity in arrangement. Only parts of the longer documents have been reproduced in facsimile. The transcripts, however, contain a complete text of the original manuscripts.

* See University of California *Chronicle*, October, 1925, pp. 331–345.

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I

Maria Theresa[1] to Graf von Purgstall

Lieber Graf v Purgstall! Gleichwie Ich in das an mich erlassene gehorsamste Ansuchen, der Theresia vermählt- und gebohrnen Gräfin v Sträpoldo verhoffenden Ehelichen Erben, oder Erbin zur heÿl:Tauf zu heben, gnädigst gerne gewilliget, und euch nebst der Gräfin Cassandra v Coronin, gebohrnen v (C)obrutzl Meine Stelle zu vertret(t)en, abermahls ausgewählet; Als habe dieses Mein in euch gesetztes sonderbahres Vertrauen hiermit gnädigst eröffnen wollen, damit Ihr beÿ erfolgender glückl. Entbindung gedachter Gräfin v Sträpoldo Meine Tauf-Pathen Stelle solchergestalten begleithet, wie es beÿ derleÿ Fällen gewöhnlich, und Meiner Königl:, wie auch Landes fürstl:Hoheit wohlanständig zu seÿn, ihr von Selbsten wisset; Annebens aber deren beÿden Eltern von Meinetwegen Vieles Glück, und Trost zu diesem erlangten Ehe Sorgen anwünschet, nicht minder Meiner Königl:Gnaden versichert, mit welchen Ich euch ebenfahls allstets wohlgewogen verbleibe. Wienn d 17 Martÿ 1742.

Maria Theresia

[1] 1717-1780. Archduchess of Austria, and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia.

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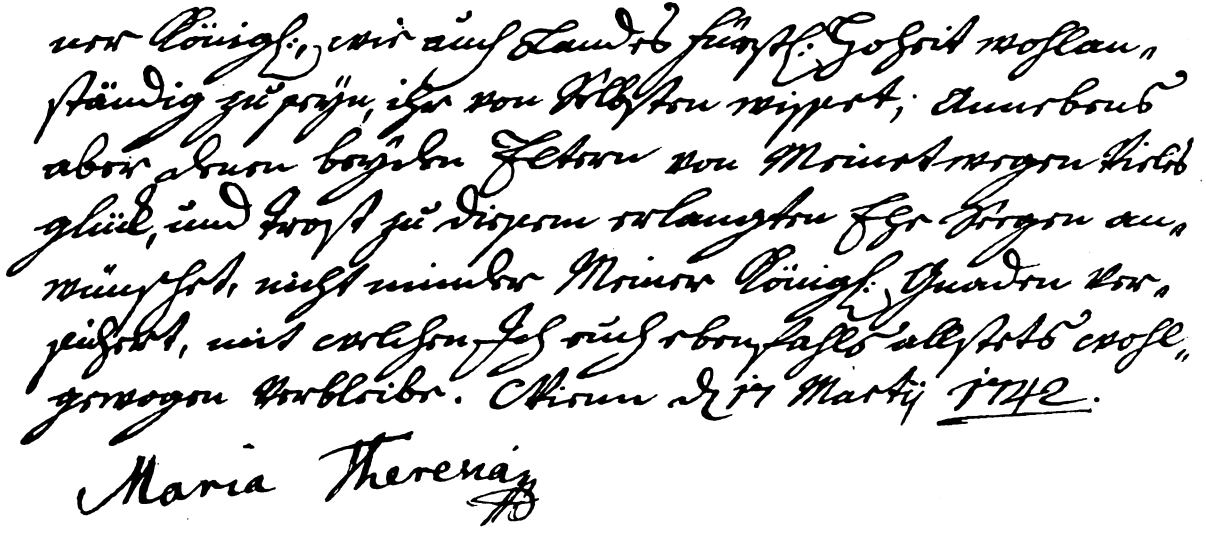

MARIA THERESA TO GRAF PURGSTALL

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Oct. 22. 1843

Dear Sir

I have read with very great pleasure the letters of your German correspondent and now return them - He is a man of unquestionable talent and his approval of my political course gives me no ordinary pleasure

With great respect

John Tyler

Mr. Schücking

JOHN TYLER TO ALFRED SCHÜCKING

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II

JOHN TYLER[1] TO ALFRED SCHÜCKING[2]

Oct.22.1843

D[EAR] SIR

I have read with very great pleasure the letters of your German correspondent and now return them—He is a man of unquestionable talent and his approval of my political course gives me no ordinary pleasure.

With great respect

JOHN TYLER

Mr Schucking

III

SAM HOUSTON[3] TO DR. C. HERMAN JAEGER

Houston Texas
1st Jany 1846

MY DEAR FRIEND

As I may not have the pleasure of tendering to you in person the salutations of the season, I avail myself of this mode of conveying them and expressing a sincere desire that you may enjoy very many happy returns of the New Year in Texas.

Truly yr Friend

SAM HOUSTON

To Doct C. Herman Jaeger
City of Houston
Texas

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[1] Tenth President of the United States.
[2] A prominent German-American lawyer.
[3] President of the Republic of Texas. Facsimile of letter opposite page 352.

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IV[1]

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe to Carl Friedrich Frommann

Ew Wohlgeb.

Sendung begrüsst mich freundlich beÿ meiner Ankunft, ich wünsche nunmeher bald meinen Besuch in Jena abstatten zu können. Anbeÿ übersende den Schluss des Römischen Aufenthaltes, welcher freÿlich auch vielleicht nur drei Bogen betragen kann.

Leider ist das Nächste was hierauf folgt, der Weg nach Neapel und der erste Aufenthalt daselbst, noch nicht in Ordnung, sonst hätt ich davon auch noch soviel als nöthig gesendet. Ich bin jetzt nicht im Stande die Redaction vorzunehmen. Ich hatte von hinten hervor gearbeitet um mir mehr Lust zur Vollendung zu machen. Es wird nun also nichts übrig bleiben, als diesen Band etwas schwächer zu lassen als die übrigen, weshalb ich denn mit Herrn Cotta zu conferiren bitte.

Ich lege den Brief von Moor und Winter beÿ, vielleicht könnte man Herrn Vogel in Leipzig an den Auftrag erinnern. Manches andere verspare zu mündlicher Unterhaltung.

Mich Ihnen und den lieben Ihrigen angelegentlichst empfehlend

Goethe

Wiemar d. 14 Sptbr 1816.

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[1] Printed in *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, vol. 8, pp. 146–47. Reprinted with several minor errors in transcription in vol. 27 (p. 404) of the Weimar edition of Goethe's works. The text of this letter is in the handwriting of Goethe's secretary, Friedrich Theodor Kräuter.

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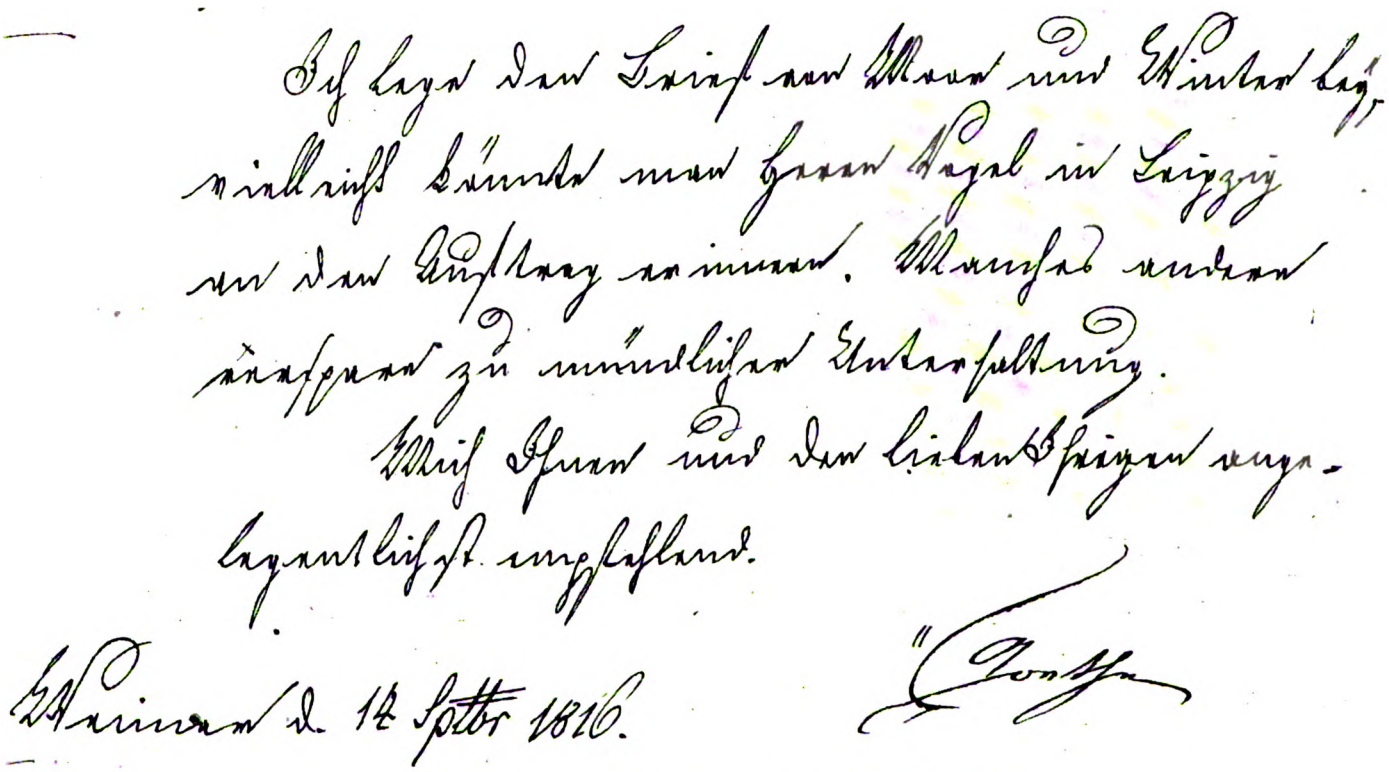

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE TO CARL FRIEDRICH FROMMANN

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You have kindly offered to buy for me books or drawings, but I shall not give you that trouble. I read little but adventurously, but mostly in old & proven books. You shall see & hear for me, and tell me what is the hope of the new mines. Meantime I shall make an experiment on the two new books you have sent me, or at least in person on Theodore Parker. Mr Mann was to go to Berlin directly, & take my Dials to you. I am sorry, he has changed his plan, & goes Slower. In all goodness & assurance, Your friend

R. W. Emerson.

R. W. EMERSON TO CHARLES STEARNS WHEELER

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V[1]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON TO CHARLES STEARNS WHEELER

Concord. 30 April.1843.

MY DEAR WHEELER,

It is very late for me to begin to thank you by letter for your abundant care & supply of my wants, and, to point the reproach, here has come this day as I am putting pen to paper to send by Mr. Mann tomorrow, a pair of books from Mr Weiss, brought from your own hands. Two full letters I have received, & printed the substance of the same, & had the reading of a part of two more addressed to Robert Bartlett, since I wrote you. But, all winter, from 1 January to 10 March, I was absent from home, at Washington, Baltimore, Phila. & N. Y., & would not write letters to Germany, on the road.—What shall I tell you. Our Dial, enriched by your manifold Intelligence, yet languishes somewhat in the scantiness of purchasing patrons, so that Miss Peabody wrote me at N. Y. that its subscription list did not now pay its expenses. I hoped that was a hint not to be mistaken, that I might drop it. But many persons expressed so much regret at the tho't of its dying, that it is to live one year more. Ellery Channing has written lately some good poems for it, one, especially, called "Death," & a copy of verses addressed by him to Elizabeth Hoar. Channing has just rented the little red house next below mine, on the Turnpike, and is coming to live here next week. His friend, S. G. Ward, is editing a volume (about the size of one of your Tennyson's,) of C's poetry, which will appear in a week or two. Thoreau goes next week to New York: My brother William at Staten Island has invited him to take charge of the education of his son, for a year or more, & the neighborhood to the city offers many advantages to H. T.—Hawthorn[e] remains in his seat,

[1] A transcript of this letter appeared in *Anglia*, vol. 12, pp. 454–459. Reprinted (with facsimile) in Wülker's *Englische Literaturgeschichte*, vol. 2, pp. 482–83.

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& writes very actively for all the magazines. Alcott & Lane remain also in their cottage. Wright has withdrawn from them, & joins the Fourierists, who are beginning to buy & settle land. These are all our village news of any import: Only, next week, they begin to build a railroad, which may unseat us all, & drive us into new solitudes. I do not notice any very valuable signs about us in the literary & spiritual realm. Yet I found at Washington, & at N. Y. some friends whom I greatly cherish. I think our wide community with its abundant reading, & a culture not dependant on one city, but taking place everywhere in detached nervous centres, promises to yield, & already yields a great deal of private original unviolated thought & character. Nature is resolved to make a stand against the Market, which has grown so usurping & omnipotent. Everything shall not go to market; so she makes shy men, cloistered maids, & angels in lone places. Brook Farm is an experiment of another kind, where a hotbed culture is applied, and everything private is published, & carried to its extreme. I learn from all quarters that a great deal of action & courage has been shown there, & my friend Hawthorn[e] almost regrets that he had not remained there, to see the unfolding & issue of so much bold life. He should have staid to be its historian. My friend Mr Bradford writes me from B. F. that he has formed several new friendships with old friends, such new grounds of character have been disclosed. They number in all about 85 souls.—You will have heard of Carlyle's new work, "Past & Present." I am just now printing it in Boston (from Ms. partly) braving the chances of piracy from New York. It is certain to be popular from the fear of one class & the hope of another: and is preliminary, Carlyle seems to think, to Cromwell. It is full of brilliant points & is excellent history, true history of England in 1843.—You will have heard of Robert Bartlett's illness, & the great anxiety of his friends respecting him. He went away, I heard, in good spirits, & somewhat amended: but his health is in a most critical condition. It is a great grief to me, who was every year learning to value him more, though there has been something curious,

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Houston Texas
1st January 1846

My dear Friend

As I may not have the pleasure of tendering to you in person the salutations of the season, I avail myself of this mode of conveying them, once unprofessing, a sincere desire, that you may enjoy many many happy returns of the New Year in Texas.

Truly yr Friend

Sam Houston

To
Capt C Herman Jaiger
City of Houston
Texas

SAM HOUSTON TO C. HERMAN JAEGER

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A Psalm of Death.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
And it was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

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as well as valuable, in his unfolding . . . . Margaret Fuller thanks you for your account of Platen; and wishes further to ask you to send her a copy of the Vol. III of Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," which you announced. I will pay your brother for it.

You have kindly offered to buy for me books or drawings, but I shall not give you that trouble. I read little & not adventurously, but mostly in old & proven books. You shall see & hear for me, and tell me what is the hope of the new mines. Meantime I shall make an experiment on the two new books you have sent me, or at least in person on Theodore Mundt. Mr. Mann was to go to Berlin directly, & take on Dials to you. I am sorry, he has changed his plan, & goes slower. In all good hope & assurance, Your friend

R. W. EMERSON

VI

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW[1]

A PSALM OF DEATH

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mask!

—Henry Vaughan.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

[1] Longfellow's poem *The Reaper and the Flowers* as originally published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, carried the subtitle *A Psalm of Death* and was introduced by the lines here printed in italic. These lines are taken from the fifth stanza of the poem by Henry Vaughan, entitled *They Are All Gone into the World of Light.* See *The Poems of Henry Vaughan*, edited by E. K. Chambers (London and New York, 1896), p. 182.

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ATLANTIS

HARRY NOYES PRATT

I

Here where once Atlantis stood,
Town and temple, cliff and wood—
Where the golden valleys spread
Hill to hill, where roadways led
White and gleaming to the strand
That encircled the loved land—
Here where once Atlantis rose,
Now the covering ocean flows.
Screaming sea gulls circling flock
Here above its sunken rock.

Deep beneath the water's might,
In that dim and emerald night
Do the old Atlanteans grope
House to house in fading hope
That fair suns again shall rise
In the high Atlantean skies?
Do they tread the dim highways
Searching their forgotten days?
Who knows what the seeker hears
Of old echoes down the years!

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II

On the ways where chariots gleamed,
Roadways where the people streamed
On their path to sea and town,
Great sea monsters flounder down.
Deep the slime lies on the road
Where the teamster flung his goad
To the oxen's quivering flank.
Deep the slime lies, deep and dank,
Where the crumbling temple stands.
Now the seaweed weaves its bands
In and out the empty doors;
And across the temple floors
Deep-sea fishes pass, and sweep
Bones that still a semblance keep
Of those priests who worshipped there.
But the altar, black and bare,
Rises still above the slime
Waiting on its bidden time.

III

I was High Priest in the ancient worship;
You were a maid who served.
I passed you at dawn each morning
On the great white road that curved
From the palace to the temple.
On the hill that faced the east
I stood alone by the altar,
I who was High Priest,
While you with a thousand others
Danced and sang to the sun.
I was High Priest, exalted—
But, when the rites were done,
I sought you out, and led you
To the groves and their holy shade.
I sinned in my love—I, the High Priest,
I sinned with the gods' handmaid.

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IV

The priests of the gods bound you and left you
All night by the altar stone;
In the dusk of the forested pillars
They bound you and left you alone.
But I, whom the priests were seeking,
Crept in by a hidden way
And watched from the sheltering shadows
The place wherein you lay.

Across the black of the granite
Your white flesh gleamed, and I longed
To sever your bonds and release you;
But the quivering shadows thronged
With myriad fears, and I dared not—
I who had dared too much!
I crouched alone in the shadows,
Supine in the dread gods' clutch.

The white moon fell on your shoulder,
Crept slow to your burnished breast,
And down by curve and hollow,
Where you lay on the altar's crest.
Your dark hair flowed in a torrent
And spread in the cold, white light
That poured through the dome above you
And fell from the temple's height.

While the sharp thongs bit and held you,
Black snakes that twined and bound
Their sinuous length across you—
And never a sigh or sound
Broke out through the temple's silence
Save the chant of the priests outside;
Their low and monotonous chanting
Till the white moon dimmed and died.

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V

Still through the night I could see you,
A white curve thrown against the dark.

"Cleo!" I whispered.

Hark!
Across the black silence of the temple
I heard a rustling,
The rustling of the sacred trees
Of the grove outside.
I heard the chanting of the priests,
A chant that lifted, fell—
Lifted again, and died.
I heard under all the sullen roar
Of the great sea-waves beating,
Beating, against the shore.

"Cleo!"

Never a sound but the trees
And the seas, but about me
I felt the tumultuous pulsing
Of unseen and powerful forces—
Forces called into being to seek me
And find me,
To hold me and bind me.

"Cleo!"

Never an answer came to my cry.

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VI

When the sun touched the templed hilltop
Where the people shouted their praise,
The priests led me out and left me
Full to its level rays.
And they gave me a knife and bade me
Pierce deep to your throbbing breast,
That your blood might bear in its flowing
Expiation for sin confessed.

The knife with its golden glitter
I bore aloft in my hands.
I looked to the east, to the sunrise,
Awaiting the gods' commands.
I turned to the rock that held you
And lifted the jeweled blade
To slay at the dread gods' bidding
Cleo, the gods' handmaid.

Your loved lips smiled as you lay there,
And your dark eyes burned with love.
My hand held the golden knife-blade
A moment ready above,
Then I turned with a shout and flung it
Straight to the heart of a priest!
Bent low to your bonds' undoing—
Bent— and straightened—and ceased.

For the pillars rocked about us,
And the firm hill cleaved to the shock.
The temple crashed to its ruin
Save only the altar rock.
In the harbor the golden galleys
Rose high on the mounting waves,
And the shriek of the gale was muted
By the shriek of the galley slaves
As the strong ships dipped and foundered,
And crashed to the tumbled shore,

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With the lifting sea thick littered
With the wreckage that it bore.
Down through the trembling valleys
The tall waves towered and swept.
High to the clustered hilltop
The huge waves hungrily crept.
Crept, and lingered, submerging
Temple and town and hill—
And mine was the sin, defying,
In my love the great gods' will.

The fierce gods bound me, and cast me
Naked, alone, and ashamed
Unto the cycles that bore me
From the hill where the sun god flamed,
Down through the dim, lost ages
I have wandered, forsaken, alone.
I have traveled by strange, weird pathways
That only the gods have known.
And I know that the high gods' bidding
Is still for their priest to do;
Not yet the sin's expiation—
Not yet is my wandering through.

VII

Aztec priestess or Viking maid—
Strange and wide are the star-paths laid.
Burmese temple or Mitlan hall,
Jungle hut with its wattled wall—
I find you ever; and, finding, lose.
The old gods bind me—not mine to choose!
Seeking and finding, yet holding never;
Still the hate of the gods shall sever
Love from love as the cycles roll
On to their dread and unknown goal.

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VIII

At night
Beneath the caravan,
With the silken light
Of the smouldering fire
Warm on the scarlet wheels,
And higher where the painted sides
All color and gold
Bold in the starlight
Trembled and bloomed—
Beneath the van
Dream-eyed with slumber,
While purple and scarlet and violet and umber
The live coals glowed and the lithe flames ran,
Flowed to silver of ash,
And paled—
Rose to a tremulous height, and failed—
There on your pallet beneath the van
I saw you, and knew you, again.

What were your dreams on that gypsy night?
Did your thoughts take flight
Over the seas and over the ages,
Turning, turning, turning the pages,
Seeking the love that was mine for you?
Was it pain of bewildered seeking,
Old lives speaking,
That clouded your eyes in the silence there?
The starlight gleamed on your ivory breast
And your hair,
And I marked the tremulous quiver
Of your warm, red mouth as you dreamed.

Ah, Cleo, the old gods held me,
Bound me, barred me!
From the sleeping river
Streamed dim tatters of gray, dank mist,
Shrouding my heart in their grave-cold bands;
And my groping hands
Found only the night-wet grasses.

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The scarlet wheels of the caravan
Had turned to a tangle of wind-bent brush—
Your pallet a blanket of rotted rush.
Your gleaming breast was a fungus white,
And your hair
Only a wisp of black moss there.
Across the night was the mocking cry
Of a lone loon flying:
"High Priest, not yet are the long years done!"
And over the lone marsh crying:
"High Priest, not yet are the years begun!"

IX

I who know the wind and snow
Of dead seasons long ago,
I have lived. Yours still to live.
All the best love has to give
Still is yours to grasp and hold,
Never knowing lives of old
When you loved me. Centuries
Which the stars long since forgot,
Far across forgotten seas
In a land which now is not.

In this life we meet too late.
Who knows what unfinished hate
Swerved our paths! A thousand years—
Countless centuries of fears—
Lie behind since last we met.
I remember—you forget—
This the penance. Mine the crime
In that dim, mist-hidden time
When you loved me. Centuries
Roll their weight, and mine to pay
In remembering. The seas
Beat where once Atlantis lay.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

GRANT SHOWERMAN

'*The history of mankind is the history of the struggle for liberty.*'

So I read many years ago in a novel whose title and author I am not sure I remember, of whose characters and plot I cannot recall a single name or a single detail, and whose entire substance has vanished from my mind except the single sentence.

The history of mankind is the history of the struggle for liberty. The sentence keeps coming back to me. Rightly interpreted, it contains the explanation of many phenomena in human behavior, and represents the meaning of human life.

I

It might be supposed at first thought that the history of the struggle of mankind for liberty was the history of the resistance by men and nations to restraint at the hands of their fellow-men. For many persons, if not for most, the phrase suggests only the escape from oppression.

The memories we have of the past are memories of conflict. We recall the struggles of primitive man against his human and bestial neighbors. We recall the children of Israel escaping from the hand of the Pharaoh and fighting their way into the Promised Land; the Greeks heroically striking back the Persian fleet and army already on their soil and in their waters; the citizen-soldiers of Rome at last after fourteen years driving Hannibal from the borders of Italy; the Dutch with superhuman effort wrenching them-

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selves free from Philip of Spain; the American colonists revolting against the restraints of the motherland; the French populace rising in fury to rid themselves of the tyrannies of government and class; the Italians of the *Risorgimento* expelling the Austrian intruder; the Belgians resisting to the death rather than yield their possessions and persons to the hand of another. These are examples of the struggle of mankind against external restraint. They are struggles which involved force and took the form of war.

In general, too, these examples represent the resistance of the virtuous in the attempt to retain or to acquire a physical freedom. But it is to be remarked also that in all of them there was the assailant and the initiator as well as the assailed. There are two sides to conflict. The struggle for liberty means also the struggle for enslavement or oppression. The oppressor and enslaver, too, are impelled by a motive and are struggling for an end; and that end, in their case not less than in the case of their intended subjects and slaves, is liberty. It is not the liberty of freedom from a constraint unjustly laid upon them by men possessed of strength superior to theirs, and it may not be a liberty to be praised, but it is liberty. 'For what is liberty?' asks Cicero; and answers, 'The power of living as you wish.' The tyrant and the aggressor desire freedom from hindrances to living according to their will, and it is not often that their logic fails to prove the righteousness of their will. They will save the souls of men by compelling them to right religion; they will bestow on the benighted the blessings of a superior civilization; they will remove unjust restraints on communication and commerce; they will occupy the place in the sun manifestly intended by destiny.

In a word, we are wrong if we take the history of mankind to mean only the history of struggle against the oppressions and violences of other men. We are quite as wrong, of course, if we think of it only as the struggle of men in masses called nations. The history of mankind is the history not only of men but of man, not only against the restraint that would restrict our movement, but against all restraints, from

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whatever source, that would keep us from perfect freedom and from the sense of perfect freedom.

From the sense of perfect freedom,—because men long not only for freedom from aggression and restraint in the actual moment; they are not satisfied until they possess the sense of freedom to act at will at any time and in any place. There is nothing to which men are so sensitive as they are to restraint or the menace of restraint. The Yankee farm hand will lay down his implement at the least suggestion of command or criticism; his sense of independence is outraged. The operative accepts his wage but will call no man master. An invaded people will suffer hardship and peril of death before they will accept favors from the hand of the oppressor. 'Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men?' In the minds of a Brutus and his friends, accustomed to liberty, there could be but one answer. Men of spirit refuse to be curbed from doing at will even that which is a damage to themselves, or even that which they really have no wish to do; as witness the history of inquisitive reform, which, it may be granted, is flouted somewhat because of the love of indulgence, and somewhat because of the love of lawlessness, itself a form of the love of freedom, but is flouted more in pure assertion of liberty.

So dear is liberty, so sensitive is the soul to threats against it, that to a free man there is no sight more painful than that of a man in bonds and under constraint to do the will of another. As he looks, he sees and feels himself in bonds and his own liberty lost. When it is one who is near and dear that he sees thus restrained, the sight is anguish. For himself to feel the fetters is anguish and madness. The loss of liberty is the denial of the right to self, the loss of identity. When we come at last to confront the Great Tyrant in the final and invincible assault upon our liberty, it is neither the physical pain nor the loss of our dubious pleasures on earth that fills the notion of death with dread ineffable, but the bitterness of being compelled to yield the control of our selves to the great Unknown.

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For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion?

Death is the enforced surrender of self to annihilation. This is the supreme anguish of the human lot. It is not strange that mankind clings to the hope of immortality. Like the fear of death, the hope of life after death is nature's protest against the loss of liberty.

If therefore we were to write in the ordinary meaning the history of mankind as the history of the struggle for liberty, we should confine ourselves for the most part to its gallant struggles for freedom from external human restraint. If we were to write it in the larger meaning, we should record not only the struggles of man for freedom from physical restraint at the hands of his fellows, but from the restraints of apprehension and fear, from the restraints of the forces of nature, from the restraints of time and space and of every circumstance that hampers the will to act or to be.

II

The history of the struggle for liberty in the deeper sense is thus not merely the history of wars fought and battles won in the name of deliverance from oppression. It is the history of the struggle of mankind for dominion; and dominion is only another name for the perfect freedom.

Man has achieved not only freedom from the beast, but dominion over it, not only freedom from enemy man but dominion over him. He has achieved at least a partial safety from the elements, and exercises at least a partial dominion over them. He has learned to divert and dominate the lightning; he has made fire and water his slaves, and only on occasion do they rise against him; he has subdued the hard earth with the share, and converted its minerals and metals from dead weights into the ministers

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of his comfort. He has made the labor of an hour the achievement of a minute; he can travel in a day by sea the week's distance of his grandfathers, and by land the distance of their month; he has vanquished the air. In these ways and others he has won new liberties. In these ways and others he is seeking liberty still—through the control of natural forces, the control of disease, the control of intelligence, the control of passion, the control of men in masses and singly.

To the control of natural forces, it may be that there is no limit to be set; at least, no limit set except by nature herself. The ingenuity of human intelligence will stop at nothing but the sheer impossible. The achievements of science in the past promise a future of ever greater liberty from the tyrannies of matter. When the control of man is in question, however, we face a difficulty. There, the dominion of one nation or one man, unjust or just, cannot be left unlimited, because the freedom to dominate must rest upon the slavery of being dominated. Dead matter neither resents nor actively resists; the will of man resists and resents control by other wills. Human life is social. The ambition of man to be free through dominion must in justice always find its limit where the borders of another's freedom are reached.

It is thus clear that the struggle of mankind for liberty through dominion over man must adopt other means than physical force, and that the perfect freedom is something for which it cannot hope. Men must live together; they cannot leave the planet for other places in the sun. Society must be a compromise in which the love of liberty in one will be gratified only in part and only as another is willing to forego in part the perfect liberty for which his nature yearns.

This is only to say that, while the freedom of mankind from the constraints of time, of distance, of disease, and of matter in general, may be secured through control of matter, its freedom from the constraints put upon it by man himself must be won through control of the spirit. It is only in the capacity of the social organism to inspire the self-surrender

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of the individual man that progress worthy of the name is realized. The supreme social achievement of man is emancipation from self.

III

Thus we arrive at a much more intimate interpretation of our text. '*The history of mankind is the history of the struggle for liberty*,' is not only true of men singly as well as of men in masses, or what we call civilization, and not only implies dominion over the earth as well as emancipation from human restraint, but finds its highest exemplification in the warring of man upon his own members.

The history of every human life is the history of the struggle for liberty. From the moment of our emergence to the shores of light, we engage with the forces that would keep us enslaved. Perhaps, as Lucretius would have it, the cry with which we signalize our arrival is the cry of nature outraged by the presence and the prospect of suffering. Perhaps it is the battle cry of the life that is to be spent in conflict. Perhaps, more truly, it is the initial act in the struggle itself which is to make us masters of environment, and the cry is both the act and the cry of victory. We begin with struggle; we struggle through infancy and childhood with the forces of nature as manifest in heat, cold, hunger, thirst, and disease, and with the will of parents and fellows who would make us, for good or ill, the creatures of their domination; in youth we struggle with the ignorance that would make us cowards and slaves; through manhood we struggle with the thousand continued oppressions of nature and the thousand new tyrannies of society; in old age we fight the losing battle with the most dreaded of all oppressors, the tyrant who frees us from bondage by destroying desire and desirer alike, the liberator through annihilation. To live is to struggle. We struggle against the constraints of man that are wilfully laid upon us, we struggle against the constraints of nature that are blindly laid upon us, we struggle to achieve the dominion that shall free us from the fear of constraint. We are never at rest so long as we are

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conscious of anything that hinders or hampers actual movement or inhibits contemplated movement.

Yet the most provocative challenge of high-spirited men to combat is not external, but within. Environment, both of matter and of man, may be overcome, but the victory is only partial. The perfect victory, to be followed by the perfect liberty, is possible only through conquest of self. No man having stopped short of this has truly overcome, or is truly free. All men who have vanquished self are free men and the lords of life.

There are open to liberty-loving men two roads to freedom, as to ambitious men there are open two roads to wealth. 'I shall better increase my scant revenues by contracting my desires,' says Horace, 'than if I were lord of Phrygia and added thereto the realms of Croesus: to those who desire much, much also is wanting;' meaning what Carlyle meant when he said that the fraction of life increased in value not so much by increasing the numerator as by lessening the denominator. In like manner, the freedom of men may be made more ample by the contracting of desire. The constraints of poverty are less to those who fix their desires less upon the riches of this world. The fear of ingloriousness will not enslave the man who dominates the desire for glory. The constraint of physical fear will not lie upon the man not bound by the desire to live at any cost.

'Every wise man is a king,' says Cicero in one of the *Paradoxes*, 'and every fool is a slave.' 'The wise man,' says Horace, likewise reflecting the Stoic opinion, but with humorous exaggeration, 'is less only than Jove himself. The wise man is rich, free, distinguished, handsome, the king of kings.' The man who understands the values of life, who is the prey to no delusions, and consequently to no false fear, is the highest type of the human kind; he is the free man, second only to the Uncreated and Infinite Freedom that knows no end and no beginning, no time, no space, and has never felt restraint. The wise man cannot dominate matter; he must endure the ills of the created nature of which he is a perishable part; but he is, through the domina-

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tion of self that results from wisdom's appraisal of life, the freest of created things.

IV

The value consciously and unconsciously set by mankind upon liberty finds witness in their conduct. With the risk of goods and life, with the hardships and sufferings of men from the actual human or physical impediments to the will to act or to be, our thought is familiar; but there are many ways less obvious by which men testify to the love of liberty.

The slanderer, for example, who belittles or destroys his neighbor is only in search of freedom from the restraint put upon him by the presence of a rival. A Cassius looks for liberty to the removal of those who overtop him:

> Such men as he be never at heart's ease
> Whiles they behold a greater than themselves.

An intolerant majority or a persecuting authority in politics, religion, or manners may call, and think, themselves actuated by love of God and man, but their real motive is the removal of an opposition which is a criticism of their beliefs and a hindrance to their sense of liberty. They desire to rest in the freedom of unrestricted approval. The Athenians banished Aristides the Just in order to rid themselves of an annoying reminder of their failings. They killed Socrates because with the gadfly about they were not at ease. The sight of those whose presence alone declares as plainly as words, 'I am holier than thou,' 'I am different from thee,' is an irksome restraint which has driven many a master to tyranny.

Haman is a case in point. When Haman saw that Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence, then was Haman full of wrath. This was because Haman, though his seat was set above all the princes that were with him, felt in the one exception of Mordecai a restriction upon his liberty. The sense of the restriction drove him to a fatal attempt at freedom: 'So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai.'

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Tyrants who torture, imprison, and slay are only in quest of freedom from fear. Destruction and devastation, territorial, corporeal, intellectual, and spiritual, are tyranny's way of achieving liberty. Autocrats and oligarchies heading assaults on the liberties of other peoples are frequently but seeking liberty from the threat of disaffection or the dread of ingloriousness at home. To escape the smaller slavery, they risk the larger. Men will not only risk, but surrender, one liberty to gain another. 'The stag, who was the better in the fight, kept the horse from their common pastures until the horse, worsted in the long contest, implored the aid of man—and received the bit. But when after a fierce fight the victor left his enemy vanquished, he could not shake the rider from his back or the bit from his mouth.' To escape the inconveniences of the life according to nature, men surrender its freedoms for the tyrannies of civilization. To escape the tyrannies of civilization, they surrender its conveniences for the hardships of savagery. Men will even surrender all freedom, as in politics, religion, or fashion, in order to gain through the slavery of conformity the freedoms of unresponsibility. They will abandon their minds to the keeping of others, their bodies to the keeping of habit.

These are but unworthy, though eloquent, examples of the struggle for liberty. The congregation of those who strive for liberty through domination, not of others, but of themselves, is more noble. Here we shall meet with the ascetic, the martyr, the patriot, the philanthropist, the saint.

The ascetic denies himself the comforts of the body not, as he thinks, because they are unworthy and vile, but because by the exercise of authority over appetite he enjoys the living sense of freedom. To feel that he dominates the desire for meat and drink and soft raiment is to feel himself not only free but the master of men; for he does what other men can not. If he can feel this freedom, what matter if someone else enslave his body?

The good man and the wise will dare to say, 'Pentheus, ruler of Thebes, what shame wilt thou compel me to suffer and endure?' 'I will take away thy goods.' 'Thou meanest

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my flocks, my money, my household belongings, my plate. Thou mayest take them.' 'I will keep thee in shackles and bonds and under a cruel guard.' 'God himself will free me when I wish it.' The meaning of this, I suppose, is, 'I will die.' Death is the finishing-line of everything.

The martyr is the ascetic free not only from the appetites of the flesh and the glamors of this world, but from the appetite to live; though we should say not free from, but master of, the appetite. He is ready to mortify the flesh in very fact. The martyr is important to God and his universe; to himself and this world he is not necessary except in the act of martyrdom, which brings healing to the world and fulfillment to himself. To realize his destiny he must possess the perfect liberty which makes possible the perfect service.

The spirit of the martyr and the ascetic is in all serious men. All earnest men desire to be free. They school themselves in the practice of freedom, they are nobly discontented with their powers, they will ever be testing themselves to be reassured that the power over self has not departed from them. Liberty is not the crossing of a line to remain in effortless mastery. It is not mere freedom, but freedom in the exercise. The preacher, the teacher, the pleader, are happiest in the practice of their skill because only during its demonstration do they feel the liberty of lordship over it. Those accustomed to wages and rewards will give of their service without recompense for the sake of knowing themselves still the masters of desire. There are natures for whom no partway refusal suffices to prove the freedom from self. They will not be completely at rest in liberty until they have gone and sold that they had and given to the poor. It is not only that they shall have treasure in heaven; they must feel themselves free men on earth. Such natures, if ascetic, will never feel right this side of supreme surrender —the All-or-Nothing of Ibsen's Brand; if savages, they must prove themselves by the supreme pangs of the initiatory ordeal; if patriots, only the offer of life on the altar of country will set their souls at peace. If they are Christians, neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor

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powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, will separate them from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus their Lord.

I once read the words of an airman in the Great War who had overcome the initial difficulties of control, and had continued until in all the maneuvers of aircraft but one he was so practiced and sure as to be without fear. The thought of this one dangerous and undared maneuver kept him from the sense of freedom: he did not know whether or not he could perform it; he did not know whether or not when the time came he would dare to attempt it. To rid himself of the doubt and the fear, he made the attempt under no compulsion, and became a free man.

V

It is only the ultimate test that brings and proves the possession of liberty, and only the repetition of the test that proves its retention. As long as aught is reserved, so long will there be the fear that enslaves.

It can hardly be denied that there is one thing to the credit of war, one thing which compensates, though not sufficiently, for the wreckages of war. War is an ultimate test, a test by fire. Under the threat of the nation's enslavement, annihilation, or disgrace, the supreme danger is met by the supreme devotion. With all its cruelties and cowardices, with all its hypocrisies, with all its futilities, war is for great numbers of men and women singly, and often for race and nation, the refining fire that burns away the dross and reveals total character—of body, of mind, of soul. It determines not only what nation of men for the moment shall have their will; it achieves a victory far more important. It succeeds for one moment in shifting man's attention from himself and in imposing man's will upon himself, and demonstrates to himself and the race the possibility of victory over self. Could the idealisms of war be continued in times of peace, what wonders of civilization should we not see?

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But war is storm and stress and sound and fury. Its emotions are sudden, violent, and fleeting. Its sacrifices are too likely to be prompted by fear and pride or compelled by force, its devotions to be alloyed by hatred, its liberty, however real, to be the flare of a moment. The wave of idealism carries us on its crest for an instant, and sinks. In peace we return to the slaveries of interest, prejudice, and habit. We surrender our rights in order to escape our duties. We delegate authority to teacher, to politician, to priest, that we may be free to follow undisturbed the calls of selfishness, and that we may avoid the slaveries of choice for ourselves. It should not be surprising that Clio concerns herself with the glamors of war to the neglect of peace and its money-makings. Those who reproach the Muse for attending overmuch to arms and the man should remember her sex, and should reflect that the economics and politics and the partial and perhaps lucrative sacrifices of men compose but a dull picture compared with the streaming banners and gleaming visages of war, whose story, whatever else it may contain, is the story of men with passions at white heat forgetful of themselves in the struggle for common liberty.

> For what avail the plough or sail,
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?

The ultimate test of man's power over self is not in the vitiated atmosphere of war, but in the calmer and more enduring times of peace. Because there are no compulsions, no plaudits, and fewer admiring eyes, the victories of peace are more hardly won than those of war. Yet they are won. Nor do the victories of peace, though not marked by outcries from the mob or by salvos of cannon, remain unrecognized. That the supreme victory is domination of self in times of no compulsion, that the supreme liberty is escape from the tyranny of self, men testify by their universal admirations. If there is one character in the drama, the novel, or in letters and life at large that is endlessly represented and never fails to attract the audience or the reader, it is the character of the person who sacrifices comfort,

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fortune, reputation, or life, for friend or principle. Even men who do not master themselves, men whose plan of life includes no such ideal as mastery of self, men who prey on their fellows, will respond to the example of sacrifice and admire the nature freed from the bonds of self. The world's heroines are the Antigones, the Esther Summersons, the Florence Nightingales, the Grace Darlings, the sisterhoods of charity and mercy, the nurses and the mothers of men. The world's heroes are a Socrates, a Saint Francis, a Sidney Carton, a Bishop Bienvenu, a Father Damien, the apostles and the saints, the martyrs to religion, to patriotism, to duty, to truth, the friends who have laid down their lives for friends and have been the supreme examples of liberty as well as of love.

> What cries of applause recently rang throughout the theater at the new play of Marcus Pacuvius! when, the king not knowing which was Orestes, Pylades declared that he was Orestes in order that he might die in his place, and Orestes on the other hand maintained that he was Orestes, as indeed he was. People stood up and applauded, though the thing was a fiction; what shall we think they would have done if it had been reality? Nature herself easily demonstrated her power, when men judged right in another the acts they themselves were not able to perform.

VI

It was no accident that Christianity drove before it from the field the pagan religions of antiquity, and it is no accident that its institutions and ideals, in spite of a world that teems with the distractions of ambition and achievement, are still the most effective and most respected of mankind's instruments for good. The pagan religions taught virtue after a sort, they pretended to purification of a sort. They aided men in the search after God if haply he might be found, and they could promise immortality. But Christianity was the religion of the yielding of self, of obedience to virtue and to God. It was the religion of sacrifice, and the sacrifice was not of bulls and rams, but of self—a broken heart and a

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contrite spirit, a living sacrifice of the body, holy, acceptable unto God, a reasonable service. It was the religion of the domination of self, and the religion of liberty. Peter denying his Lord was not yet a Christian because he was not yet a free man. Peter and Paul confronting the executioners had entered into perfect liberty.

To turn the other cheek, to give the cloak also, to go not only a mile but twain, to give to him that asketh, to love an enemy—this is not the program of partial but of total surrender. It is the program of liberty. The Christian was, as the Christian still is, a free man in proportion as he surrendered—free from the enslavement of desire for pleasure or goods, free from the threats of judge and executioner, free from the fear of the cross and the lions, free from the domination or the temptation of the vices, delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

There were, as there are, the imperfect and the partly free. There were those who were thinking of the forgiveness of sins and the saving of their souls from damnation, there were those whose hearts were bent on the rewards of a happy hereafter, there were those who even looked for a kingdom of this earth. But there were also those who saw that the Christian life was release from captivity to the law of sin which was in their members and which warred against the law of the mind; and even those whose undertanding was not perfect responded to the appeal to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and to be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. The author and the founders of Christianity were free men; the appeal of Christianity was wide because the love of liberty exists in the hearts of all earnest men. The conditions were not easy, but liberty and the consciousness of liberty are the most precious of rewards.

VII

The call to freedom through domination of self is the supreme challenge to manhood. It has found its response in the company, all too few but of mighty power, of those

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who have left all and walked not after the flesh, but after the spirit, who have found life and liberty by first losing them. The lordship over self is the flower of human achievement.

This is not mere metaphor. The lordship over self as the culmination of life is in the way of nature, quite as much as the unfolding of the flower. Life is growth, growth is increase of liberty, increase of liberty is struggle. Life is struggle. The history of life is the history of struggle. The cessation of struggle is the cessation of life. It is the cessation of life when the struggle is at such odds that liberty is lost and growth inhibited; it would be as truly the cessation of life were all obstacles overcome and all struggle come to an end. The popular Christian Heaven, a golden city of harpers harping with their harps in everlasting peace, is not in the way of reason or of nature. There is no struggle in such a Heaven, no liberty through overcoming, no growth through liberty, no life through growth. Much better than that were the Pythagorean eternity, with conflict, and victory, and liberty, and life, forever in process—the eternity of Masefield's *Creed:*

I hold that when a person dies
  His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise,
  Another mother gives him birth.
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
The old soul takes the roads again.
. . . . . .

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,
  In this long war beneath the stars,
So shall a glory wreath my head,
  So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mold
Be smithied all to kingly gold.

In the hereafter as well as the here and now, eternal vigilance and eternal struggle must be the price of liberty. The building of more stately mansions by our souls can never have an end unless the souls themselves are to end.

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THE BEARING OF RECENTLY DISCOVERED CUNEIFORM TEXTS ON GREEK HISTORY AND THOUGHT

H. F. LUTZ

The earliest mention of the Greeks in the cuneiform texts known up to the present has been that recorded in the inscriptions of Sargon (722–705 B. C.). The Assyrian king informs us that he had "drawn forth as fishes those who belong to the land of Yavan (*ia-am-na-a-a*) who are in the midst of the sea." This reference is probably to the conquest of the piratical Greeks, for Eusebius (I. 35), quoting Abydenus, states regarding Sargon's successor Sennacherib that he defeated the fleet of the Greeks in a maritime battle off the Cilician coast. In Sennacherib's reign (705–681 B. C.) we hear that the king hired Phoenician and Greek sailors to assist in his Elamite campaign. Another cuneiform mention of the Ionians occurs in the Behistun and Naksh-i-Rustam inscriptions of Darius. These were about all we had of references to the Greeks in the cuneiform inscriptions, and these were, at that, of rather late date.

The Egyptian inscriptions, however, have given us much earlier data reaching back to *ca.* 1300 B. C. In them we note that, in the great Hittite-Egyptian war during the reign of Rameses II, the *Ye-van-na*, *Yevana*=*Yavan*, *Yavanu*, "Ionians" are mentioned among the auxiliary troops of the Hittite king. It was customary at one time to see in the mention of the Ionians as allies of the Hittites a mere poetic exaggeration by the author of the Rameses-*epos*, who, it was thought, had simply incorporated within the group of "allies" all the Westerners who were known to him. In the

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light of what we now know—to which I shall refer shortly—the passage in the Rameses inscription is now corroborated as actual fact by the new material from Boghazkoi. The inscriptions from Egypt gave us more. In the time of Merenptah are mentioned also the *A-ka-y-va-sha*, Achaivos, Achivus, or Achaeans, as allies of the Lybians.

Six Asia-Minor peoples are enumerated among the allies of the Hittite king against Rameses II, and it is significant that among them the Achaeans are not mentioned. This is exactly what we should expect. At this place are mentioned the Ruka, the Lykians (whom the cuneiform texts mention as the Lugga people); the Dard(a)ni = Dardanoi, i.e., the inhabitants of the city of Dardanos on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont (see below); the Masa, or Maosu, who are the Mysians in spite of Homer (II.13.3), who lets them dwell in Thrace; the Ionians; the Pidasa, who can now be identified from the recently discovered cuneiform texts as the Pitassa people whose territory extended south of Lake Givash; and the Karakisha, the Cilicians, whom we must think dwelt at this time, according to Homer, about Thebes in the Troad, or in Mysia at the mountain of Plakos, and about Lyrnessos in the Troad.

The Egyptian inscriptions, it is evident, apart from mere names do not afford much information on the early Greeks. The recently deciphered texts from Boghazkoi have therefore thrown most welcome light on the history of the early Greeks. Furthermore, they have enlarged our knowledge to some degree in two directions, namely, in regard to the political power of the pre-Homeric Greeks, on the one hand, and the geography of Asia Minor, on the other.

We now know that the Troad together with Mysia and Lydia comprehended the land of Assuva; and Assuva, in time, extended its name to the whole continent of Asia. Assuva, according to the *Annals of Todhalia*, consisted of twenty-two provinces, of which the last one mentioned is called Ta-ru-i-sa, which Forrer has identified as the name of Troy, arguing correctly that the cuneiform script, being a syllabic script, was able to render the double consonance

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only by the insertion of a vowel; while the sibilant change to h, Troiha, which finally became Troia, is accounted for by the fact that the name had already, in the eleventh century, passed into the Greek language. The *Annals of Todhalia* thus contain the oldest, and at the same time the only, mention of Troy in the cuneiform inscriptions.

The original Troisa is etymologically connected with *tursis* "tower, fortress," and with *Tursenoi*, the Greek name for the Etruscans. With reference to the Etruscan question, we have to bear in mind the, to all appearances, true tradition that it was the Troian prince Aeneas who was the ancestral hero of the Romans; furthermore, that the Greeks regarded Rome as an Etruscan city. The Etruscan element formed the patrician party of Rome, not the Sabines, while the Latins were plebeians. Herodotus (I.94) states that the *Tursenoi* emigrated from Lydia, i.e., western Asia Minor. From the Egyptian inscriptions we get the earliest reference to the Tursenoi, called *Ti-u-ir-sha*, *Ti-u-r-sha*, and *Tu-r-sha*, from the sarcophagus of a mercenary, whose name was *Iwn-n-tu-r-sha*, "the Tursh-support," i.e., "the faithful, dependable Tursh." He lived during the middle or latter part of the Nineteenth Dynasty. Rameses III mentions the *Tursh* among the pirates who plundered the Syrian and Egyptian coast districts. And again, in the time of Merenptah, the *Tursh* together with the *Shardin* (Sardinians) form the chief number of sea robbers who infested the Egyptian waters. The headdress of the *Tursh* is related to that of the Asia Minor peoples, which would indicate that Herodotus' statement is correct that they emigrated from that country. But the Egyptian inscriptions name them together with the *Shardin*, so that there can now, with the additional knowledge gained from the Boghazkoi material, be no doubt that the *Tursh* are indeed the Etruscans. In passing, I may remark that the Etruscans are also mentioned in Genesis 10. 2 under the name of *Tiras*.

A most important historical mention of the Greeks which the cuneiform texts have recently brought to light falls about 1325 B.C., i.e., during the reign of Murshili of Hatti, who

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ruled from *ca.* 1337 to 1312 B. C. After an unnamed prince had conquered part of the land of Iyalanda and had destroyed some castles of Murshili, the Lugga people (the Lukaones) called upon a certain Tavagalavas, king of Ahhiyava, with a request for protection, because they feared an attack by the unnamed prince. At the same time they also got into communication with the Hittite king, so as to receive the help of Murshili. The relations between these two monarchs we know were friendly, for Tavagalavas, in the first year of Murshili's reign, had placed himself on the side of the Hittite king. In the *Annals of Murshili*, where are preserved the messages between Tavagalavas and Murshili, it is shown that Tavagalavas came into his kingdom as a vassal prince of Murshili, but that, at the time of the war against the hostile prince, he had not yet taken the oath of fealty to the Hittite king. The same text also shows that Tavagalavas, though at one time desirous of being taken to Murshili to pledge his fealty, later on changed his mind, saying: "Give me the kingdom immediately! but if not, then I shall not come." Whatever the reason for this change of mind, whether an evil conscience or, perhaps, fear, it is clear that Tavagalavas must have felt himself strong and secure enough to offer resistance to the Hittite king.

But who is this Tavagalavas? He was king of Ahhiyava, which is Acheia. According to Hittite phonetic laws, unaccented ayi becomes iya, and thus Ahhiyava developed from Ahhayiva. Ahhiyava is therefore the land of the Achaeans, the land of the Greeks, i.e., Greece. From the somewhat later Egyptian inscriptions, as indicated above, we also know that the Achaeans had no hold on Asia Minor; another reason why we must consider Ahhiyava as representing Greece proper.

The name of the king of the Achaeans, Tavagalavas, is the Hittite rendering of the Greek Etevokleves, of which the later form is Eteokles. Eteokles, furthermore, is called "*a-ya-va-la-as* king," i.e., "king of the Aeolians," the first cuneiform reference to that name. From the address which the Hittite king employs toward Eteokles, calling him "my

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brother," that is to say, employing the phraseology customary among the kings of that time when writing to their equals, it follows that the Greek king must have been the representative of no mean power, but must have been a Great King equal to the Hittite king himself. Yet, the rise of the country of Ahhiyava must have been of more recent date. Considerations which Forrer has brought forth make it certain that Tavagalavas was Great King of Greece, and that his vassalage to the king of Hatti was due to the fact that he was at the same time ruler of Pamphylia, and as such had to render the oath of allegiance to Murshili. This friendly relationship between Greece and Hatti existed as far back as the first year of Murshili (1336 B. C.), and was shown on the occasion when the Arzaova king aroused the country of Millavanda to war against the king of Ahhiyava. Murshili sent his troops to the assistance of the king of Greece and Millavanda was overthrown. The friendly relations between the two countries, indeed, must have existed even earlier, under Shubbiluliuma (1385–1340 B. C.), the father of Murshili. But the acknowledgment of Ahhiyava as a large, sovereign power took place during the reign of Murshili, some few years after his accession to the throne.

Eteokles is called king of the Aeoleans. We are thus carried to Boeotia and the island of Lesbos, which were the true Aeolean districts. As has been surmised, it is probably, therefore, not accidental that the excavations in Orchomenos have brought to light the remains of a peculiar culture, with large buildings, which would indicate that Orchomenos was once the capital of a considerable political power. Pausanias mentions as the founder of the kingdom of Orchomenos a certain Andreus, while local tradition mentions Eteokles as its second king. The name of Andreus seems, indeed, to be preserved in the cuneiform inscriptions coming from the Boghazkoi archives. In an omen text which deals with occurrences in the first years of Murshili's rule, a certain Antaravas (*ca.* 1350–1325) is mentioned, who, according to the context at least, must have been king of Ahhiyava and Lazpa. Lazpa has been identified with Lesbos. Ahhiyava

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itself, in the time of Antaravas or Andreus, may not yet have included the whole of Greece, but merely the Aeolean territory, i.e., Achaia-Phthiotis in Thessaly with the Achaean mountains bordering it on the south, as well as Achaia in the Peloponnesus.

We hear of a third Achaean king in the time of Todhalia, a certain Attarissiyas. This king had attacked, *ca.* 1250 B. C., the western border states of Asia Minor, notably Zippasla, due north of the island of Rhodes, a territory which formed the southern portion of later Caria. Through this hostile act Hatti had come into immediate danger from Great Greece. Twice Attarissiyas attacked Madduvattas, king of Zippasla, but the second time he was defeated in a great battle by Todhalia.. The ideas of conquest entertained by this Greek king were of large scope. He planned to take possession of the island of Cyprus, or at least to control a part thereof. For this reason he entered into an alliance with the chief of Biggaya, as the northern coastal region of Cyprus was called, devastated the island (*ca.* 1225 B. C.), and carried away the spoil. Referring to this invasion the Hittite king calls both the Greek king and the Cyprian chieftain *kuirvanas* (=*koiranos*) "independent rulers." From the Egyptian inscriptions again, we learn that Cyprus was, in fact, finally occupied by the Greeks some thirty years later.

These are, in brief, the new factors furnished by the Boghazkoi material. It gives us only some incidents in the reigns of three rulers of pre-Homeric Greece. But, though meager the facts, they visualize to us a larger kingdom of Greece, whose ruler was considered an equal with any of the great rulers of the Ancient Near East at that time. These facts bring Greek history into direct connection with the history of the Near Eastern peoples themselves. We see them in alliance with the great Hittite power, and waging war with Asia Minor peoples, and with the inhabitants of Cyprus. There is nothing to imply that the early Greeks had built a Chinese wall about themselves. On the contrary; coming into contact with the Oriental peoples at a time when

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the cuneiform script was the world script employed in the state chanceries of the various states, it would not be surprising if we should also find cultural contacts between pre-Homeric Greece and the Near East, and especially contact between Greek thought and the Babylonian thought which permeated the entire cultural outlook of its era.

That the Hittites were acquainted with Babylonian culture no one will seriously dispute, but that Babylonian culture and thought affected in so small degree the early Greeks is a matter less conceded, for the obvious reason that the post-Homeric Greeks do not, to any extent, show its influence. That contacts must have existed very early is of course quite clear when we consider, for instance, the alphabet. The alphabet, it is true, did not come from the Babylonians—and as little did it come from Crete; it came from the Western Semites. Now the West Semitic alphabet does not appear in actual inscriptions before 1000 B. C., but certain indications make it clear that its invention must reach back into the middle of the second millenium B. C. That anyone would seriously consider the derivation of the Greek alphabet as coming from the Cretan script, as Professor Bates, of Pennsylvania has done, is a psychological conundrum. The very fact that the Greek letters, apart from the Greeks' own tradition of a Phoenician origin of their alphabet, have Semitic names, should have prevented him from looking elsewhere. Not only the alphabetical signs, and their names, but also the arrangement of the signs has been taken over intact. Whatever the merit or demerit of the thesis that there existed an alphabetical arrangement which was built up on the stroke and circle system, which brought the letters *l*, *m*, *n*, or rather *l*, *n*, *m*, together and apparently placed these letters at the beginning of the alphabetical arrangement, no serious doubt can be entertained that the Phoenician and Greek alphabets follow an astral arrangement determined according to the astro-mythological viewpoint of the Babylonians. The arrangement is as follows: *aleph*, steer, a steerhead as the moon symbol; *beth*, house, moon and planet station in the ecliptic;

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gimel, a weapon, the *gamlu* weapon, a star in Taurus; *daleth*, door and *he*, heaven(?), the milky way between Taurus and twins; *waw*, hydra(?), dragon(?), the great twins; *zayin*, twins(?), the little twins, later Cancer; *cheth*, chariot body, wagon body, and *teth*, wagon wheel, *Ursus Major*=Babylonian wagon, to which the two twin dragons were thought to be harnessed; the dragon wagon survived in the wagon of Triptolemos, son of Eleusis, who was adored as the disseminator of agriculture and culture in general; *yod*, arm, symbol of the planet Mercury; *kaph*, hand, symbol of the planet Venus; *lamed*, plow-share, as symbol of Nebo in the constellation of the ram; *mim*, water, sign of Aquarius; *nun*, fish, Pisces; *samek*, heavenly roof, symbol of the milky way after Aquarius, Pisces, and Ram; *ain*, eye, symbol of the sun; *pi*, mouth, symbol of the planet Mars; *sade*, soul-bird, lit. *saday* "brain, echo," and mythologically the bird which flies from the brain of the murdered, the planetary symbol of Mars (a sperber upon a pole); *qoph*, *koppa*, battle-mace, symbol of Jupiter; *resh*, head, symbol of Jupiter; *shin*, *urin*, originally rain of the stars; *thau*, cross, symbol of the planet Saturn and also of the waning moon which brings rain.

That the astral arrangement of the letters was perhaps not a matter unknown to the Greeks at the time when it was introduced, we may gather from the general consideration that not a few astro-mythological elements have found their way into Greece. So for instance in regard to the myth of the *dioskoroi* who represent moon and sun. Both Kastor and Polydeukes (Pollux) were lifted into the sky after their death, where they shine as the constellation of the twins (Didumoi) and serve the sailors as guides. The myth, however, implies that moon and sun cannot permanently be united; whenever the one is in the upper world, the other is in the lower world, in Hades. Both have a sister (Helena), the third member of the great astral trinity, Ishtar-Venus. The position of the dioskoroi at the beginning of the year, as everywhere in the Ancient Near East where the historical form of representation according to fixed systems is known, is significant. The rise of nations or the advent of definite

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historical periods is frequently adorned with this Babylonian mythological motive. Since everything that happens in the world, according to Babylonian ideas, is a mere reflex of the heavenly world, and since the movements of the stars show what happens on earth, therefore everything that happens must be in agreement with that which is written in the skies, the great book of revelation. Thus especially eventful happenings had to show agreement with the important turning-points in the heavenly rotation. Now, since the twins or dioskoroi began the year with their month, therefore the dioskoroi legend has been employed most generally to embellish the beginning of a new historical epoch of development. In fact, the use of this motive thereby sufficiently indicated such a new epoch. Thus the narrative of the period of the Athenian freedom, the expulsion of the tyrants, begins with two brothers or friends, as in the case of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the slayers of Hipparchos, eldest son of Peisistratos, who avenge the honor of a virgin, but of whom only one remains alive. So also in the case of Lucretia, the spouse of Tarquinius Collatinus, who stabbed herself to death after being raped by the son of the last Roman emperor, Tarquinius Superbus. In this instance, her husband and L. Iunius Brutus became her avengers and freed Rome from the royal lordship. Virginia, the daughter of the centurion, L. Virginius, was stabbed to death by her father in the marketplace in order to save her from the snares of the decemvir, Appius Claudius Regillensis Crassus. Her avengers were Valerius and Horatius. These historical legends are adorned with the dioskoroi motive, which generally lets a new era begin with the expulsion of tyrants (whether king or decemvir). That Harmodius and Aristogeiton, however, are not at all tyrant opponents, and that we have here simply a legendary adornment, was observed long ago by Thucydides.

The founding of the city of Ascalon, according to Xanthos in the fourth book of his *Lydiaca*, as quoted by Stephanos of Byzantium, is described in similar mythological form. According to him, and also according to Nicolaos

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Damascenos in the fourth book of his history, the sons of a certain Hymenaios, Tantalos and Ascalos, were separated by the Lydian king, Akiamos, by sending Ascalos with an army to Syria. There the latter fell in love with a maiden and founded a city to which he gave his name. Here, too, the original astral-mythological form of historical representation is still clearly discernible. The story of the sons of Pelops, Atreus and Thyestes, to whom had been handed over the lordship of Midea (Lebadea) by Sthenelos, after the latter had chased Amphitryon, the father of Herakles, from Argos, also preserves elements of the customary historical viewpoint.

An echo of the influence of Assyro-Babylonian culture upon Greece is probably to be found in the exaggerated importance which later historians attached to the Assyrian power. Thus Ktesias, a physician who went *ca.* 416 B. C. to Persia and wrote a Persian history in twenty-three books, narrates concerning Ninos that he had conquered Troas. This is also maintained by Plato in his dialogue concerning the laws. Speaking of the conquest of the Peloponnesus by the Dorians under the three Heraklides, Temenos, Eresphontes, and Aristodemos, he says: "It is pretty clear that they [the Heraklides] believed that their undertaking would not only render suitable assistance to the Peloponnesians, but also to all Hellenes when a barbarian should injure them; as, for example, the neighbors of Ilion at that time, who, trusting in the power of the Assyrians, founded by Ninos, boldly stirred up war against Ilion. For the lingering reputation of that kingdom was still not insignificant. Just as we fear the great king, even so that compact power frightened the former [Greeks]. For a great guilt they had laid upon themselves through the second conquest of Ilion since it had become part of that kingdom."

Historically, this statement of Plato is of little value, but it seems that he must have had in mind the Greek myth which ascribes the founding of Ilion to Ilos. Ilos apparently was taken to be a personification of the Assyrian empire through its god Ilu. Philological speculation may

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have been at the root of this, as well as the fact that Ilos is called the son of Dardanos, the founder of Dardania, who in Greek tradition is permitted to come from Crete and from Samothrake. The tradition, it is obvious, is here confused. A philological interpretation may have had the Assyrian *tartanu* "general-in-chief" in mind. But it is strange that the castle of Ilion also is called Dardania. Should one conclude therefore that an Assyrian garrison under an Assyrian *tartanu* occupied it, and that the Greeks thereupon coined the proper name Dardanos, and invented a people of the Dardanians? Certainly not, because the Egyptian inscriptions in the time of Rameses II (*ca.* 1300 B. C.) do tell of such an Asia Minor people. Still the statements of Ktesias and Plato are highly interesting. As the commanders of the Dardanians appear Anchises and his son Aeneas. Anchises, however, was a son of Kapys, who had as father, Assarak. According to Conon (chap. 12) Assarak ruled in Dardania, while his brother Ilos ruled in Ilion. The historical tradition here becomes associated with Assyria, because Assarak is no other than Nisroch, the Assyrian eagle god of the Old Testament.

One sees that little of actual historical material has been preserved by the later Greeks; nevertheless the tradition indirectly testifies to the influences which Assyro-Babylonia exerted to some extent on the early Greeks. Nor was it alone the historical viewpoint of the Babylonians that was cultivated or at least retained to some extent; other cultural influences flowed steadily, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, from Babylonia into Greece. While it would be difficult to show any traces of Oriental influences on Greek thought prior to the Persian period and subsequent to the Homeric period, contact with Persia undoubtedly brought the Greeks into direct touch with Babylonian thought. And in the time of Alexander there lived in Babylonia the greatest astronomer that antiquity has produced, namely, Kidinnu (Greek Kidenas), who directed the astronomer's school at Sippar *ca.* 314 B. C. Kidinnu, at that, wrote in Greek, and so did Sudines, one of his successors, who came *ca.* 200

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B. C. to the court of the Attalides in Pergamon. Kidinnu's greatest discovery was the precession of the equinoxes, a discovery which is wrongly attributed to Hipparchos of Nikaia (*ca.* 146 B. C.). Such men, and especially Kidinnu, must have affected Greek astronomy much more than we have supposed. Also, Oriental, and especially Babylonian, thought began slowly to invade Greek literature as well; and we now unreservedly acknowledge that certain portions of the Babylonian astral religion entered into the arithmetic and geometric mysticism of the Pythagoreans. Plato himself was influenced by these astral ideas of the Babylonians much more than hitherto we could know, through his contact with Orphic mysticism and with the Pythagoreans. Eudoxos, the friend of Plato, also knew "the Chaldean art," and, while he rejected the horoscope and the fatalistic influence of the stars upon man, he nevertheless appears to have considered presaging from the heavens as truly scientific. Plato's pupil, Philip of Opus, as is to be seen from the *Epinomis*, is wholly captivated by Babylonian astrology. Especially strong were the Babylonian influences during the Hellenistic period. I need mention only two names: the Babylonian stoic, Diogenes of Seleukia on the Tigris (*ca.* 200 B. C.) and, in particular, the Syrian Poseidonios of Apameia (*ca.* 100 B. C.).

In the Hermetic and apocalyptic literature, especially in the apocalypses of Nechepso and Petosiris (the latter's book was called "the Bible of the Astrologer"), much Oriental and especially Babylonian knowledge of an astral nature was disseminated.

The influence of the Assyro-Babylonians in Greece reached even into the domain of plastic art. During the prime of the Hittites, the Phoenicians, and the Assyrians, there existed no plastic art in Greece which had any distinctness of style. Such a definite style appears for the first time in the draping of the Akropoliscores, and was developed in the second half of the sixth century. And it is exactly this purely stylistic stimulus which the Greeks at that time received from the Persians. For the scheme of draping is a

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Persian contribution and was developed by them from indigenous beginnings. Style in hair treatment is Assyrian and came from Assyria to Persia and thence to Greece. In the Greek archaic plastic art practically every style of representation of hair and beard used by the Assyrians is present and it is the usual headdress of the Assyrians, not of the Greeks, that is the predominating form.

The Babylonian motive of two symmetrically arranged animals of the same type which are joined at the back is another instance of borrowing. It was taken over by the Greeks in the first millenium from Asia Minor. In Greece, besides the doubling of the same animal (see f. i., Brit. Mus. Cat. of Greek Bronzes no. 172), there appear variants of two different animals whose front parts are thus combined, as lion or horse, etc. (Furtwängler, *Die ant. Gemmen*, III, 105). It is, however, significant that only the "archaic-Greek" art knows this motive, and that it is unknown later on.

While I am of the opinion that prior to the Persian period extraneous influences were little felt in Greece, this fact gives no clue to what was going on in the pre-Homeric period. At that time Greece as a political power, such as the new material now reveals it to have been, had, *nolens volens*, to enter into the spirit of the Orient, and the Orient was dominated by Babylonian thought. This becomes clearer when we study the Odyssey and the Iliad in the new light which Oriental texts have thrown upon them. Here, however, I have to be very brief, but I hope without loss of clarity.

The Gilgamesh epic is one of the oldest literary works of the world. Its importance to the Babylonian is comparable only to the importance of the Pyramid texts to the early Egyptians. It deals with the heroic deeds and the painful tribulations of king Gilgamesh. Himself a demigod, he rebelled against the ancient gods and succeeded in the end in conquering them. He was the first human being to question an apotheosized man and a dead man regarding the secrets of the past, of death, of the future, and of paradise. He achieved all his will save in one thing only—

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immortality on earth, though in striving for it he overcame immense difficulties and fearful dangers. But he remained subject to death, and was compelled to lead a shadow life in the world of the dead, though as a demigod, not like the other mortals; for he was a divine judge, a Babylonian Minos, Aeacus, or Rhadamanthys.

Thus the *Epos* was to the Babylonians not merely a heroic epic, but, dealing with a god who was still active and who was of importance to those still living, it was a gospel of a new solar divinity, the sacred book of the Babylonians.

We are now in a position to estimate the importance of that sacred book not only for the Babylonians, but also for other groups of people. This importance to others may now be further attested by the fact that the excavations in Boghazkoi in Asia Minor have brought forth fragments of the epic not only in the Assyro-Babylonian language, but also in translation into two non-Semitic languages. The mythology of the epic has spread far and wide and lives on in myths which have been developed from it, as in the case of the Syro-Arabic *Sul-Shumul* myth, and the Hindu *Sakti-deva* myth, and it forms the leading thread of the great Indic epics of the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*, etc.

Our special interest here is in the fact that the Gilgamesh saga has found its way into Greece, though rather indirectly via Syria or Palestine. It is well known that the Odyssey contains historical legends and myths woven with extraordinary artistic skill into a whole, which is generally taken as the chief argument in favor of a single authorship. This may or may not be true, for the cement which connects the various legends is taken from the Gilgamesh epic and might well have been the work of a single poet, or, equally well, the product of a school of poets. The action of the Odyssey occupies the last six weeks of the ten years of Odysseus' *Wanderjahre*. The number of weeks chosen is by no means accidental or irrevelant. Here already is an indication of Palestinian contacts. After the fall of Troy and the return of Odysseus, all went well at first until he touches Ismarus, a Thracian city, and then Malea, the extreme

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southern point of Greece. But then appear the "ruinous winds" and we are at the beginning of the *Irrfahrten*, where at the same time we find ourselves face to face with old-Oriental mythological motives which go back to the Gilgamesh epic. Odysseus is carried with his ships to the land of the Lotus-Eaters, probably an epithet of the Egyptians. Continuing his journey he reached the country of the giant people called Cyclopes. The episode described corresponds to the adventure of Gilgamesh with the scorpion giants. Why the adventure with the Lotus-Eaters precedes the adventure with the Cyclopes offers some difficulty if compared directly with the Babylonian story, but this is cleared up when we remember that the myth had been transmitted to the Greeks via Judea. Here we have the analogous story of Moses, who had come from Egypt. When Moses sent his twelve spies into Palestine they found in that country, near Hebron, fearful giants. It will be recalled that Odysseus joins his twelve spies in entering the land of the Cyclopes. It had been observed that the giants of the Old Testament are called "men of names," that is "renowned men" (Gen. 6.4). This is interesting and it is therefore, to all appearances, not accidental that the name of the cannibal giant whose eye Odysseus destroyed, is called Polyphemus, son of Poseidon. Polyphemus, however, also means "highly renowned." Amycus, again, who, in the myth of the Argonauts, corresponds to Polyphemus in the Odyssey, has all the earmarks of an origin in the Babylonian word *emuqu*, **amuqu*, "strong." No discrepancy is to be found in the facts that the spies of Moses find delicious fruits, tremendously large grapes, pomegranates, and figs, in the country, which can be justified geographically, and that the Odyssey places this abundance of fruit in the country of the Cyclopes as well. *Odyssey* IX states: "And we came to the land of the Cyclopes, a froward and lawless people, who trusting to the deathless gods, plant nothing with their hands, neither do they plough: but, behold, all these things spring for them in plenty, unsown and untilled, wheat, and barley, and vines, which bear great clusters of the juice of the grape,

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and the rain of Zeus gives them increase." From the country of the Cyclopes, Odysseus came to the isle of Aeolus, king of the winds. Aeolus is clearly an Utnapishtim figure. In the Moses story, where Aeolus corresponds to Balak, king of Moab, we learn why Odysseus returns a second time to Aeolus. Also, Moses was twice in Moab, first before he moved against the giant Og of Basan, and a second time after the journey of the twelve spies into Canaan. Then follows the adventure with the Laestrygonian giants, which seems to be a derivative of a Moses myth against the giant Og. After the giants of Laestrygonian Lamos had destroyed the fleet of Odysseus save one ship, he made his escape to the isle of Circe. Here we meet with pure Babylonian elements. Just as the goddess Ishtar had brought distress upon six of her lovers by changing them into various beasts, so the goddess Circe changed the companions of Odysseus into swine. And as Ishtar then asked for the love of Gilgamesh, so Circe entreated Odysseus to remain with her. The attitude of Odysseus toward Circe is the same as that of Gilgamesh toward the goddess Ishtar. On the way to the home of Circe in the woodland isle, Odysseus had met the divine messenger Hermes (Merkurius), who handed him the "herb of virtue" which he had plucked from the ground and the growth of which he had shown to Odysseus. This is exactly the episode in the Babylonian epic where Gilgamesh, having come to the divine forest and to the house of Ishtar-Siduri, met in the forest Amel-Ea, as he is in the act of plucking something. Having spent a year on the wooded island of Circe, the goddess commanded Odysseus to journey to Hades, in order to learn the way home from the ghost of the Theban prophet, Teiresias.

Odysseus' descent into Hades and his discourses with the ghosts of the departed heroes, especially with Teiresias, have long ago been brought into relation with the Babylonian epic, before it had even been closely studied from the standpoint of the mythologist. The corresponding details in both epics are as follows: Odysseus reaches the place where the rivers Pyriphlegethon and Cocytus, a branch of the water

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of the Styx, flow into Acheron. Gilgamesh reaches the mouth of the streams in the uttermost west, across the *okeanos*, called in the epic the water of death. Odysseus meets the spirit of the Theban Teiresias, holding a golden scepter in the hand, indicative of kingship. Teiresias' wits "abode steadfast" and Persephone had given unto him judgment even in death that he alone should have understanding, while the other souls sweep, shadow-like, around. In agreement therewith, Gilgamesh meets the ancient king, Uthapishtim, who bears the epithet, *Atrachasis*, "the all-wise." While Teiresias tells Odysseus how he may reach home safely, and how he will die, Utnapishtim tells Gilgamesh that he will be compelled to die the death of all other mortals, while Utnapishtim's wife hands unto the hero a marvelous thing of the sea, as a talisman to carry him safely to his home.

The first soul which appeared to Odysseus was that of his companion, Elpenor, who had not yet been buried "for we left the corpse behind us in the hall of Circe, unwept and unburied, seeing that another task was instant upon us." Elpenor charged Odysseus: "Leave me not unwept and unburied as thou goest hence." Upon the request of Gilgamesh appeared the shadow of the quite recently deceased friend and companion Engidu, who also, at first, had been left unburied. Engidu informs his friend about the fate of the dead and especially of the wretched condition of those spirits whose bodies had remained unburied and uncared for.

Teiresias, however, who in the story of the Argonauts corresponds to Phineus, is not a pure Utnapishtim figure, but an old Utnapishtim and a dead Engidu. This fact again points, not in the direction of Babylonia, but to Palestine, as the country from which the motives were introduced into Greece. The composite figure is found in the Hebrew Gilgamesh myths and especially in the Moses myth in the person of Bileam, son of Beor, who announced his fate to Israel, after king Balak of Moab had called Bileam unto him.

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The Odyssey is clothed not merely with motives of the Gilgamesh-Moses myth, but with motives from another cycle, in so far as the story of Telemachus is distinctly part of the Saul-Samuel-David myth. Just as Saul is sent out by his father with one companion to Samuel to question him regarding the whereabouts of the lost she-asses of his father, so Telemachus leaves his father's palace with Mentor, journeying to Nestor of Pylos, to inquire about his father's whereabouts. Saul as well as Telemachus meets old Samuel (old Nestor) while engaged in performing a sacrificial feast, and each guest receives the place of honor and partakes of the best morsels of meat. Both remain overnight and then depart, each with his companion. Telemachus came to Pherae to the house of Diocles, son of Orsilochus, and thence to Sparta, where Menelaus tells him what befell many of the Greeks on their return and that Odysseus was with Calypso in the isle of Ogygia, while Helen announced to the young man that Odysseus would soon again return home. Telemachus, leaving Lacedaemon with the presents given him by Menelaus, finally comes to the seer, Theoclymenus, who joins him on his way home. In the story of Telemachus we thus have three meetings, that is, the same number as in the story of Saul. Having left Samuel, Saul first meets two men who announced to him that the she-asses have been found, but that his father now worries over him. Next, Saul meets three men who hand him two loaves of bread, and finally some prophets, whom he joins on his way home. Having landed on the home shores, Telemachus goes to the hut of the swineherd, Eumaeus, and meets his father who reveals himself to him. In the Saul story Saul returns to the peasant home where he meets his uncle and where, in the meantime, the she-asses have been found.

In the Odyssey in place of the she-asses appears Odysseus the father, but the Saul-legend, which thus had to be modified to fit into the major theme, reappears with the animal motive in Book XXI in reference to the bow and arrows which Odysseus had received as gifts from Iphitus, son of Eurytus. Odysseus, as a boy, had gone to Messene, being

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sent by his father to recover three hundred sheep which the men of Messene had taken, in benched ships, from Ithaca.

The Odysseus story, I hope I have made clear without entering into too much detail, is therefore a Gilgamesh-Moses legend, while the Telemachus story is connected with the Saul-Samuel-David legend.

The latter cycle of myths, however, also embodies at least the nucleus of the Iliad. Here Nestor corresponds to Samuel, Achilles to David, Agamemnon to Saul, and Patroclus to Jonathan.

Nestor had come to the fair-set halls of Peleus, the father of Achilles. There Peleus was burning the fat thighs of kine to Zeus, after which sacrifice the entertainment of strangers was set before the guest. In like fashion Samuel came to Isai, the father of David, and here also we have the sacrifice and the sacrificial meal. Peleus of Phthia sent his son to king Agamemnon, as David was brought from his home to king Saul. Achilles and David both play the lyre while Agamemnon and Saul are spear-throwers. Patroclus, who as a boy had been brought from Opus to the house of Peleus, had entered into friendship with Achilles, and is called Achilles' dearest comrade. So did David enter into close friendship with Jonathan though at the court of Saul. The premature death of Patroclus brought great sorrow to Achilles, as the premature death of Jonathan to David. Achilles is the leading hero under Agamemnon, David the leading hero under Saul. The relation between Agamemnon and Achilles at the siege of Troy was caused by the jealousies of Agamemnon, that is, the same motive which caused David to fall out with king Saul.

It cannot be my task within these limits to sketch the detailed correspondence of the Iliad with the Saul-Samuel-David myths—the few meager indications given must suffice for the present. A more intensive familiarity with the history and the culture of the Ancient Near Eastern peoples, and foremost among them the Babylonians, must do away with the still common, but entirely unfounded, prejudice that the Ancient Orient occupies but an inferior

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position in comparison to the Classical world. It possessed its own *Weltanschauung* in a system which reaches back at least 2500 years before our era; and where it is found wanting in later developnent, it must be remembered that, as far as the development of European thought is concerned, besides the influences which its system exerted over the Far East, it created the necessary basis of European development, though, in the nature of things, it could not share in the accumulation of knowledge which later generations have enjoyed. Yet, though much had to be overcome (and was overcome as the silence of post-Homeric writers indicates), many elements of our Western civilization still preserve intact much which, directly or indirectly, has originated in the Near East, and especially in Babylonia.

Our modern calendar system rests on the Babylonian astro-mythological system, in which the seven planets play such an important rôle. Meton, in 432, introduced into Athens a calendar system which counted moon months of 29 and 30 days, and introduced the necessary intercalary month, thereby getting a cycle of 19 years=235 months= 6940 days, and in so doing, employed a system which was known in Babylonia as early as the beginning of the third millenium B. C. And Meton had by no means found this cycle—he simply introduced it as one of many possible ones. The sanctity of the number seven originated from the seven planetary divinities of the Babylonians. And the influence of the sacred numbers of the Ancient Near East has exerted itself also in regard to the number twelve. As the year has twelve months, so in antiquity the number twelve was also employed extensively in regard to the organization of states. The Hebrews counted twelve tribes, twelve the ancient Ionians in Asia, twelve *demoi* existed in Attica, twelve Etruscan cities formed an alliance, ancient Gaul was ruled by twelve princes who composed the highest nobility, twelve nobles ruled over the old Saxons in Germany. Similarly, the number thirty played an important rôle as the number of days in the month, not only in Babylonia and the Near East but also in Greece ($3 \times 30 = 90$ cities existed in Crete

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according to the arrangement of Minos) and in the old Roman constitution. And Babylonian systems have deeply influenced the monetary, measure, and weight systems. While Herodotus, Plato, Pausanias, and Diodorus speak especially of Egyptian cultural influences on Greece, the influences which Babylonia directly or indirectly exerted on that country are not so apparent to the Greeks in the post-Homeric period, nor yet to us. But the more we are enabled to learn of the Babylonian culture and its radiation among other peoples, and the more we learn of the Homeric and pre-Homeric Greeks, the more we recognize the multitudinous threads that connect Greek thought with Babylonian thought and culture. And there is every possibility that new discoveries in the field of cuneiform literature will throw additional light on this interesting and important factor.

TOMORROW

ADA HILTON DAVIES

Tomorrow I shall climb the haze-drowned hills,
And capture one blithe cloud that I have seen
Dipping behind the purple crags at noon
And challenging my spirit with its sheen
Of silver—dazzling and alluring me—
Tomorrow I shall cage the wind and stay
The march of solemn years that stamp out life—
Tomorrow, I may do it—not today.

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AUTUMN

SÁ DE MIRANDA

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE BY

S. G. MORLEY

The sun looms big: the birds of winter fare
In quiet flocks over the browning land.
Yon lofty waters, plashing on the sand,
Speak to me not of slumber, but of care.

O vain, unstable world! What heart is there
That on thy promise can securely stand?
One day moves past, another is at hand,
Unsure as vessels in a veering air.

Once I saw here a leafy shade above,
Streamlets I saw, and meadows greenly drest;
I saw the birds sing melodies of love.

Now earth is mute, and stripped is every tree.
I too am changed, alas! and to the rest
New spring will give new youth,—but not to me!

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SUMMER SONG

EMMA ELIZABETH SKEMP

Oh, you may love a garden spot
Where all the flowers that bloom
Conspire to sing a harmony
Of color and perfume,
And plan to spend your summer days
In dreamy idleness,
Where sheltering trees make pools of light
And shadowed quietness;
But when the high hills beckon,
The hills that touch the sky—
You'll hear the call and follow it
And let all else go by.
Oh, mountain trails are wild and steep
And stones will bruise your feet,
And mountain winds are rude and chill—
But mountain air is sweet!
And wide horizons have the power
To stir the thoughts of man
And touch the inmost heart in ways
No sheltered beauty can.
Oh, never think a garden spot,
How fair or dear it be,
Can hold you when the high hills call
To join their company!

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BARHAM AND THE IRRESPONSIBLE DECADE

LIONEL STEVENSON

One of the most astounding transitions in the whole record of social fluctuation has received far less than its due share of regard from those who undertake to observe the reflection of a nation's life in the heterogeneous current—mainly a trustworthy mirror, despite occasional riffles and backwaters—of the nation's literature. The opening years of the nineteenth century in England are thoroughly familiar, and so are the years of the mid-century; but there is amazingly little in common between the two eras: the former immediately connotes a convivial modish gallant society which we typify by George Brummel and *Vanity Fair*, and which is frequently designated The Regency; yet only a generation later England was completely under the spell of the utterly antithetical code which is comprehensively epitomized in the word Victorianism. Somehow in the interval John Bull must have gone through a miraculous transfiguration.

It happens that the interlude was unusually devoid of outstanding literary production: by 1830 the more picturesque romantic poets were dead, Scott was dying, Coleridge and Wordsworth were superannuated; and not till after 1840 did the new demigods, Tennyson and Browning, Dickens and Thackeray, establish their indubitable ascendancy over the public taste. So literary history passes over the decade with a perfunctory enumeration of unimportant names; desiccation conquers a coterie that was essentially full-blooded, and insignificance is the fate of men who confronted life with exuberant gusto.

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Yet despite its paucity of immortals it was a period of genuine importance, not only as revealing the dissolution of the great romantic impulse but also as providing the auspices under which those same demigods of the Victorian era spent their formative years. And even apart from these extrinsic claims to attention, it is a decade with a very distinctive and likable character of its own, which is not yet so irrevocably submerged by the tide of indifference that it fails to respond gladly to any gesture of resuscitative intention. On the contrary, when one has read but a few pages of its loquacious annals, the protagonists resume their fleshly semblances and indulge once more in their interminable conversations.

Something of the spirit of the time is expressed by Mr. J. B. Priestley:

> It may be described, shortly, as the period of high spirits, or, if you will, the period of plentiful spirits and high jinks. The world, with the universe still in attendance upon it, was safe for a moment; there was still leisure, time to do everything; the old picturesque world had not yet crumbled. . . . Ideas, beyond a gentlemanly interest in animal magnetism or phrenology, were infrequent and unfashionable. . . . These were the days of Barham, Hood, Lever, Surtees, Theodore Hook, Marryat, Peacock, Warren, Walker and his *Original*, and a hundred more; even criticism was troubled by the prevailing spirit, and so we had Christopher North and his roistering *Noctes*.[1]

As Mr. Priestley implies, the age was devoted to hearty and rather crude enjoyment of physical and intellectual indulgence. To this golden age of sociability one can attribute the inexhaustible hosts of good things to eat and drink that populate the pages of Dickens. And just as the aesthetic sense was thus satisfied with the primitive gratification provided by the gastronomic arts, so the intellect of the day was chiefly devoted to the equally elementary forms of humor, the pun and the practical joke or hoax. The former

[1] *The English Comic Characters*, 198–99.

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had its laureate in Tom Hood, the latter in Theodore Hook, and these professional wags, with a numerous *entourage*, enjoyed their heyday under the benignant patronage of their dean of Wits and canon of St. Paul's, Sydney Smith.

One remarkable characteristic of the group was the fact that so often the man himself was more significant than his writings. For convenience of classification Hook and Sydney Smith and Christopher North are regarded as authors, but as a matter of fact in each case the individual was his own best work of art. The influence of a picturesque personality was more effective than that of a conscientious writer, and could be exerted with much less drudgery. So the officially published productions of such men are sadly disappointing to the reader who has so repeatedly encountered them promenading amid gales of merriment and applause in the memoirs of their contemporaries. Eccentricity, so long as it was entertaining, was the highest virtue, and with a happy disregard for posterity the most popular wits of the day devoted their best efforts to such ephemeral concoctions as personal epigrams and elaborate hoaxes. And here again one is tempted to recognize a source for a Dickens trait: to modern minds, disciplined by the democratic maxim of conformity, practically all the outstanding personages in his novels are incredibly eccentric; but we must realize that when he was observing men in his journalistic capacity eccentricity was the most assiduously cultivated of graces, and the Victorian rigor of propriety had not been imposed.

Probably for the first and last time in literary history, the most prominent group of writers consisted preëminently of humorists. Of course there have been times, such as the Restoration, when wit was paramount, finding its literary embodiment in satire and high comedy; but there is a fundamental difference between the wit of Dryden and Congreve and the humor, the sheer ebullient fun, of Barham, Hood, and Edward Lear. Wit is essentially rational and logical, whereas the very life of their fun is its glorious nonsense; wit is superior and mordant, whereas their fun is

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the most genial of good-fellowship; wit is utterly of this world, whereas their fun is astonishingly akin to mysticism. And the result of this antithesis is to be seen in the verse of the respective periods: one hesitates to apply to even the most skilful couplets of Pope the sacred name of poetry, feeling that the ecstatic sibyl has no concern with his cerebral dandyism, but the work of Hood and his confreres, although it is often appallingly bad poetry, is poetry none the less; no matter how bedraggled a camp-follower, it at least belongs to the cohorts of genius, and its voice does not lack the authentic ring which is sounded more mightily by the paladins.

This group of writers stood at the mid-point of a hundred years in which the tradition of humorous poetry in England was particularly definite—the century from the *Rolliad* and the *Anti-Jacobin* to W. S. Gilbert; and at this particular juncture, owing to the current of humor being at high water when the tide of serious poetry and prose was at its lowest ebb, there resulted the unique phenomenon of the babbling tributary assuming more significance than the sounding sea. The particular type of comic poetry which flourished may be described as *vers de société* endowed with virility and roystering gusto, as if a curate had imbibed gin by mistake for his afternoon tea and had swaggered in to share the conversation at a livery stable. The genteel type of polite verse was represented by Praed, but to offset his elegant irony there is *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg;* there are Maginn and Father Prout; above all, there is *The Ingoldsby Legends.*

Of all the prominent characteristics which distinguished his coterie both in outlook and literary technique, of all the currents of influence which they received and transmitted, the most typical representative is Richard Harris Barham. His work is more consistently excellent than that of his friends, being the occasional pastime of a busy cleric instead of the enforced and often desperate hack-work of professional humorists. And furthermore, as well as being both delightful in itself and typical of its era, his work forms a

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notable link in a remarkable tradition which recurs throughout English literature.

There is a mysterious but incontrovertible identification in England—and perhaps abroad also—between humor and the church. In the catalogue of English humorists the proportion of ecclesiasts is astonishing. One thinks immediately of Dean Swift, of Lawrence Sterne, of Sydney Smith, and the list is more extensive. One goes back as far as Archdeacon Walter Map, with whose merry legends the work of Barham bears an amazingly close affinity; one proceeds to John Skelton's ribaldries, thence to the whimsies of Herrick, the satires of Bishop Hall, the scurrilous *Rosciad* of Charles Churchill; and one comes all the way to the twentieth-century limerick, of which an anthology has just been compiled, with this interesting result:

> The author has been vastly intrigued to discover that 'The Church' has been responsible for perpetrating more Limericks than all the other professions put together.[2]

In particular, it is noteworthy that this unexpected affinity of surplice and motley does not produce a bowdlerized type of humor. Indeed, one is tempted sometimes to declare that uncleanliness is next to godliness. Beyond a doubt the spiritual father of the tribe is the amiable doctor Rabelais, whose ecclesiastical training gave him so much material; Herrick, for all his daintiness, produced some of the coarsest epigrams in English; the Reverend Robert Burton's learned treatise is consistently Rabelaisian; Swift is a master of the downright revolting, as Sterne is of the knowing leer; and even the humble limerick has an incorrigible tendency toward the unprintable.

The Anglican church appears to have fostered a type of mind that was in literature epicurean and ribald, yet by a strange anomaly this form of relaxation does not seem often to have affected the professional excellence of the worthies who indulged in it. Unto the pure all things are pure. Perhaps they were so secure in the knowledge of their

[2] Reed, Langford, *Complete Limerick Book*, 34.

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spiritual rectitude that they could entertain thoughts which in gross lay minds would have sinful consequences; it may even have been a strict conscience which forced them to dwell on aspects of life dishonestly avoided by other writers with a resulting *suppressio veri*. Somehow, at least, there is in many of these writers an elusive quality which enables us to accept without skepticism the recorded facts that they led—in working hours—godly, righteous, and sober lives.

In comparison with Swift or Sterne, Barham is positively bashful, but there is nevertheless in many of the *Ingoldsby Legends* more than a suspicion of the *fabliau*. If we can discover what element exists in the *Legends* to preserve them from being offensive to readers who would be painfully shocked by far less ribald tales by other writers, we will understand something of the peculiar age in which they were produced. And this saving element seems to be just a boyish gusto, an unaffected high-spirited geniality, causing one to apply the adjective 'innocent' to even the most torrid episodes. Barham has not the subtlety of mind which produces 'suggestiveness,' so there is no hint that the thought of indecency ever entered his consciousness. In unsophisticated ages the amusement derived from such anecdotes is entirely healthy, until pharisaical 'reformers' create a factitous prudery. The motto of the Garter is widely applicable.

In devotion to his family, in service and thoughtfulness toward his parishioners, Barham was of the breed of Chaucer's parson and of Dr. Primrose. Yet in the pursuit of his humorous effects he gaily shatters all our theories of clerical rectitude. Here for instance is the record in his diary of a fascinating hoax which seems to the feeble modern intelligence nothing more nor less than barefaced lying:

> William Linley was a man of great simplicity of mind. . . . He had begun to spout from the opening scene in *Macbeth*, and would probably have gone through it if I had not cut him short at the third line—"When the hurly-burly's done," with "What on earth are you talking about? Why, my dear Linley, it is astonishing that a man so well read in Shakespeare

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as yourself should adopt that nonsensical reading! What is 'hurly-burly,' pray? There is no such word in the language; you can't find an allusion to it in Johnson." Linley, whose veneration for Dr. Johnson was only inferior to that which he entertained for the great poet himself, said:

"Indeed! are you sure there is not? What can be the reason of the omission? The word, you see, is used by Shakespeare."

"No such thing," was the reply; "it appears so, indeed, in one or two early editions, but it is evidently mistranscribed. The second folio gives the true reading, though the old nonsense is still retained upon the stage."

"Indeed! and pray what do you call the true reading?"

"Why, of course, the same that is followed by Johnson and Steevens in the edition upstairs—'When the *early purl* is done;' that is, when we have finished our 'early purl'—i.e., directly after breakfast."

Linley became quite puzzled by the gravity of my countenance, and only gave vent in a hesitating tone, half-doubtful, half-indignant, to the word "Nonsense!"

"Nonsense? It is as I assure you. We will send for the book, and see what Steevens says in his note upon the passage."

The book was accordingly sent for, but I took good care to intercept it before it reached the hands of Linley, and taking it from the servant, pretended to read from the volume: "Some copies have it, 'When the *early purl* is done;' and I am inclined to think this reading the true one, if the well-known distich be worthy of credit—

> Hops, reformation, turkeys, and beer
> Came to England all in one year.

This would seem to fix the introduction of beer, and consequently of early purl, into the country to about that period of Henry VIII's reign when he intermarried with Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare's great friend and patroness, and to whom this allusion may perhaps have been intended by the poet as a delicate compliment. Purl, it is well known, was a favorite beverage at the English Court during the latter part of the sixteenth century; and from the

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epithet then affixed to it, 'early,' an adjunct which it still retains, was no doubt in common use for breakfast at a time when the China trade had not yet made our ancestors familiar with the product of the teaplant. Theobald's objection, that, whatever may have been the propriety of its introduction at the Court of Elizabeth, the mention of it at that of Macbeth would be a gross anachronism, may be at once dismissed as futile. Does not Shakespeare, in the very next scene, talk of 'Cannons overcharged with double cracks'? and is not allusion made by him to the use of the same beverage at the Court of Denmark, at a period coeval, or nearly so, with that under consideration—'Hamlet, this purl is thine'?"

"But, dear me," broke in Linley, "that is *pearl*, not purl. I remember old Packer used to hold up a pearl, and let it drop into the cup."

"Sheer misconception on the part of a very indifferent actor, my dear Linley, be assured."

Here Beazley, who was present, observed, "'Early purl' is all very well, but my own opinion has always leaned to Warburton's conjecture that a political allusion is intended. He suggests 'When the *Earl of Burleigh's* done;' that is, when we have 'done'—i.e., cheated or deceived, the Earl of Burleigh, a great statesman, you know, in Elizabeth's time, and one whom, to use a cant phrase among ourselves, 'you must get up verly early in the morning to take in!'"

"But what had Macbeth or the witches to do with the Earl of Burleigh? Stuff! nonsense!" said Linley indignantly. And though Beazley made a good fight in defence of his version, yet his opponent would not listen to it for an instant.

"No, no," he continued, "the Earl of Burleigh is all rubbish, but there may be something in the other reading."

And as the book was closed directly the passage had been repeated, and was replaced immediately on the shelf, the unsuspicious critic went away thoroughly mystified, especially as Tom Hill, for whose acquaintance with early English literature he had a great respect, confirmed the emendation with "'Early purl!' Pooh, pooh! to be sure it is 'early purl'; I've got it so in two of my old copies."[3]

[3] *The Life and Letters of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham*, 167–170. *See also* p. 391 for another hoax, perpetrated on a newspaper.

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As well as being a delightful burlesque of Shakespearean criticism, this anecdote shows both Barham's immense range of knowledge and his promptness of extemporaneous invention; but as an elaborate effort to deceive a confiding friend, it is anything but canonical.

Another example of doubtful ethics is to be found in his biography, and we can be sure that he would recount it without shame because of its merits as a good story:

> He had read prayers at the Chapel Royal, and been much struck by the excellent sermon of the Bishop of ——— on the subject of the day. With his own composition, which happened to be on the same text, he had from the first felt dissatisfied. It had been prepared at short notice, and was to have been preached in the evening at St. George's, Hanover Square. It now appeared more imperfect than ever; so casting it aside, he contrived, between the morning and afternoon services, to write out from memory the one he had just heard delivered. At St. George's, as was not unusual for the preacher, he remained in the vestry until the termination of the prayers. On entering the pulpit, his consternation may be imagined at seeing, in a seat immediately opposite, the aforesaid eloquent Bishop of ———. No retreat was open, no time left to collect his thoughts for an extemporaneous essay. There was nothing for it but to face the difficulty; to forget the presence of the Bishop as far as possible, and to give the unfortunate discourse with what confidence he might.

If it be any extenuation, one may add that Barham was not alone in such peccadilloes: his friend and superior, Sydney Smith, indulged in a more public deception when, "positively disowning all connection with the 'Plymley Letters' in one edition, he actually published them in a collection of his acknowledged works some few months after."

Other characteristics of Barham seem equally remote from the ordinary ideal of a clergyman. His gaily affectionate references to intoxicating liquors, while they are certainly not those of a drunkard, at least imply a moderate indulgence; one of his typical impromptu doggerels was a vigorous remonstrance to *The Globe* for its publication of

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some temperance propaganda. Again, the fact that he was a charter member of the Garrick Club testified his keen interest in theatrical affairs. "In early life, his own amateur performances had attracted the favorable notice of several 'regulars,' one of whom, an eminent actress, seriously assured him that with a little study he might soon arrive at a respectable position in the profession, and at all events make a very satisfactory stage villain." It is further stated, however, that he held that the stage "might be made to conduce materially to moral progress."

This justification for his dramatic enthusiasm is consistent with his theory as to the purpose of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. On his death-bed he suffered from only one anxiety, "the possibility of some misconception existing, or arising, as to his motives in the composition of those of the Legends which bear in any degree upon matters of religion. His purpose, he distinctly repeated, was to combat error and imposture, and the reactionary unbelief that naturally follows error and imposture in an age given overmuch perhaps to scientific criticism." This solemn didactic mission, which would link the *Legends* with *In Memoriam* and *Easter Day*, is very hard to reconcile with the irresponsible mirth of the poems themselves; but at least it is undeniable that he is never guilty of ridiculing true goodness and faith. On the contrary, his whimsical manner is so good-natured that even the "error and imposture" which he burlesqued do not suffer any irreparable wounds from his satire. But it is easy to imagine that, if it were ever brought to his attention that his innocent merriment might be misconstrued, his conscience would magnify the unintended sacrilege. The resulting exculpation, like all such *post facto* announcements, would make his motives seem much more definite and conscious than they had actually been.

It must be remembered that his decade, despite its prevailing levity, witnessed also a highly important activity in spiritual affairs, namely, the Oxford movement with its attendant controversies. By virtue of his public position, Barham was in danger of becoming embroiled in several

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professional disputes, though he did his best to avoid them. His own opinions on the subject were no secret: his ridiculing of Catholic observances had an obvious contemporary application, and one is not surprised to find him expressing heartfelt relief that a new colleague proved not to be "some sour and lank-haired Puseyite, with whom I might have had to carry on a perpetual warfare." The new outcropping of earnestness and fervor was a direct assault on the easy-going mundane behavior of Barham and his friends, so his antagonism was natural. No doubt this background of topical allusion did something to give the Legends vitality, which mere antiquarian interest might have failed to supply.

But unquestionably the primary source and abiding inspiration of the Legends was Barham's keen enthusiasm for medieval lore. In his inexhaustible store of miscellaneous and recondite learning he resembles his predecessors, Rabelais and Burton, and his contemporaries, Thomas Love Peacock and Christopher North and Father Prout. Peacock was happier in Aristophanic Athens than in modern England, and Father Prout was able to rewrite *The Groves of Blarney* in four languages; with them Barham takes rank for his command of medieval Latin and ecclesiastical history. His bibliographical hobby led him to an exhaustive collation of early printed bibles, and is reflected in his fondness for using black-letter typography; as an antiquarian he assisted in forming the Archaeological Association, and despite the fact that he distressed the more solemn members by his pranks, such as circulating flippant epigrams during the learned deliberations, he was as enthusiastic as any of them over the investigations. By thus combining a passion like Sir Walter Scott's for specific details of antiquarian accuracy with an incorrigible tendency toward seeing the comic values of the material, he produced his unique legends, which succeed in achieving what so many conscientious historical novelists have pursued—the revitalizing of a defunct era.

Along with his religion and his scholarship, a definite element in Barham's humor is provided by his politics. He was a thorough and typical Tory, and it is this fact which

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particularly links him with the humorous tradition of his century. For it seems to be a universal law that the reactionary's humor is sunny and good-natured, while the radical indulges only in a mordant and desperate satire that does not interfere with his deadly seriousness of purpose. *Swellfoot the Tyrant* and even *Don Juan* are too deeply concerned in their missionary purpose of ridiculing existing conditions to be genuinely light-hearted and irresponsible. The Tory, however, confident that whatever is is right, feels no burden upon his conscience, and can enjoy himself to the utmost; and as I have already said, the result is not unlike mysticism, which is the result of a similar acceptance of pre-ordained infallibility. With all the weight of inertia and tradition on his side, the Tory is patronizingly good-humored toward the heroics of his adversary. This whole century of humorous poetry had its inception in the merriment of Canning and his friends at the expense of the revolutionary romantics, and just at the decade of Barham's ascendancy the conservative attitude was paramount in literature. The romantic age of protest in poetry was over, and the Victorian age of protest in fiction was but tentatively beginning. With Dickens and Mrs. Browning and Kingsley and George Eliot and countless others, the social conscience established itself in literature; and the same purpose of provoking independent thought was responsible for the spiritual dissertations of Tennyson, Arnold, and their like. Their determined nonconformity was fatal to the cheerful confidence of the thirties. One finds Barham subconsciously uncomfortable whenever he meets with the precursors of the new propaganda: despite his friendship with Dickens, he writes anxiously, "There is a sort of Radicalish tone about *Oliver Twist* which I don't altogether like. I think it will not be long before it is remedied, for Bentley is loyal to the backbone himself."

It is typical of the paradoxes in the type of mind which Barham represents so well, that outstanding benevolence and personal services for charity should accompany an instinctive intolerance of democratic theory. As a clergy-

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man, he was prompt to assist cases of individual poverty, but as an aristocrat he had never a moment's doubt of the fact that the populace had no rights. The view is implied in a passing comment: "the necessity of repressing the mob seems now to be so universally felt, that no danger exists any longer from that, the most formidable source." The same creed is proclaimed in his answer to a political adversary: "Yes, I am a priest and a bigot, of course; I know it: and I firmly believe that England will never be a really free country till we have abolished Trial by Jury and the Liberty of the Press." Again, a specific instance of his Toryism is to be found in the ridicule with which he greeted the new University of London in a doggerel which illustrates his amazing powers of grotesque rhyming but which shows questionable taste in mimicking pronunciations and using other personal libels to humiliate the proponents of higher education for young Cockneys. Such complacent intolerance in a man of culture and benevolence seems incredible to modern minds, but it was frequent enough in earlier generations, and Barham gives it what is probably its last literary expression. When he was writing, the abstract enthusiasm for the Rights of Man had been suffocated by an impenetrable blanket of reaction, and the specific problems of industrialism and humanitarianism had not become clamorous. Such perfectly genuine irresponsibility is what gives to the thirties their entrancing atmosphere of a golden age.

The very human and lovable qualities of this inconsistent person endowed his series of burlesque legends with the fascination which they have exerted over generations of readers. Passing on to the special interests of the literary historian—sources and forms—one finds the *Ingoldsby Legends* very significant for their connections with both the antecedent and the subsequent periods. Avowedly unable to invent his own plots, Barham drew material from many sources, the most prolific being his friend Mrs. Hughes, wife of one of his superiors in St. Paul's and grandmother of 'Tom Brown.' In earlier years she had similarly swapped

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stories of the supernatural with Southey and Sir Walter Scott; in other words, for much of his material Barham drew on the same supply as his great romantic predecessors—the ghost stories and witchcraft beliefs of the populace, which in essential character are of dateless antiquity, though most of the actual episodes are probably no earlier than the eighteenth century. But whereas the romantic poets used these superstitions with solemn blood-curdling intention, Barham used them to evoke cheerful merriment.

In practically all instances, his purpose is simply to be as comical as he can by a definite group of devices—incongruity, grotesqueness, anachronism, digression, puns, trick rhymes, mock heroics, contemporary allusions, and so forth. Obviously, any sort of story can be made ludicrous by such treatment, though often at the expense of sensibilities and good taste. There is accordingly a basic distinction between those of the legends which recount intrinsically comic stories and those which obtain their effect by the contrast between the comic treatment and the originally solemn or tragic episodes. *The Jackdaw of Rheims*, for instance, would be whimsical even in a prose summary—probably this accounts for its special popularity as a nursery tale; and the *Lay of St. Gengulphus*, which culminates with the miraculous growth of a dead man's hair and beard through the leather cushion which has been stuffed with it, is so grotesque that the gruesome elements could never be taken seriously. But on the other hand, the larger number of the tales are based either on wholly dignified miracles from the *Legenda Aurea* or more frequently on the egregiously gory murders and grisly specters which have been the stuff of popular ballads and folk-tales from time immemorial.

Barham's essential trait, then, is the presenting of intrinsically romantic material in a ludicrous garb of grotesquery and jesting. Granting him the type of mind which can create this species of burlesque, one seeks the prototypes of his metrical and rhetorical devices, and one soon discovers that authorities differ in their suggestions of sources. Professor Saintsbury is emphatically in favor of Southey—"the

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sort of mixed mode which Southey had started in things like *The Old Woman of Berkeley* and which Barham was to practice with signal success."[4] While there is undoubtedly some justice in Professor Saintsbury's comment, he is unfortunate in his choice of a specific example, for both in form and approach the ballad which he cites is unlike those of Barham: in meter it is of the traditional ballad type, which Barham avoided, and in approach it is predominantly a serious effort to curdle the blood by supernatural horrors, and might have been a second *Ancient Mariner* had Southey been as great a poet as Coleridge. It is true that there are some among Southey's poems which do undoubtedly handle their horrors for ludicrous effect, notably *The Pious Painter* and *Cornelius Agrippa;* but the primitive crudity of meter and narrative method is so different from the elaborate rhymes and rhythms, the jests and digressions, of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, that one feels the affinity in *macabre* burlesque to be a very secondary consideration.

As regards meter, therefore, a more plausible suggestion is that of Professor Oliver Elton, who nominates Scott: "The jigging impudent couplets that open *Harold the Dauntless* or *The Bride of Triermain* are an anticipation of *Miss Kilmansegg* or *The Ingoldsby Legends*."[5] There can be little question that if the "anapestic dance" had not been exploited by Scott, Barham could not have handled his meters as he did.

But there is still a third element to be accounted for. A combination of Southey's comic occultism and Scott's variegated anapestic couplets still lacks the essential Barham amalgam of astounding triple rhymes, puns, interpolated comments, digressions on topical subjects, and what-not. All of this seems to me to be descended from Byron, the Byron of Don Juan. Barham wrote one of his legends, *The Ghost*—which is the only utter *fabliau* in the collection—in the *ottava rima*, handling it so competently as to survive the inevitable comparison; so we need not be surprised to

[4] *Cambridge Hist. of Eng. Lit.* XII, 122, also 131, 135.

[5] *Survey of English Literature, 1780–1880*, I, 314.

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find so many Byronic tricks in the other poems. Indeed, Barham borrows whole lines from Byron; such pilfering is one of his favorite habits, and the quotations from Byron and Scott are nearly as numerous as those from Shakespeare.

It would seem that Barham's success was due largely to deft admixture of elements from his most popular romantic contemporaries. Significant of his tastes is the absence of influences from the less ostentatious poets, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats. His literary enthusiasms were never precious: what delighted 'the average man' of the generation was good enough for him.

One other source, less immediate and to modern readers less famous, has recently been suggested, namely, Christopher Anstey, whose *New Bath Guide* (1766) was an immense success in its day.[6] The multiple rhymes, the comic names, the helter-skelter anapestic meter, give a general impression not unlike the typical Barham manner; but there is very little of Barham's variations of line-length, and the content is so entirely different that the comparison cannot be carried in that direction. My conclusion is that Anstey, still popular in Barham's boyhood, became established in his mind as a model of humorous verse, so thoroughly assimilated that an intangible echo haunts the poetry which he later wrote, although the sources for both material and method were the newer favorites of his maturity.

However, Barham cannot be dismissed as a belated minor poet of the romantic movement. His position is more significant. He can best be described as the anti-climax of romanticism. Fortunately for literature in England, the impetus of Scott and Byron spent itself in this healthy burlesque, whereas in America and France it became decadent in the *macabre* horrors of Poe and the morbid self-pity of Lamartine and Musset. Had English poetry not been thus purged of the dregs of romanticism, they might have disastrously tainted the new wine of the great Victorians. Indeed there is specific evidence in Tennyson's

[6] Williams, I. A., in *London Mercury*, XI, 188.

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reformation following the treatment which his early minor-key efforts received at the hands of Barham's bluff contemporaries, Christopher North and Lockhart. It was just such an antidote as *Patience* administered half-a-century later to the similar decadence of Pre-Raphaelitism.

For any investigator of the ever-paradoxical relationship of 'romanticism' and 'classicism,' the Barham period is a choice specimen. Though deriving both material and technique from his immediate romantic forebears, yet in his common-sense ridiculing of all gothic trappings and lofty sentiments, in his satire, his Rabelaisianism, his objectivity, Barham is akin to classicists and realists from Aristophanes to Pope and Fielding. In two respects he carried on the work of satirizing gothic romance, initiated in *Northanger Abbey* and the tales of Peacock. In the actual material of the legends, he employs precisely the sort of episodes which had gone into solemn tales of horror, and by his flippant method makes them irresistably ludicrous; and in the brief but vivid scraps of contemporary characterization which he uses as links between the tales, he caricatures the raptures of gothic enthusiasts in the ecstatic Miss Simpkinson and her antiquarian father. After public opinion had undergone such a course of treatment, it was hard for any introspective young poet to be successfully gothic or byronic. So Poe had no English brothers.

It is therefore chiefly negatively that Barham prepared the way for his successors: the era of irresponsibility had fulfilled its iconoclastic mission with levity, making no ponderous announcements of consecration; and the more sober generation which followed, deploring the levity, overlooked the service rendered. One alone of the great Victorians maintained the actual tradition of the *Ingoldsby Legends:* in predilections and also in literary manner, there is a close kinship between Barham and Robert Browning. In the greater man, of course, it is but a single element of an infinitely more complex and variegated genius; but it is one of the distinctive and essential ones, and Barham was unquestionably the forerunner:

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A herald-star I know thou didst absorb
Relentless into the consummate orb
That scared it from its right to roll along
A sempiternal path with dance and song . . . .

Browning's affection for miscellaneous medieval learning was as keen as Barham's, and the resulting sort of grotesquery was alike in both. *The Pied Piper* is a twin to *The Jackdaw of Rheims*; *The Flight of the Duchess* is full of Ingoldsby mannerisms; and in countless other poems of Browning the incredible double and triple rhymes, the skylarking with proper names, the outrageous digressions and recondite allusions, are wholly in Barham's vein.

But this sole disciple was slow in making headway against the prevalent Victorian taste, which even before Barham's death had gained the ascendancy. Within two or three years Barham witnessed the pitiful deaths of his dearest and merriest confreres, and when his own life was nearing its painful close the knell of his era was rung by R. H. Horne in *The New Spirit of the Age* (1844). One chapter is devoted to a virulent assault on *The Ingoldsby Legends*, for the unspeakable vulgarity of treating murder and other sins with levity. After alluding with heavy sarcasm to the "extremely droll" stories, "awfully funny indeed," revealing "the beautiful concentrated essence of morality which runs, or rather, gutters, through these legends," the estimable Horne bursts forth "all morality is evaded by silly common-place exhortations, intended to pass for humor," "the clergy are specially favored with prominent licentious positions in these horrible pleasantries," and rises through diatribes against "the lowest kind of art," which "poisons in jest," " a clever dalliance amidst unseemly subjects and stories—a liquorish temerity which continually approaches the very verge of verbal grossness, and escapes under the insinuation—in fact, an ingenious 'wrapping up' of all manner of unsightly, unsavory, and unmentionable things," to the concluding admonition, "wherefore an iron hand is now laid upon the shoulder of Thomas Ingoldsby, and a voice murmurs in his ear, 'Brother! no more of this!' "

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In this fusilade of virtuous fireworks the decade of irresponsibility received its final dismissal from a public which, in turning to new gods, was relegating, as usual, the previous divinities to the ranks of darkness. Having enjoyed with them all the mirth and applause which the temporary age of innocence had offered, Barham followed his indomitably frivolous comrades into the Limbo of the superseded.

THE GREATER CALL

CATHERINE PARMENTER

The distant mountains called to me, and then
I went to keep a tryst with them again:
To catch a glimpse of dear-remembered dreams,
And share the secrets of the vagrant streams;
To follow visions in the sunset glow,
To be alone with wind and stars and snow;
To wander ways no other man had trod,
And let the mountains speak to me of God . . . .
Yet after many days fear came to be
Born of the silence that surrounded me.
I longed to hear a human voice again,
To clasp once more the friendly hands of men.
I turned my footsteps from the rising hill;
I left the mountains, though they beckoned still.
And far below me, when the day awoke,
I saw wee houses sheltering human folk.
And then— so beautiful and clear and high—
Against the glory of the morning sky,
Soft white clouds, like sails upon the foam
From strange and foreign lands returning home!

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THE CHINESE SITUATION

N. WING MAH

Politics in China has given the world a disquieting picture of the oldest living nation on earth submerged in a state of chaos, abounding in insurrections, and given up to warring factions. Progress, what little there has been, appears to be halted. As a victim of a too glorious past, China seems not to be particularly anxious about her future. And there is a good deal of foundation for such an impression.

Here is the "Chinese situation," so-called. China as a republic, established in 1912 following a brief revolution, is now fifteen years old. Her political history is a succession of kaleidoscopic and violent changes. Before the new form of government had time to root, there occurred in the second year (1913) of her novel experience, the first of a monotonously long series of insurrections. The third year (1914) found Japan, in evicting Germany from the Far East, invading China's territory and flaunting her sovereign authority. The fourth year (1915) was one of grave crises. Japan, taking advantage of the preoccupation of the Powers in the European War, attempted to convert China into a Japanese protectorate. Then before the shock was over, she faced the possibility of having foisted upon her President Yuan Shih-k'ai's constitutional monarchy and was only saved from that dire fate by the timely armed opposition of several southern provinces. In the fifth year (1916) President Yuan died. He left, however, a legacy of militarism that has distracted the country ever since. He had confounded political power with his personal ambitions; and his chief military subordinates, who were wielding the dominant power with the

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aid of the army, lost no time in preparing to follow the ways of their late chief. The sixth year (1917) was crowded with significant events. Upon the friendly advice of the United States to all neutral countries to sever diplomatic relations with Germany as a protest against the German campaign of unrestricted undersea warfare, China acted, and declared war against Germany and Austria-Hungary. Over this issue of war, however, the country split politically in two, North and South, and this division has been maintained to this day by the militarists of the two sections. During the political dispute over this issue between the cabinet on the one side, headed by General Tuan Chi-jui, former right-hand man of Yuan Shih-k'ai and leader of the militarists, and the Parliament on the other, controlled by followers of Sun Yat-sen, Genetal Chang Hsun, invited by President Li Yuan-hung to mediate in the interest of domestic peace, forcibly restored the former Manchu dynasty. Immediately there was precipitated a struggle in which the revived monarchy was swept away. The republican government was restored by the militarists, but not the Parliament, whereupon Parliament a little later set up a government of opposition at Canton in the South. From its seventh year (1918) to the fifteenth (1926), the republic has passed through one weird experience after another. Politicians and militarists have been enjoying their favorite pastime of setting up and pulling down presidents, cabinets, and parliaments. They have divided up the country territorially to advance their narrower interests. When discontented they have time and again compelled division by force to restore the balance of power. Thus there has been continuing year after year the spectacle of the rise and fall of politico-military factions in control of the central government at Peking. As a result, China finds herself enmeshed and torn in a costly experiment in republicanism.

This seems a dismal state of affairs; it is still more so when the resultant misery of the people is considered. In the perennial wars between the various military factions, the people bear the brunt of the punishment. Production and

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trade are paralyzed; crops are destroyed; and towns and cities are continually subjected to fire and destruction. Military and other burdensome exactions of money and supplies are imposed upon the people. They are conscripted for service as beasts of burden; and thousands of the peaceful civilians are killed off by shot and shell. In time of military inactivity, they fare no better. Whether in the town, city, or countryside, the mercenary troops live on them. They are exposed to mutinies and to looting expeditions by well organized banditry or by troops quartered in their midst. There is, perhaps, not a single village, town, or city that has escaped this human scourge. As a result, billions of dollars have been lost in property destroyed, in various kinds of exactions, and in misgovernment. And there seems no immediate relief in sight.

Now, what is the matter with China? Why is such misgovernment and militarism possible? Is it the sign of internal decay and disruption? If the nation is one, as it has so often and unmistakably demonstrated during the past dozen years by its vehement protests against foreign aggression and interference, why cannot this same force be directed also to eradicate its political and other domestic ills?

The present state of unrest in China is but the story of China in transition. In order, however, that this transition, its nature and scope, its problems and difficulties, may be explicable and intelligible, a cursory review of a few fundamental facts and factors involved is essential.

Politically disorganized China is the inevitable outcome of an ancient land and its people trying to transform itself into a modern state, and at the outset making a poor attempt at it. It is the direct result of western Powers dragging a medieval China virtually against her will into the western-dominated circle of nations. These Powers required nearly a hundred years to induce her to look favorably upon the suggestion to become one of themselves and it is but a short twenty-five years ago that her decision was made to throw in her lot with the rest of the world. And this action, moreover, was prompted by the necessity of so

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ordering her own long accustomed life that her national existence might no longer be continually threatened, as in the nineteenth century, by foreign aggression. This is the motivating force that has thrown China into the throes of political confusion.

The story of how China has been brought reluctantly to the stage of consciously altering her former complacent life to accord with the ways of the present world therefore deserves a brief account.

China, perhaps the oldest living nation on the face of the earth, isolated, self-sufficient, and developing a unique civilization of her own, has remained aloof from the rest of the world till very recent times. It is true that, before the epochal discovery by the Portuguese of the direct water route from Europe to Asia in the closing years of the fifteenth century, she had maintained an intermittent and indirect overland intercourse in trade with Europe. But it had been of no vital consequence. Until the revelations of the first real knowledge of China made by Marco Polo upon his return from the service (1271–1298) of the great Mongol Khan, Kublai, China was a *terra incognita* to Europe. All the lands lying beyond her in the west, including Europe, China, on the other hand, knew vaguely, and in name only, as *Ta Ch'in*. The arrival of the first Portuguese trading ships in the early years of the sixteenth century inaugurated the first real contact and acquaintance between these two important regions of the world.

The Portuguese discovery, however, did not immediately —indeed not for three centuries—usher in closer relations between Europe and China. From the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, although the Dutch, Spanish, and English traders, besides the Portuguese, had also entered into commercial intercourse with the Far East, China was but slightly disturbed by their presence and activities. In the first place, these early Europeans made no marked impression upon China and aroused in her people no adventurous impulse to visit, either for trade or pleasure, the countries of the West. The new contact which resulted

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from Europe's revival in commercial and territorial expansion was entirely due to the enterprise of Europeans. Secondly, Europe did not expand into Asia alone. The discovery of the New World and its various parts by Spain, England, and France in the course of voyages seeking to reach what was then known as Cathay (China), the Indies (India), and the Spice Islands, by taking a westward course across the Atlantic Ocean, diverted the attention and energy of Europe from being focused on Asia alone. Finally, China's isolation from Europe was not only physical and geographical, but also the product of environment and man-made policy.

The nineteenth century, however, saw an important change in the policy of some European nations with respect to commercial expansion. Commerce had come to be placed under the direct care of the national government and opened to all; it was no longer the privilege of chartered companies. In consequence, the change brought China into direct contact with the home governments of the Western traders. The strict regulations of trade imposed by China in pursuance of her isolation policy became of vital interest to the governments of all trading nations, for they called into play the protective functions of the latter toward their citizens abroad. China's foreign relations took a turn, therefore, that involved the country henceforth in serious foreign complications.

By this time the English had won the dominant position in the China trade. Under the operation of the powerful and resourceful East India Company, difficulties of trade with China had usually been settled by mutual accommodations. But this monopolistic agency came to an end in 1834, and the trade was thrown open to all English subjects. China now had to deal with these traders individually, and among them were many whose responsibility for their own acts was of the most dubious sort. These traders continually defied the Chinese officials at Canton, the seaport to which trade had been restricted. To China, this state of affairs meant the challenge of her control over her foreign

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intercourse, which would, if left unopposed, eventually lead to the defeat of her isolation policy. To this was added China's quarrel with England over the propriety of a commission of Superintendents of Trade stationed by the latter in Canton waters to watch over English trade and to promote its extension to other parts of the Chinese Empire. China refused to recognize this commission. In the misunderstandings that followed, mutual antagonisms and friction accumulated year after year until 1839, when the enormity of the opium traffic at Canton and its evil effects upon the country impelled China to institute repressive and suppressive measures that precipitated the so-called Opium War of 1839–42.

China was defeated in the clash of arms. The Nanking Treaty of 1842 made the first real breach in the Chinese wall of isolation. Among other terms of defeat, China agreed to the cession of the island of Hong Kong and the opening of five ports on the Chinese coast to English trade and residence. The restrictions and exactions upon trade were also abolished.

But the defeat only led China to be more determined than ever to hold foreign nations at arms' length. The treaty of peace was viewed as merely a truce, for two reasons. She felt that she had lost her right to suppress the opium traffic of foreign traders in her waters and ports because of the temporary failure to mobilize her military resources. The principle of equality for which England had allegedly fought and which she was accorded because of superiority in arms was interpreted as another way of insisting upon unfettered opportunity for the expansion of English trade in China. All this is much like saying that the "Boston Tea Party of 1773" was responsible for the American War of Independence, or that the English claim for political equality was similar to that of Japan's present insistence upon racial equality.

Although China within the next few years granted to the United States, France, and other foreign nations, commercial privileges and other rights similar to those accorded

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England, it was done because of the fear that, unless the demands for them were readily granted, their refusal might involve worse consequences. The remaining decades of the nineteenth century were characterized by the tenacity with which China clung, for dear life, to her isolation, because she thought, though mistakenly, that it meant national security from foreign attacks in a period of weakness. The opening of China to foreign intercourse, diplomatic as well as commercial, was a slow process, and each concession granted was extorted only by force or by threat of force on the part of foreign Powers who, faced by China's stubborn reluctance to make further grants, resorted to every conceivable pretext upon which to base their demands. In the natural course of events, therefore, three more wars had to be fought: that of 1858 and 1860 with the allies, England and France, with France in 1884–85, and with Japan in 1894–95. In this same period there were also several gestures of war that proved equally successful. Then there came in 1898, following the surprising revelation of China's impotence in the Sino-Japanese War, the "International Battle for Concessions." The foreign Powers, participants in this "impending break-up of China," were Germany, Russia, Great Britain, France, Japan, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. Unfortunate Italy was the only one that emerged without something valuable in both hands. The others were rewarded with strategic naval and commercial bases along the Chinese coast, with extension of leased areas, new foreign settlements in important native cities, spheres of influence for the preferential development of different regions of the country, exclusive railway, mining, and industrial concessions, and what not.

Now what were the effects produced upon China by these aggressive acts? Was there any modification of her isolation policy? To what extent did the foreign Powers succeed in opening China to western intercourse? And what are the results to the world of this conflict between what is tantamount to East and West?

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From 1898 the world has been confronted with another war-breeding problem—the Far Eastern Question, and China is the crux of it. It is none other than a vexatious problem of nice adjustment in which China may be thrown open to development and utilization by the world Powers, individually or collectively, without compromising too gravely China's political entity, without arousing undue Chinese antagonism, and without aggravating the inter-friction of conflicting foreign interests, which, if not cautiously and wisely directed and executed, would inevitably plunge the world into a disastrous Armageddon. What region of the earth constitutes a more alluring field for economic and political exploitation than China—a country weak in national defenses, but possessed of teeming millions of thrifty and productive workers and of rich, expansive, undeveloped territories? In this age of international competition in commerce and industry, in which the demand for raw materials is ever pressing and where markets for finished products are everywhere eagerly sought, no portion of the world will be left undisturbed if it meets either or both of these conditions. And China fulfils them admirably. If international peace and good-will among nations do not motivate and guide the policy of interested Powers in dealing with the Far Eastern question, the world will be faced with the constant fear and suspense of the repetition, perhaps in greater magnitude, of the conflagration of 1914–18.

The origin and continued existence of the Far Eastern question are to be found partly in the aggressive intrusion, into Asia generally, and into China particularly, of the European Powers and of Japan. Fortunately, China's awakening is also to be traced to their imperialistic enterprises. From the time when the Portuguese secured the use of Macao, in 1557, as a place to erect sheds, to dry and store cargo in their early intercourse, the western Powers had gradually established, especially in the later nineteenth century, extensive politico-economic interests in China. For a time the clash of these foreign interests had been averted by the diversion of events elsewhere. Keen international

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rivalry in China was not in evidence till after the Sino-Japanese War. In 1898, however, it had developed in such intensity that, were it not for the friendly intervention of the United States in 1899 and her advocacy of the policy of the Open Door, the international partition of the Chinese Empire would have become a *fait accompli*. But the Far Eastern Question would not have been solved! China's obliteration by division in this manner would only, sooner or later, provoke the most undesirable consequences among the partitioning Powers over the distribution of the spoils. This critical development, however, was avoided by the acceptance of the foreign Powers of the Open Door policy of the United States, thus recognizing the serious evil results to themselves of a partitioned China. Political agreements and understandings were soon entered into by them to respect their mutual interests. But despite these efforts, they were unavailing to prevent the continued operation of disruptive forces. The Boxer uprising of 1900 revealed, in the international settlement that followed, the national self-interests that dominated the foreign Powers with respect to China. The development of a serious crisis at this stage led Germany and England to come to an agreement on the integrity of China and the Open Door. To protect their interests, England and Japan, in 1902, devised a political partnership, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Russia's refusal to surrender her new interests in Manchuria, acquired forcibly during the Boxer uprising, brought on the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5. This was followed by a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and by new understandings between France and Japan (1907), Japan and Russia (1907), Japan and the United States (1908), Japan and Russia (1910), the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance (1911), and finally the birth of the Russo-Japanese Alliance (1916). The outbreak of the European War, in 1914, temporarily stayed the rivalry of foreign intrests in China; Japan's forceful ejection of Germany from China and the German-owned islands in the Pacific Ocean was the only significant event which broke the peace, in 1914, in China and the Far East. Since then,

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China being sufficiently awakened by the events of the past, by Japan's bullying in 1915, and by incidents of the great War, to appreciate her precarious status in the world, has struck back at the foreign Powers with a wave of anti-imperialistic movements that is jeopardizing all foreign interests within her territory.

China's reaction to the irresistible force of foreign aggression has been shown in two distinct ways. From the outset of intercourse in the sixteenth century to 1902, she sought to remain in seclusion by closing the country to outsiders. The degree to which she has succeeded in this direction is best indicated in her foreign treaties, beginning with the Nanking Treaty of 1842. One of the most important provisions of the latter was the opening of five ports to trade and residence. Thereafter, the treaties invariably contained similar provisions for the opening of additional ports, inland cities, and towns scattered throughout the country. Together with those voluntarily opened in recent years by China for similar purposes, there are about a hundred such places. But they are mostly located on the coast and navigable waters of China. What is known as the interior is still closed to foreigners, even though, under special restrictions, they might be allowed to visit it. And this is the sense in which the opening of China is to be understood, demonstrating the fact that, even at the present time, China is very much a closed country to the trade and residence of foreigners. After 1902, China took definite steps to prepare herself not only to defend and recover her rights, but also to assume her place among the leading Powers of the world.

China's seclusion policy is the result principally of three prominent factors: (1) her physical isolation, (2) her self-contained civilization, and (3) her military weakness. From the beginning of history, China has been confined by nature to that most fertile and productive region in eastern Asia. She was effectively separated from the only other civilized world, Europe, until the sixteenth century. A vast stretch of impassable waste, extending from the bleak plains of Muscovy through the high steppes of Turkestan to the

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desert of Arabia and to the sandy Sahara, the extensive intervening area and the ever hostile tribes of Central Asia, served to make intercourse all but impossible. Her geographical isolation was made complete by the great Gobi desert in Mongolia to the north, the Pacific Ocean on the east, and the lofty Himalaya Mountains to the southwest. Consequently, her isolation was a sort of natural life. What little outside intercourse she had was confined to the semi-civilized tribes inhabiting the surrounding regions. Although she extended politically almost to Europe by conquest during the Han (B. C. 206–A. D. 214) and T'ang (A. D. 620–906) dynasties, it was because of the serious menace to her national safety by the Hsiung-nu tribes in the first, and the Turcomans in the second, period, both from Central Asia. Finally, the Mongols in the thirteenth century not only swept all Asia with their armies, but also penetrated almost into the heart of Europe. Under proper circumstances, China and Europe might have been brought into communication on these occasions, but the physical barriers were too vast to be surmounted.

Situated in a most favorable region of eastern Asia, China produced a life singularly her own. Out of an industrious, tractable, and intelligent population, extracting a comfortable existence from a fertile soil and a temperate climate, and inspired by the wise teachings of her sages, rose a unique civilization that has successfully carried them through to this day. Removed from the influences of other civilizations, it fostered the development of a vigorous culture, a social order of the patriarchal type, an economic and political system under which China has lived and thrived happily for over thirty centuries. There is, perhaps, no similar phenomenon in the world. Having no knowledge of a civilization other than her own, China naturally did not realize the existence of other peoples and customs. This belief was all the more convincing since her indigenous civilization provided everything necessary to the attainment of a good life. So obsessed, though indeed there was much justification for her condition, China resisted the intrusion of all alien influ-

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ences unlike her own, and especially their introduction accompanied by a seemingly unnecessary display of force.

Furthermore, China's military weakness in national defense, when the protection of her physical barriers failed her, naturally suggested the closing of the country to outsiders. Although it had not become the accepted policy, yet, when the Portuguese appeared off Canton, the ruling Ming dynasty (1368–1644) showed itself to be anti-foreign and restless. It had good reason for being anti-foreign. The preceding dynasty, the Mongol or Yuan, had sapped the vital strength of the country by its attempt to conquer the world, an attempt that had brought practically all Asia and part of eastern Europe under submission; and the Mongols were foreigners from Mongolia. Some of the defeated Mongols were still striving to recover their lost empire by repeated invasions from the north. In the east the Japanese, descending continually upon the coast in piratical incursions, were disturbing the peace of the empire. So beset, and especially after receiving information of the misconduct of some of the early Portuguese, confirming the rumors as to Portuguese methods of establishing a colonial empire in southern Asia, the ruling dynasty issued the order to close the country and to restrict outside intercourse. Canton was named to be the only port of foreign commerce.

No substantial change in policy occurred when the Manchus from Manchuria supplanted the Ming dynasty in 1644. Before the Manchus had achieved their establishment they had been compelled to conquer China—and every available Manchu was conscripted to accomplish it. They also had to wage campaigns in the northwest to secure recognition as masters of China from the numerous tribes in that region. They were not interested in trade nor foreign intercourse of any sort. In fact, they soon feared collusion between their new subjects and the Europeans in attempts to undermine their newly established rule. For they thus—though wrongly—interpreted the use of Portuguese armament by the adherents of the fallen Ming dynasty, and the relations that existed for a time between Koxinga, their

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powerful and stubborn opponent in the south, and the English on the coast of Fukien. Not being traders and being far from the scene of commercial intercourse, they were naturally disinclined to interest themselves with the outside world.

Perhaps, if Europe had had more desirable goods than opium, woolens, cotton, lead, etc., to sell, and if the early European traders and adventurers had conducted themselves properly, China and her rulers might have welcomed and encouraged intercourse. But the circumstances surely did not warrant such an attitude. Restriction of intercourse to Canton alone apparently met adequately the demands of the trade, and so the policy seemed to be justified. Moreover, as the evils of the opium traffic increasingly demoralized the people and rocked the foundation of her economic structure by draining the country of specie, China became more and more convinced that it was better to remain in isolation.

This attitude of mind, this policy of aloofness, persisted throughout the nineteenth century. The Manchu dynasty began to decline in 1796, and the course of events crystallized the conviction. With the governmental administration rife with corruption and inefficiency, with the country seething with rebellion, and with the dynasty becoming increasingly helpless to face the new situation constructively, it became the only policy. The Tai-ping Rebellion (1850–64), which ravaged half of China's fairest provinces and in which over twenty million people were sacrificed, almost spelled disaster to the Manchu throne. With no military defense worthy of the name against the greater and greater pressure applied by foreign nations to pry open the country, China fell back on the old accustomed defense of passive resistance whereby to minimize the results of foreign encroachments.

It is amazing that, in view of the increasing foreign danger, China fell into the error of not taking active steps to bolster up her resistance by some scheme of adjustment to the new conditions. The dynastic government of the Manchus, however, to which the nation naturally looked for

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suggestions for reform, had become so effete as to be incapable of any leadership. But the greatest hindrance to China's recognition and acceptance of the altered conditions lay, perhaps, in her conservatism—the product of an extraordinary longevity. As the oldest of living nations, it reacted to the world of things in much the same way as does an aged person. Her thoughts, temperament, and very ways were distinctly conservative. The occurrence of anything novel to her own experience only caused her to shun it or to become indifferent. Had she not been consistently happy and contented with the life she had led in congenial surroundings for more than three thousand years? Consequently, whatever tended to alter the natural order of things, she invariably resisted. She desired no hasty acceptance of change that might lead her only to entanglements in a cesspool of regrets.

But the course of events became too penetrating in its influence not to produce a significant reaction other than the spirit of passive resistance and seclusion. China's defeat, in 1895, by Japan, the island neighbor that had been traditionally despised as a nation of "dwarfish slaves," immediately aroused the forces of awakening. It was a humiliating blow to the pride of the dynasty, the nation, and the race. Then before the shock was over, it was followed, in 1898, by the spoliation activities of the foreign Powers. Unable to endure any more, the young Emperor, Kuang Hsu in that year took the initial step in the projection of extensive reforms.

The ambitious plans of the Emperor, however, were defeated before they were many days old. Principally because they touched adversely the interests of the conservative and privileged classes of the empire and similarly affected the dynasty, the Empress Dowager, Tzu-hsi, who had been responsible for enthroning the Emperor in 1895, and who was the real ruler behind the curtain, and, perhaps the most conservative person in a conservative empire, would have none of them. Consequently, the "Hundred Days Reform" of 1898 collapsed as suddenly as its rise.

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With the pitiful Emperor forced into retirement, the Empress Dowager began to shape the affairs of state to her own liking. She had come to believe that the ills of the empire had their roots in western imperialism. She therefore proceeded to ponder over ways and means to get rid of this foreign danger, and when an anti-Manchu movement appeared, she cleverly diverted its aims so that the result was the Boxer Uprising of 1900. The story of this comic tragedy is too well known to be repeated here. China was severely penalized for the fanatical act of the Empress Dowager. The only good that came of it, perhaps, was her apparent conversion to the necessity of taking a different line of action in order to realize her secret wish. Upon her return, in 1902, from her enforced absence from the capital during its occupation by foreign allied troops, she resurrected the spirit and essentials of the reforms of 1898.

The modernization of China may be said to have its beginning here. Although the cry for reforms had been heard from a small discontented group before the war with Japan, it had elicited no response. The abortive attempt of the young Emperor had not found favor. Now, with the Empress Dowager, who held the real power, advocating and initiating reforms, whether from honest or ulterior motives, the movement began to take on a semblance of reality. The army was ordered reorganized on western lines. Public schools and colleges were established by imperial decrees, and temples were turned over to their use. The imperial examinations, which held for those who passed them successfully official honors and preferment, were abolished, and henceforth graduates of the new educational institutions, taught in the modern histories, sciences, and thought, were decreed eligible for governmental service. Proposing to bring closer together the far-flung empire, a network of railways was planned. Private enterprise was encouraged to enter actively into various fields of economic endeavor. The central departments of government were ordered to be reorganized, and all sinecure offices abolished. And a host of other reforms was contemplated and suggested.

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However impressive these efforts might have appeared, the results of the first few years were disappointing. China had rushed into a new era without being sufficiently awakened. The events since 1895 had shaken the popular confidence in the Manchus. There were revolutionary outbreaks now and then that created popular unrest. The Empress Dowager had confined China to the adoption of the externals and non-essentials of the west. And finally, China was nonplused as to the all-important principle that was to govern the reorganization of the empire, whether to westernize it by the wholesale adoption of western institutions and practices or whether to adjust by modification old China to the new conditions. Inasmuch as the latter procedure was the slower one, though more natural, and would work less change in the accustomed life of the nation, westernization was decided upon. This was because China had, for the first time, become conscious of her precarious position and was seeking hastily and blindly a short-cut to rejuvenation. The reform movement therefore continued, unabated in force and unchanged in character. The Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5 gave it further impetus. The fact that that war was fought on Chinese soil and over the control or possession of Manchuria by Russia or Japan did not matter. The outstanding fact, the one that opened the eyes of China, accelerated the reform movement, and incidentally caused a few years later the collapse of the Manchu dynasty, was the defeat of the colossal and much feared Russia by the traditionally despised Japan. The victory of Japan became immediately the example and inspiration to China's new ambitions. And it is of the utmost significance that the westernization of China was now thought of as bound up with the ultimate overthrow of foreign domination in China. The reforms and changes that followed were radical in nature, wholly unsuited to the temperament, and strange to the experience, of the nation.

Upon the return in 1906 of two Imperial missions that had been sent abroad to learn the secrets of western progress and strength, and upon their recommendations, a constitu-

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tion was promised the people. This was an innovation, involving a change in the conception of political authority from that of unlimited power of the emperor to that of restricting its use by popular participation. In order to prepare the people to assume the responsibilities of the proposed new régime, provincial assemblies were established in 1908. Legal, judicial, and penal reforms, also reforms in currency and the opium traffic, were undertaken. The most outstanding reform, perhaps, was the suppression of the traffic in, and the use of, opium.

The reform movement encountered a setback in 1908, when its dominating figure, the Empress Dowager died. The ill-fated Emperor of 1898 fame had passed away the day previously. These unhappy events altered the course of the Imperial program completely. There was no outstanding or strong personality in the Manchu household to take up the leadership. The successor to the throne was an infant, P'u-yi, a nephew of the late Emperor, who had been selected by the Empress Dowager before her death. The boy Emperor's father, Prince Ch'un, was made regent. Unfortunately, this arrangement turned out to be an irreparable mistake in a grave crisis of the dynasty; sincere and honest as a man, the Prince possessed none of those qualities necessary to a ruler of four hundred millions. In 1911, the dynasty was swept off the political stage by popular enthusiasm. Having had its life prolonged for more than half a century by the iron will of a woman ruler, the untimely death of the Empress Dowager, Tzu-hsi, was the signal for the downfall of the Manchu dynasty.

The Chinese Revolution of 1911 was but a milestone in the westernization of China. Through its success a serious political impediment to progress was removed and a new vista opened for reforms in every phase of Chinese life. Under its impetus one movement after another had been initiated, all with the aim of the liberation of China. Led by a spirited and ambitious minority, the nation has followed acquiescently the experiment in republicanism. The history of the past fifteen years is but a mirth-provoking story of

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China trying to live and thrive under an alien political institution. Nevertheless, it is significant for three reasons. In the first place, the present experiment is a definitely favorable reaction of "unchanging China" to the influence of the west. Secondly, the awakening of China has become an undeniable fact. It is not a pretense. Nor is it the final spurt of a decaying nation. No race of people on the point of passing out of existence is capable of such vigorous action as has been exemplified in these years in China. And finally, as the result of a growing dissatisfaction among the intellectuals over the apparent confusion wrought upon Chinese society by the advocates of China's westernization, a most important change is taking place that has for its object the *modernization*, not the *westernization*, of China.

Out of the political unrest, there has loomed forth one force that is now diverting China's course of development into saner, more logical, and more practical channels. This is the spirit of young China. It is exemplified in the new cultural movement, in the movements for mass education, for the emancipation of women, and so on, all initiated and led by students. On the one hand, these movements are nothing less than revolts against the lingering hold of old ideas, against widespread illiteracy, against the despotism of the old family system, and against every influence that impedes the real progress of the nation. On the other hand, as the result of the World War in which many phases of western civilization appeared in a far from favorable light, they are protests against the uncritical acceptance of everything western. They aim to exclude superficiality in the vital transformation now taking place. Nothing of domestic or foreign origin is free from close scrutiny and its rejection or acceptance is decided on the basis of true merit and practical utility.

The youth of China, the new intelligentsia, is the fiery spirit and living force that has come to dominate China. These are they who fought and died for the establishment of the republic; who engineered the disastrous boycott against Japan following the notorious Twenty-one Demands

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of 1915; who were responsible for the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles, in 1919, which transferred China's sacred province, Shantung, to Japan; who again made it possible to eject Japan from Shantung in 1922; who instigated the present boycott against Great Britain; who clamored for the abrogation of the so-called unequal treaties with foreign nations; and who by deed as well as by voice are ever alert to protest against further foreign encroachments. The interests, policies, and deeds of foreign Powers have been made the butt of their attacks and propaganda. The reason is this: it was foreign aggression that rudely awakened China from her long slumber; and now foreign nations are made the bogey that shall stimulate and accelerate a more pervasive awakening of the four hundred millions. On the other hand, these are they who are also contributing in another way to the uplift of China by bringing more light to the appalling number of illiterates among their own people, by conscious effort to introduce western science and the best of western philosophy and literature, by undertaking a critical evaluation of the old civilization of China for present use, and by taking steps to prevent the adoption of the externals and non-essentials of western civilization.

Their activities have been both destructive and constructive. For the former they have been the object of much adverse criticism. For the latter they have as yet to produce tangible results. Nevertheless, their attacks upon tradition, authority, old beliefs, and foreign interference have generally been forgiven by their fellow-countrymen, because of their unquestioned sincerity, earnestness, and unselfish patriotism. They have made mistakes in judgment and action. All that is inevitable. Like youth the world over, they are a human lot, impulsive, impatient, inexperienced, and untried in the ways of the world. Yet after all is said and done, these are they who, after fifteen years of hectic life, are beginning to recover their balance, to appreciate whither the nation should go in search of stability, strength, and progress, and are leading the nation along with them. They are confronted with the task of

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making over a huge, ancient, and highly refined civilization into a modern one—one that shall constitute a united, vital, national society into which the best of both Chinese and western has been fused in organic cohesion.

The outward signs of chaos in China indicate, therefore, primarily a political condition. It is but temporary. Stability and progress will come when the Chinese nation becomes conscious enough to break away from the old habit of being only remotely interested in political affairs; and when it becomes interested enough to be willing to make personal sacrifices for country in order to establish a government through which it may truly express itself.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE

DERRICK NORMAN LEHMER

Here was a Grecian urn
Borne in the tossing stern
Of some far-wandering, homeward-turning bark;
Storm-driven on bitter seas,
Still hoarding memories
Of sunny vineyards; clusters purple-dark;
The creaking wine-press, and the thirsty gleam
Of eager sunlight on the fragrant stream.

Here in the dark and cold,
Down in the reeking hold,
With noise of sailors trampling overhead,
Dreaming of grottoes still
Under the rocky hill
Beside the vineyard: in its quiet bed
The drowsy-flowing stream; the moonlight soft;
The Greek girls dancing with their arms aloft.

On through the driving blast,
Strained sail and creaking mast
Follow the giddy plunging of the deck!
Into the breakers white
Through the uncertain light,
On to the stony reefs she drives, a wreck!
The purple fragments on the dreary shore
Shattered still tell of Hellas evermore!

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A PROPOS OF JOAN OF ARC

HELEN B. SMITH

A host of Joans ascends and descends the Jacob's ladder of the critic's dream. He sees Voltaire's "stay-laced Amazon" upon her ass radiant beneath Gallic Denis' watchful eye, encountering Mark Twain's long-skirted heroine. He sees Anatole France's "*mascotte*," bereft of warrior Dunois' protection, routed by Andrew Lang's valiant maid at the head of the whole French army. He sees Schiller's romantic "*Jungfrau*," surrounded with witches, speeding on her cloudy broom to confound Joseph Delteil's robust, sensual country lass or perhaps Bernard Shaw's "mentally excessive" "visualizer." And a host, full two thousand strong, besides.

"We now have the last word," wrote the critic, Sainte-Beuve in 1850, speaking of the monumental work of M. J. Quicherat. "We now have the last word, as much as we shall ever have it concerning this marvelous person." And yet, since Sainte-Beuve's pronouncement, how many "words" have appeared concerning Joan of Arc, the most recent of which is that of Albert Bigelow Paine, inspired by the reading of Mark Twain.

Such strange material is she, the Maid of France, that each "word-catcher" moulds her to his fancy. Rarely is the Joan of one writer on sisterly terms with that of another and often they have little family resemblance. Perhaps there never have been, of a single historical figure, so many or such conflicting interpretations as of Joan of Arc. The world has seemingly felt a desire, a pressing urge to study

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her strange case. To some she has been a miracle and as such excites a romantic or religious fervor. To others she has been a puzzling problem of psychology and as such arouses a sort of scientific curiosity.

"To be frank," wrote Anatole France, "the critic should say: 'Sir, I am going to speak of myself a propos of Shakespeare, of Racine, of Pascal, or of Goethe. It is indeed, an excellent opportunity.' " So might he have added "of Joan of Arc."

If this is true of critics, then how much more so of dramatists, poets, novelists. (Anatole France would include historians as well.) They have all spoken of themselves a propos of Joan of Arc. It has, indeed, been an excellent opportunity.

Chapelain in the seventeenth century bored his world with a tiresome Joan, at whose expense Voltaire enjoyed his own malicious fun. Voltaire entitled his burlesque *La Pucelle d'Orleans* but used it chiefly to attack *"l'infâme"*—superstition, bigotry, and intolerance. He was mainly occupied with the love affairs of Charles VII and Agnes Sorel and saved his satire for Joan's judges and for the saintly machinery of the miracle.

> Even some [the judges] as long heads might be treated
> Fools only when upon their benches seated.

Voltaire, moreover, takes great pleasure in proposing, in his most mock heroic manner, three new candidates for Hell. Number One is Clovis, the first Christian king of France; Number Two is Constantine, the first Christian emperor; Number Three is no other than Dominic, the saint and founder of the Inquisition. A work such as Voltaire's, a mocking poetic skit, written to entertain a circle of *bons vivants*, cannot, however, be compared with the serious work of the nineteenth century.

It is in the nineteenth century that Joan becomes the object of serious historical research, Quicherat's five volumes serving as the foundation for most of the later studies. Joan, however, was also the theme for romantic titillations

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and the butt of certain skeptic scoffers. With Schiller she became romantic, with Michelet, lovable, with Mark Twain, sentimental. Anatole France robbed her of her halo, which Andrew Lang hastened gallantly to return. Bernard Shaw has explained her in the light of his pet modern ideas, and Joseph Delteil claims to behold her still on the streets of Paris, a typist in a poke hat.

Of them all, those presenting greatest contrast are the studies of Anatole France, Bernard Shaw, and Joseph Delteil. Delteil's work has recently received the *Prix Femina* in Paris, a guaranty of novelty rather than of permanent value. In 1908 appeared, in two volumes, the *Life of Joan of Arc* by Anatole France, at which he had worked for some twenty years. Divided in interest between the Maid and Rabelais, whom he had enthroned on equal pedestals in his library, he chose the Maid. He chose her for various reasons; because of the charm which the simple always held for his dilettante complexity, because of the attraction which the inexplicable always exerted over his rational skepticism. He chose her because above all she was France and in his heart he loved her for her gaiety, her bold directness.

Moreover, Anatole France did not wish the priests to monopolize her universal figure. In his *Life* he is led by his hatred of them even to disfigure his heroine in a vain attempt to snatch her from their hands. His story is not unified in tone. It changes, now Voltairian in its irony, now sincere in its poetic artistry, at times naïve in the simplicity of its telling, at others bitter in its suspicion of fraud. His descriptions of Domremy, of the chapel and the fountain, evoke the memory of France, the artist. His tales of the saints, however, included in generous numbers, are shot with mockery. He writes of the sacred ampoule of Rheims: "And on the day of consecration this ampoule, with the permission of God, happens always to be full." He speaks with his tongue in his cheek of the miracles of Saint Catherine of Fierbois.

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> Perhaps these miracles [prisoners' escapes] might have been less frequent if the English had kept a greater force in France, but they lacked men in Normandy, shut themselves up in cities, abandoned the country-side to the partisans who ravaged the land, carried off convoys and in this manner greatly favored the intervention of Madame Saint Catherine.

With all his eighteenth-century license, the unctous Jérôme Coignard says little that is more malicious than the Francian rendering of Orleans' prayerful state.

> In those days God made himself greatly to be feared; He was almost as terrible as in the days of the Philistines. The poor sinners were afraid of being ill received, should they address themselves to Him in their afflictions; it was better, so they believed, to take a diagonal way and have recourse to the intercession of Our Lady and the Saints. God respected His Mother and made an effort to please Her on all occasions. Likewise He showed deference to the Blessed seated beside Him in Paradise and He willingly listened to the requests which they brought Him.

The thesis of Anatole France, if such there be, is that Joan was made to function by the men of the Church. "Let us not be too greatly moved to discover these pious frauds without which the marvels of the Maid would not have been produced. Much art and even a little artfulness are always necessary to accredit innocence." He claims that Joan was never given command of the army, that she knew little of military science and was rather the "*porte-bonheur*," the symbol of hope to the needy and credulous French. It was not she who really drove the English from France and although she helped free Orleans, still, by her own insistence (inspired by the clergy) on the consecration at Rheims, she rather retarded than aided the recovery of Normandy. Her mission, its inspiration, and its results he would criticize. From her own courage and power of sacrifice, however, he would in no way detract.

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At Orleans

> she did better than the others, not because she knew more; she knew less than they. But she had a greater heart. When each was thinking of himself, she alone thought of them all; when each was safeguarding himself, she sought for herself no protection, having in advance made offer of herself in full without stint or measure. And this child who, like all human creatures, feared suffering and death, to whom her Voices, her presentiments, had announced that she would be wounded, went straight on and remained beneath the shots of the arrows and the lead of the culverines, erect on the edge of the moat, her standard in her hand, to rally the combatants.

Even Andrew Lang can wax no more eloquent in praise of the Maid herself. At the trial in Rouen the skeptic's voice is not only warm with pity but ringing with indignation. "Tortured both by the princes of the Church and ruffians of the army, she endured in body and spirit suffering intolerable to ordinary human nature; she endured it and neither her constancy, her faith nor her divine hope, one might almost add, nor her gaiety were affected by it." At war with the Church this skeptic Janus is at peace with Joan. "Her folly was wiser than wisdom, for it was the folly of martyrdom without which men have yet founded nothing great nor useful in the world. Cities, empires, republics repose on sacrifice."

"Anatole France is not anti-Joan," wrote Bernard Shaw in the preface to his play. "He is anti-mystic, anti-clerical, and fundamentally unable to believe that there ever was any such person as the real Joan." Shaw not only gives his interpretation of the Maid, but defines her ideal biographer. The latter must be "free from nineteenth century prejudices and biases, must understand the Middle Ages, the Roman Catholic Church and the Holy Roman Empire much more intimately than our Whig historians have ever understood them, and must be capable of throwing off sex partialities and their romance and regarding woman as the female of the species and not as a different kind of animal with specific

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charms and specific imbecility." Is Bernard Shaw this ideal biographer?

To him Joan is a visualizer, "a born boss," "mentally excessive with a passion for soldiering and masculine life." "She is a sane and shrewd country girl of extraordinary strength of mind and hardihood of body." She is "one of the first Protestant martyrs," "judicially burnt, ostensibly for a number of capital crimes which we no longer punish as such but essentially for what we call unwomanly and insufferable presumption."

Shaw would defend her as a superior mind and will, endowed with an unusually vivid imagination and an appetite for evolution. The unusual imagination explains her visions; the evolutionary appetite her sacrifice. The lesson that she brings, for there is always a lesson with G. B. S., is that were this "pioneer of rational dressing for women" to return to earth today, she would again be persecuted. Intolerance has not vanished and "all evolution in thought and conduct first appear as heresies and misconduct." People are today as credulous as those of the Middle Ages; only today our credulity is expressed on other matters.

Outshawing Shaw in his rather successful effort to "*épater le bourgeois*," Joseph Delteil dedicates his strange mixture of fantastic *hors d'oeuvres*, his "book of love," to "simple souls, to foolish hearts, to children, to virgins, to angels . . . ." Can the dots be indicative of a desire to swell the list at a future date? The present list of patrons and patronesses bids well to include all those to whom this book of love will forever remain a closed mystery.

The evident purpose of the author is to project a modern Joan upon the screen, reincarnated from the ranks of French working girls. His Joan is a cinematographic heroine snapped in strange "close-ups," a comic figure which cannot be taken seriously. Surely such was not the author's purpose. He intended to make her human, a living figure, and he has succeeded in making her earthy and of the flesh. To him she is "a big peasant girl of France, moulded of

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flesh and of God." We see none of the latter but an abundance of the former. She has "health, good sense, an oily skin and no little wit. . . . How straight is her glance beneath her ruddy eyebrows. The abundance of life swells fulsomely her frame, her cheeks tinged with blood ("*barbouillées de sang*"), her young throat, her ears garnished with dirt. . . ."

Should this be not enough, however, to scandalize the commoner nor yet sufficient for him to claim great novelty and originality, M. Delteil continues: "Joan is tall and robust, of noble carriage, with the physiognomy of the drunken angels, a large sensual mouth . . . . and the thick nose of the mothers of the Old Testament."

After such a description no one will deny him originality, of a certain brand, at least. A child, conscious of an audience, cuts capers just as smart. M. Delteil is a juggler of words of no mean capacity, however, and his studied effects, although not always happy, are arresting. He speaks of "the microbicide sun." The child's first step is "the unforgettable miracle of verticality." At the consecration of the king at Rheims "the Latin syllables catch in the throats and on the vaults of the ceiling. The carbon dioxide of the respirations confuses the atmosphere and the people's hearts. It is one of those pathetic moments when the stones themselves rise on their weighty wings."

His juxtaposition of spiritual and material attributes is one of his commonest and most successful tricks. "The cabbage soup smokes like a beautiful prayer." "An odor of mystery and of cheese fills the atmosphere." He speaks of an analysis "rothschildly rich," of Joan "superb with energy, life and death, . . . a block of radium setting on fire men and villages." He is fond of the rabelaisian outpouring of words and gives us an untranslatable hymn to milk (all alliterative) which begins: "O Milk, Milk with a capital *M*, great Milk, spherical and tetraform, Milk of cow, of goat, of woman, quintessence of roundness and principle of whiteness, lapidary, lapis lazuli Milk, supreme nourishment and supreme speculation, consonance of caresses and love, soft

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syllables of life, Milk, Milk," and so forth until he is weary of his play.

With Delteil, then, the fit is upon us, or rather upon Jeanne. The Maid is torn from her saintly niche to be carried through the streets in a shockingly clever vaudeville parade. Moreover he promises to prolong his prophetic train (if such it can be called) with the publication of *Adam* in 1926 and we are assured that *Eve* comes tumbling after in 1927. Doubtless we have here the "last word" on Joan of Arc but scarcely in the sense given the term by Sainte-Beuve.

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CAVEAT VENDOR

When a man comes to the stage of life when he ceases to look upon "successful" business men as Captains of Industry and Merchant Princes, but knows them for what they are, rapacious birds of prey, hungry sea-gulls swarming and fighting over garbage and offal—when "four years more of prosperity" means to him that the robbers have renewed their license to increase one hundred per cent at a time their capricious demands on his capacity for hard work, and he is inclined to spell prosperity with the same four letters with which General Sherman described war—then he is apt to feel that no power on earth can help him, and there is nothing left for him but to write a letter to the *Boston Transcript* or to the *London Times*.

To him in his dark hour I bring a glimmer of hope. It is not a panacea in a bottle, nor yet a formula for transmuting life's leaden metal into gold, but only a point or two in the manly art of self-defense. I do not claim much for it in practice; of the little I ever had, I have been able to save from the harpies only a crumb here and another there. I offer my bits of science in the hope that they may enkindle others, and that in time they may grow into an acknowledged system. Nor do I look forward, at least as an announced policy, to putting a stop to salesmanship altogether. It is enough for now to point out that even in theory unlimited salesmanship might lead to danger for the salesmen themselves. If salesmanship had everything its own way, everyone would be able to take money from everyone else (including salesmen) at will and on demand. Money would circulate so fast that we should all (including salesmen) die of vertigo. I believe that salesmen must have some secret method of defense against one another. Probably it is part of the secret ritual of the order,

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and as such will remain forever unknown to me—there are so many good reasons why I shall never be a salesman that it is not worth while to mention one of them.

I assume at the outset that the self-evident facts are known to all (including salesmen) namely: that salesmanship is the name of the system by which men take from other men the results of their toil (or of their salesmanship); that the methods of salesmanship run the scale from small deceit to general massacre; that salesmanship is not a virtue, but something between misdemeanor and felony; that a man who succeeds in selling himself earns the name that a woman receives who does the same, and that women cannot compete with men in business until they receive permission from society, or from men, to sell themselves and reap the benefit as freely as men do. In addition to these, I will call attention to the demonstrable fact that salesmanship is not wisdom but cunning. The demonstration is quite simple. In Bacon's essay *Of Cunning*, for *cunning* read *salesmanship* throughout, and lay the precepts beside those of any modern manual of salesmanship, and you will readily perceive that what my Lord Bacon did not know about salesmanship was only the modern name of it. I append a few sample passages:

> It is a good point of [salesmanship] to wait upon him with whom you speak with your eye, as the Jesuits do in precept .... Another is that when you have anything to obtain of present dispatch, you entertain and amuse the party with whom you deal with some other discourse that he be not too much awake to make objections .... Some have in readiness so many tales and stories, as there is nothing they would insinuate but they can wrap it into a tale .... It is a good point of [salesmanship] for a man to shape the answer he would have in his own words and propositions, for it makes the other party stick the less.

It is true that there are various more or less instinctive defenses against the rapacity of the salesman, just as there is a haphazard sort of "natural" immunity against various diseases. None the less, it has seemed worth while to thoughtful people to systematize the practice of medicine, and vaccination and inoculation have been considered vast benefits. Since anti-salesmanship is essential even to salesmen, and to those who have nothing to sell is a necessity of life, it should certainly be developed as a science.

I think it would be safe, for the present at least, to base a system of anti-salesmanship on the hypothesis that salesmen are not very intelligent. Sellers now-a-days are neither broad nor

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deep. That they have cunning, is clear by definition, but it is the small caliber, high pressure, self-overreaching style that is easily checkmated by anyone of broader mind who chooses to pay any attention to the matter. I note, for example, that most persons whose occupation is buying and selling have the naïve idea that six men on an otherwise uninhabited island could make a living by issuing bonds and selling them to one another. They not only hold this belief in theory, but act on it. In the belief that the more people there are in town, the more wealth there will be, and so the more for them, they seek to attract to their cities as many as possible of their own kind. The sea-gulls are more intelligent. If one of them finds an attractive site on a float of garbage from the ferry-boat, he does not call the others, but rather seeks to fight them off. Again sellers are possessed of the fantastic notion that to sell anything at any time is always and *per se* a praiseworthy act, which would indicate that they do not read history, or that if they do they waste their time. Judas, for example, was a clever salesman, but he has little honor for it. I do not mean that intelligence has not been applied to selling, but only that it is not the sellers who have applied it. They are like football players; if the game shows them moving as if they had almost human intelligence, you know that they have been well coached, and we know to our cost that they do not coach themselves. It is very easy to test this with sellers by springing on them a situation that is not in their book. The next time an insurance agent opens with the invariable inquiry, "Do you carry any insurance?" tell him suavely that you do not discuss your private affairs with strangers, and go on talking about the weather, or keep silent. You will see on his face his elementary attempts to think for himself for five minutes, then he will go away. A friend of mine invented this formula nearly twenty years ago, never dreaming but that as soon as it was reported back to the coaches they would find an answer. You may draw what inference you like from the fact that I find it still effective.

On a familiar walk with your dog, you know at just what instant the impulse will strike him to dart through a hedge to a certain garbage can, and just before that instant you call him and slip the leash on his collar. So in many other of his motor impulses, it is with a certain gratification of the sense of superiority that you keep your mind one jump ahead of his. It is not difficult to do this with the seller. Whatever his own intelligence, he

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assumes that yours is less, at least in his "line." He does not count on your doing any thinking. He does not do any himself, except for the reflexes of the spinal cord that occur somewhere in the neighborhood of his back collar button, but he believes that he does. He expects to keep his mind (what there is of it) clear, to command the situation, and to throw you into an emotional state of one sort or another, confusion, desire, hypnosis, even anger might be better for him than nothing. He is quite unprepared to have you turn the tables on him and touch one of his emotions.

If you only so much as surprise him, you will find him easy to deal with. He has no hesitation in unmasking his batteries as soon as he has taken his position, and you may sail over and bomb them at will, for he has no defense against air-craft. I have yet to meet a seller with either imagination or humor. That is why any absurd surprise disconcerts him. Deny his premises one by one till he falls triumphantly back on something he is sure you must agree to as axiomatic; deny that too, and he is nonplussed.

"Well, at least, a man must live."

"Oh, come now; that is the last thing I would agree to."

I cannot account for the fact that this silences him except by the theory that he has not been coached for it.

If you make a seller angry, as a rule he will leave at once, probably because he has been coached to believe it bad business to insult any possible buyer, and he does not know a possible buyer from an impossible one. If after his second or third sentence of patter, you interrupt him by meticulously asking for the name of his product, and elaborately note it with the remark that you were just going to order some of that, but now unfortunately you must put it on your blacklist, because you make it a matter of principle never to buy anything offered you by a salesman, the chances are ten to one that he will go out gasping like a fish. This always works by telephone, and is especially terrifying to politicians—"I make it a rule never to vote for anyone who canvasses by telephone."

Sellers of stocks and bonds, are, so far as my experience goes, more simple than others, for they have but one idea. It is that the desire for money is so strong in our minds that no bait is too gross for us. They bring me the most preposterous stories of how quickly I can get rich by buying their wares, but one and all they

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are non-suited by the childishly simple question, "If this thing is so good as you say it is, why do you have to try to peddle it to me to get rid of it?" Incredible as it may seem, I have never had an answer to this question that was anything more than ludicrous in its impotence, such as, "I wanted to let you in on the ground floor." At this I laugh; the seller laughs ruefully, and the case is dismissed. Rather more than others, these salesmen seem to think that unless you can give a valid reason why you should not buy, you must sign the order. If you have time, let them talk, especially when they call you on the long distance telephone at a fabulous sum by the minute. Say nothing; they want you to say nothing at first. At last comes the vital question:

"Shall I put you down for a hundred shares?"

"No, thank you."

"Don't you want a nice safe investment that will net you eight per cent?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Nothing at all, thank you."

He expects to have you in a confused hypnotic state, hunting for excuses, offering weakly the first that come into your head, dodging, he heading you off till he has you cowering in a corner signing on the dotted line. If you refuse to move, he cannot chase you, and often it angers him more than open insult.

This is not a system of resistance to salesmanship; it is merely a few bits of experience put forward tentatively, Notes for a Seller Book, as it were. It is a suggestion that a system might be built up which would enable even those who are now most susceptible to the attacks of salesmanship to keep their money until someone offers them an ostensible equivalent for it. Much might be done by the study of existing cases of natural immunity and resistance, and means of cultivating the state of mind in which we may look upon automobiles without envy, read advertisements without desire, gaze into shop windows without lust, and listen to the song of the salesman without feeling any symptom of hypnosis.

R. P. UTTER

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REVIEWS

NICOLAS ROERICH IN THE HIMALAYAS

Nicolas Roerich belongs to those artists whose growth never stops. For thirty years his canvases have been appearing with never abating energy on the painter's part, gaining wide recognition and universal admiration, but showing no sign of acquiescence, of having arrived. His abundant activity has been a dynamic evolutionary process, with each period marking an advance over the preceding one and constituting a pledge for a never ending chain of surpassing stages in the future. In an early essay on Böcklin, he wrote in his tersely pregnant style: "Every artist must seek out in himself that wherein he is culpable in the eyes of art, that which, unwisely, he has let to block his road toward the splendid 'as it should be done.' At times one can still cast aside the needless; at times it is still not too late to accelerate one's step. One need not fear to admit one's errors." With such a creed the artist cannot rest on his laurels, but is interminably lashed on by his inner urge toward the unattainable ideal of "as it should be done." In the case of Roerich, the evolution has been both horizontal and vertical; his vision both expanded and deepened. His tireless quest has been multiple and variegated, proving equally fruitful in his archeologic researches, such as his canvases from the stone age or pagan Russia, in his legendary and historical lore of Russia, Scandinavia, India, and other countries, in his pictorial recreation of Russia's old architecture, in his broad decorative activity, from murals in palaces and churches to scenery and designs for opera and ballet (in Stravinsky's "*Sacre du Printemps*" he cooperated in the libretto as well), in his landscapes and seascapes which express the essence of such diverse places as northern Europe, Italy, the coast of Maine, and New Mexico. As professor, school director, organizer of societies and exhibitions, poet and essayist, Roerich sought further expression for his simple and ever maturing faith in the need of beauty in life as a ubiquitous and all pervading factor.

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In his effort at uniting the whole world under the banner of this faith, he has become a truly international artist, perhaps the most widely known contemporary painter. In California alone, for example, there are about two scores of his canvases, while New York has a Roerich Museum, containing over four hundred of his works on permanent exhibition. With the New York museum are connected an international art center, "Corona Mundi," a school of the seven arts, and other organizations of kindred spirit.

Slav and viking by his ancestry, Roerich is a "true Russian," in the sense in which Dostoyevsky uses this phrase; namely, in the universality of his mind. In our age of division and disunion, spiritual as well as material, the harmonious realm of Roerich rises as a world apart, new yet hoary, strangely fantastic yet uncannily familiar, as though we knew it in some prenatal existence, or visualized it in a dream. In this world of Roerich differences of time, country, and race appear as variations on one theme, concordant in their divergence, permeated with a mutuality of purpose. A universal symphony is felt through the vast expanse of Roerich's canvases—in his anthropomorphized yet real rocks and clouds; his stone age forefathers who regard nature's miracles with wonderment and awe; his wizards and witches, more friendly than terrifying, who melt so inevitably into the surrounding mounds and boulders and stumps; his genial saints blessing the crops, the cattle, the boats; his mail-coated vikings aboard a formidably rhythmic flock of red-breasted skiffs; his mysterious groves, treasures, messengers, hermits, kings, sages of all ages and climes, doomed cities, crying serpents, flaming angels—legends and mysteries which rather than improbably transcendental seem more real than superficially viewed reality, seem as actual as his own unparalleled sunsets, his tapestry-like Italy, his Finnish lakes and Sante Fé cañons. From times primordial to our day of submarines and radio, Roerich rings a note of cosmic unity and pantheistic concord.

Roerich's indefatigable pilgrimage in quest of harmony and beauty has lately brought him to the top of the world, literally. He has been scaling the peaks of Himalaya, absorbing as yet unseen vistas, communing with heretofore forbidding mysteries.[1] With that effortless ease of his which has always enabled him to ignore material and spiritual obstacles, Roerich has entered the

[1] *Roerich—Himalaya.* A monograph with 24 color plates, 78 halftones, and notes by Roerich, "Banners of the East." New York, Brentano's. 1926.

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most exclusive and esoteric corners of Tibet, heartily welcomed by the common people, by the lamas, by native artists and monks. Roerich disarms intolerance, fear, and suspicion; his personality and work are so innately all human and universal that before them all discrimination of color, race, or creed disperses like mist pierced by the sun. He has been asked in Tibet to attend festivals and ceremonies from which strangers are ordinarily excluded; he has been able to study the native religious art, finding in it many points in common with Russian ikon painting; he has browsed in the libraries of their monasteries, where he has discovered startling documents touching on the reported sojourn of Christ in India. The numerous legends preserved in Buddhist monasteries about Christ are, to Roerich, a further proof of the kinship of man's spirit the world over.

It is worth citing one of the Christ legends, about 1500 years old, which Roerich found in the mountains of Tibet:

> Issa secretly left his parents and together with the merchants of Jerusalem turned toward Ind to become perfected in the Divine word. And for the study of the laws of the Great Buddha.
>
> He passed his time in Djagernath, in Rajagriha, in Benares. All loved him because Issa dwelt in peace with Vicias and Sudras, whom he instructed.
>
> But the Brahmins and Kshatriyas told him that Brahma forbade those to approach who were created out of his womb and feet. The Vicias were allowed to listen to the Vedas only on holidays, and the Sudras were not only forbidden to be present at the reading of the Vedas but could not even look at them. Sudras were destined to serve eternally as slaves to the Brahmins and Kshatriyas.
>
> But Issa listened not to the speeches of the Brahmins, but went among the Sudras to preach against the Brahmins and Kshatriyas. He denied with full force the right of man to take upon himself the power to deny to his fellows human dignity. Issa preached that man had filled the temples with his abominations. In order to revere metals and stones, man sacrificed his fellows in whom dwells a spark of the Supreme Spirit. Man demeans those who labor in the sweat of their brow, in order to gain the good will of those sluggards who sit at the lavishly set board. But they who deprive their brothers of the common blessings shall be themselves stripped of them. And Brahmins and Kshatriyas shall become the Sudras of Sudras, with whom the Supreme Spirit shall abide unto eternity.
>
> Vicias and Sudras were struck with astonishment and asked what they could perform. Issa bade them: 'Worship not the idols. Do not consider yourself first. Do not humiliate your neighbor. Help the poor. Sustain the feeble. Do evil to no one. Do not covet that which you do not possess and which is possessed by others.'
>
> The Brahmins and warriors, learning of the words which had been told to the Sudras, decided to kill Issa. But Issa, forewarned by the Sudras, departed from this place by night.

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Afterward, when he had learned the scrolls, Issa went into Nepal and into the Himalaya mountains.

'Well, perform for us a miracle,' demanded the priests of him. Then Issa replied to them: 'Miracles made their appearance from the very day when the world was created. He who cannot behold them is deprived of the greatest gift of life.—But woe to you, enemies of men, woe unto you, if you await that He should attest His power by miracle.'

Issa taught that man should not strive to behold the Eternal spirit with one's own eyes, but to feel Him with the heart, and to become a pure and worthy soul.

'Not only shall you not perform human offerings, but you must not slaughter animals, because all is given for the use of man. Do not steal the goods of others, because that would be usurpation from your near one. Do not cheat, that you may in turn not be wronged.

'Do not worship the sun—it is but a part of the universe.

'As long as the nations were without priests, they were ruled by the natural laws and preserved the purity of their souls.

'And I say: Beware, ye, who divert men from the true path and who fill the people with superstitions and prejudices, who blind the vision of the seeing ones, and who preach subservience to material things.'

Issa had reached his twenty-ninth year when he arrived in the land of Israel.

Both Christ's age and the spirit of his teaching seem to be in accord with the orthodox version. But whatever the historical truth about the journey of Jesus to India, we may appreciate Roerich's joy at these signs of man's spiritual unity. He pays tribute to Asia, the cradle of religions, in a magnificent series of canvases, "Banners of the East," among which are included Moses the Leader, Buddha the Conqueror, Confucius the Just, Lao Tze, Mahomet, Christ, Sergius the Builder (of medieval Russia), and other eastern teachers. Roerich's notes, jotted down on the Himalayan heights, aside from the valuable observations on Tibetan life and lore which they contain, are permeated with a breadth and nobility of sentiment paralleled only by the Hebrew prophets.

As an artist, Roerich has been the despair of those who are wont to classify painters by schools and movements. Though alert and sensitive to new currents in art, he has always remained outside of definitive groups. Practically every movement, from Impressionism to Expressionism, has found an echo in Roerich, but this does not mean that he is eclectic. Rather may it be said that he is synthetic, for he combines in a subtle way the modes and methods of all ages and climes, from the cave-dweller's bison to the geometrical abstractions of our own day. The deep religi-

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osity which saturates all his work has naturally drawn him to those who regarded their art with reverence, as a sacred performance—whether they were the Byzantines or the early Chinese or the Novgorod iconographers or Gaugin. The kinship with other great world artists which one detects in Roerich's canvases is a case of deep calling unto deep, without involving in the slightest degree the question of originality. But while he may suggest to one's memory now the Chinese masters, now the great Primitives, now the intricate Persians, now the archaic Greeks, and so forth, he stands unique and unmistakable as a wizard of color and composition. His achievements in volume, in silhouette, in color gamuts, in totality of effect, are astounding to the layman and bewildering to the professional. "How does he do it?" is the somewhat vexed question which you frequently hear from painters facing some Roerich tempera (his favorite medium). There is something defying words and analysis in those Himalayan canvases, with their monumental "sanctuaries and citadels," their unheard of lapis lazulis and liquid yellows, their infinite heights and unfathomable depths, their exotic symbolism and withal bewitching simplicity. How does he do it? Ask Roerich, and he will refer you to his flaming faith.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

Four Novelists of the old Régime. By JOHN GARBER PALACHE. New York, the Viking Press.

This book, which deals at large with the lives and works of Crébillon fils, Laclos, Restif de la Bretonne, also includes a critical study of Diderot's fiction. The latter does not seem to be the more original part of M. Palache's contribution to literary history. No doubt many interesting views are expressed in the two chapters which he has devoted to Diderot; all the author's novels, *Le Neveu de Rameau*, *Jacques le Fataliste*, *La Religieuse*, even the "unspeakable" *Bijoux indiscrets* are clearly summed up and intelligently criticized. Yet, on the whole, these forty odd pages add but little to the information contained in the excellent book of John Morley, *Diderot and the Encyclopaedists*, or in G. Saintsbury's *History of the French Novel.*

The real interest of M. Palache's book lies in the presentation of the three other writers, who have been but briefly mentioned by the majority of British and American critics on account of their licentiousness. Without trying to conceal or minimize the

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immorality which too often prevails in their works, M. Palache rightly maintains that these authors are not devoid of literary and historical value, because "they give an insight into some aspects of the life of the eighteenth century which are not so clearly brought out in the writings of their more illustrious contemporaries."

The biographical chapters are excellent. The writer is acquainted with the latest French publications on the subject and he often derives complementary information from divers memoirs, letters, and periodicals of the time. Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* and Grimm's *Correspondance* have been diligently used and have contributed many an interesting detail or significant anecdote.

The dissolute youth of Crébillon fils, his participation in the gay meetings of the Caveau club, his exile after the publication of the *Sofa*, his multifarious love affairs, are exposed in a brilliant narrative which gives a vivid picture of the social surroundings as well as of the hero himself. In his examination of Crébillon's novels, M. Palache justly blames the immoral tone and an excess of superfluous details as the chief faults of *Le Sofa* and *Les egarements du coeur et de l'esprit*. On the other hand, in the two dialogue stories, *La nuit et le moment*, and *Le hasard de coin de feu*, the author appears at his best. Their alert brevity, and abundance of sparkling wit and brilliant repartee make them thoroughly enjoyable even to a modern reader. One may also remember that in his one-act play *Le Caprice* Alfred de Musset has been influenced by *Le hasard du coin de feu*. Is it not much to Crébillon's credit that his story can bear comparison with one of the most exquisite gems among the *Comédies et Proverbes?*

A long chapter is devoted to the adventurous career of Choderlos de Laclos who, after having served for twenty years as an artillery officer, became a political agent of the Duke of Orleans at the time of the Revolution, took part in complicated and unsuccessful intrigues, came near being guillotined but eventually escaped, and later became a general in Napoleon's army. His famous novel *Les liaisons dangereuses* was published while he was keeping garrison in Grenoble in 1782. The book met with great success among the contemporaries but it has often been severely judged by modern critics. M. Palache rightly protests against the "slating" of the novel by G. Saintsbury, who strangely misjudges Laclos' character as well as the value of his work. For one who has read the memoirs of Richelieu and Tilly, two famous

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libertines of that period, it is evident that Valmont, the principal character of *Les Liaisons*, who appears as an elegant and unscrupulous seducer, is by no means the product of the author's own imagination, but the realistic portrayal of a type for whom models were not lacking in the highest society circles. Indeed, as M. Palache justly remarks, Laclos might have said of his novel as Rousseau said of the *Nouvelle Héloise:* "I have observed the customs of my time and I published these letters." Laclos' correspondence shows that he was a faithful husband, a devoted brother, and an amiable companion. He no more resembles Valmont than Molière does Harpagon or Tartuffe. Moreover, the alertness and pungency of his style were especially laudable at a time when most novels were overloaded with diffuse pathos and cumbersome digressions by unintelligent imitators of Rousseau. Whatever one may think of the moral value of the characters, *Les liaisons dangereuses* is a masterpiece of analysis which makes a transition between Marivaux and Stendhal.

By making a critical use of the novelist's autobiography, *Monsieur Nicolas*, M. Palache retells the strange story of Restif, born and brought up on a farm, afterward a printer's devil, and finally an author who published about 250 volumes, some of them directly printed by himself, without having ever existed in manuscript. Restif appears as a typical illustration of some of Dr. Freud's theories in psychoanalysis: a kind-hearted, clever, and observant fellow, whose life was utterly spoiled by a queer erotomania, for which he does not seem to be entirely responsible. There is something pathetic at times in the conflict between the two opposite tendencies of his nature, but the chief interest of his confessions lies in the realistic picture of the common people with whom he has associated and whom he has faithfully and vividly portrayed in his memoirs. By his description of rural life and his picture of a great many types of Parisian artisans of the time, Restif has his place in the general evolution of the eighteenth century French novel toward realism.

This last point is not sufficiently brought out by M. Palache whose book ends rather abruptly on the quotation of the lines written on Restif's tomb. It might have been better to give as a conclusion the remarks expressed in the introductory chapter where M. Palache tries to assign each of the four novelists his proper place in the evolution of the *genre*. The absence of an alphabetical index is also to be regretted in a book where much

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information has been gathered about a little explored subject. But those are minor details, and on the whole M. Palache's book is a valuable contribution to the history of the French novel in the eighteenth century. G. D. BONNO.

The Life of William Godwin. By FORD K. BROWN. London, J. M. Dent; New York, E. P. Dutton. 1926. xvi+387 pp.

There is no more striking illustration of the conflict between the older rationalism and the romanticism of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries than the life and personality of William Godwin. Godwin inherited and cherished a humorless enthusiasm for "Reason"; and yet he was one of the chief advocates in his time of the claims of the romantic individual spirit against the trammels of the very political institutions and social uses which had generally been regarded as Reason's most characteristic works. Never was there a man more devoted to both the old bottles of the rationalistic method, and the new wine of the romantic human heart. Godwin saw and denounced the crippling effects of existing institutions upon the lives of men, but he had a perfect confidence in the capacity of "Disinterested Reason" to construct schemes of moral and political activity and personal relations, within which individuals could (and would) be happy and free.

Like so many other social philsophers, Godwin loved humanity in the abstract, but not actual men and women. With the exception of Mary Wollstonecraft, there appears to have been no one whom he had the generosity to love or the sympathy to understand. He was too self-centered and conceited ever to take the trouble to know his friends, except as their opinions touched his personal interests or might affect the reputation of his works. Consequently he never learned from them, as he might have, how largely living is a matter of habits, urges, and affections inherently alien to Reason, as he and his fellow "abstractionists" understood and practiced Reason. It is not necessary to explain to the student of Godwin's life the tragic and ludicrous confusions to which the union of romanticism and such rationalism must lead. He will have seen them concretely in the "philosopher's" unhappy career. Godwin advocated freer views on love and property, and a Platonic disdain of reputation that rested on any opinion but that of the enlightened minority. He ended by persecuting his daughter and Shelley until they were free to undergo the "magical

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ceremony" of marriage; by leaving Fanny Imlay's corpse unclaimed at Swansea for his reputation's sake; by refusing to acknowledge a play while its success was doubtful; by regarding most of his friends in the light of their probable capacity and willingness to "lend" him money.

Mr. Brown has written a biography which is never a caricature, but which sets in clear relief the irony of Godwin's life in relation to the doctrines set forth in *Political Justice*. He makes full use of the letters and diaries of Godwin and his friends, letting us see the man in a score of contemporary perspectives. The selection and use of quotations is so skilful, however, that the impression is always that of the development of a unified character. The philosopher's temper and tastes are not separately described, but offered us in their living concreteness in the talk, the business ventures, the literary productions, and the friendships of his life. Even in his substantial interpretations of *Political Justice*, *Inquirer*, and *Of Population*, Mr. Brown never loses the thinker in his thoughts.

Nothing in the book is finer than the treatment of Mary Wollstonecraft and her relation with Godwin. The letters of the two, and the events directly following Mary Wollstonecraft's death, are presented with the very minimum of interpretation by the biographer. But we are made to feel that it was in seeing so clearly his wife's rare beauty and intelligence, and in loving her as he did, that Godwin came nearest to freeing himself from the indecent vanity which marred and narrowed his life. Under her influence he began to see and like at least a few persons, as persons, and not merely as terms fitting in more or less with his moral and political schemes. With the continuance of Mary Wollstonecraft's intimate friendship, Godwin might have achieved the generosity and humor without which even intellectual genius and learning are hollow and incomplete. But Mary Wollstonecraft died in the first year of their union, and after that nothing went well. Two courtships, even in their failure, nourished his conceit. Although he had "advanced with much care" a "logical and complete" case in favor of his suit for the hand of Mrs. Reveley, that lady preferred an alliance in which the relative inferiority of her intellect might be less conspicuous. Two more courtships followed, with much unavailing logic. Then one day, from a neighboring window, the lady who was to become the second Mrs. Godwin accosted him with "Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?"

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Buxom, energetic, a good cook, Mrs. Clairmont took Godwin's affairs in hand. But her inquisitiveness and jealousy and ambition were ill-suited to balance or control Godwin's obvious weaknesses. From their marriage there began in earnest the long series of extravagances and business reverses that led to those notorious financial "arrangements" by which Godwin succeeded in ruining most of his friendships, and in exhibiting many of the vices and much of the meanness he had exposed in *Political Justice*. Mr. Brown differs from other historians in being careful not to make this part of the story clearer and more direct than the facts warrant. Godwin wrestled with genuine scruples over his first "borrowings" from Shelley. Shelley's and Godwin's letters are allowed to tell the story of the poet's early enthusiastic admiration for the author of *Political Justice*, and the further story of the respect Shelley bore to the end for what had been great in him. The letters are a moving revelation of "the contagion that the world's slow stain had worked in Godwin," and was to continue to work nearly to the end of his many days.

Mr. Brown deals with Godwin's famous contemporaries—Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb—as he deals with Godwin himself. Their opinions and their doings are allowed to speak for themselves, but always as they enter into intimate and unforced relation to Godwin's world and life. It is a considerable achievement to have used such an abundance of materials to such a unified effect. The Godwin-Wollstonecraft-Clairmont children are portrayed in that incredible mixture of brightness and pedantry, of generosity and vanity, which only their eccentric nurture could have produced. Even if all else were forgotten, the book would still be delightful for the incidental glimpses of the proud Mrs. Inchbald; of Mrs. Hannah More at seventy stepping into the breach with "a third series of tracts and pamphlets" in defense of "home delights" and "the inestimable value of our *free* government"; of Percy Florence Shelley, being sent to Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, to learn "to think like other people"; of Mary Jane Clairmont, satirized by Peacock in 1818, living to be satirized again by Henry James. Even the index shows that Mr. Brown has not lived in the eighteenth century in vain. Under the head of "Godwin, William" the index itself is as informing and much more readable than the "lives" generally to be found in histories and encyclopedias.

W. R. DENNES.

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The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Doctor John Faustus, 1592, together with The Second Report of Faustus, Containing His Appearances and the Deeds of Wagner, 1594. Modernized and edited by Wm. Rose. Broadway Translations. London, Geo. Routledge & Sons, Ltd. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.

The greatest legend which has sprung from German soil, and one of the world's greatest literary legends, is that concerning the life and death of Faust. Its compass and depth give it a unique superiority in legendary history, and constitute it a literary theme that will never die. What gave the Faust legend its great vogue was: (1) the many primitive myth elements leading back to gray antiquity, and (2) its theological-philosophical character, touching as it does upon the great questions of life that move us most keenly, and always will so move us.

With regard to (1), it may be pointed out that the fundamental idea at the base of the Faust legend is the pact with the devil. And that, in the last analysis, is man's fall into sin, by his turning from God to the Father of Evil. This basal idea is of course as old as mankind itself. As to (2), the Faust book raises questions such as the divine order of the universe, the personification of evil, freedom of the will, and immortality of the soul. Faust discusses with Mephistopheles the creation of the world and its end, the structure of the heavens, the movement of the constellations, the existence and nature of hell. Although, naturally enough, no light is shed on these matters, the mere fact that the questions are cast up interests and stimulates. These elements of the legend have always been and will continue to be particularly welcome to the poets, inasmuch as they are susceptible of further development and deepened meaning.

There are strange facts in the history of the Faust legend. Perhaps the strangest of these is that there was at the source of it an actual person, concerning whose life in the first half of the sixteenth century considerable is known. It is a further strange fact that the man Faust should so soon have become a myth. Even during his lifetime the legend seems to have started; for even then there gathered about his name a nucleus of anecdotes, colorful and imaginative, which circulated among all classes of people. Historical facts became blurred immediately after his death, and scarcely fifty years had elapsed until in 1587 the first Faust book was published. Rose properly finds the explanation of this astoundingly rapid transformation from man to myth in the ferment and unrest of an age, standing between the medieval and

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the modern, when old conceptions were falling, and new worlds, both material and intellectual, were being discovered. Literature was no longer a diversion for the upper classes, and the dreams and traditions of the people were finding their way into print. Dr. Faust, like Till Owlglass and the Wandering Jew, is a type in which has been concentrated the lore and myth of centuries. In such representative figures the people focussed their longings and their aversions, their hopes and their fears, and none of the wizards of popular superstition was more familiar to them than the man who had loudly put forth his pretensions in all the market-places of Germany.

A further remarkable fact in connection with the Faust book is the speed with which it was translated into English. The German *editio princeps* was published in 1587. The English translation of 1592 was evidently preceded by an earlier edition which is lost. The Faust drama by Christopher Marlowe, which is thought to have been based on the English Faust book, was on the stage as early as 1589. The German Wagner book appeared in 1593; the English Wagner book was licensed for printing about six months later, and is dated 1594.

Dr. Rose, by his new edition of the English Faust and Wagner books of 1592 and 1594, with its modernized spelling, has made important literary material more easily accessible to the English reader. He does not make syntactical changes, and thus the reader gets all the stylistic flavor of the antiquated originals. A serviceable feature of Dr. Rose's edition is his introduction, in which he gives a concise, up-to-date historical account of the Faust legend. It may easily be observed that, although the unknown German author wrote his Faust book with the declared intention of warning and frightening all readers from similar conduct, he nevertheless shows a naïve joy in the incidents he narrates. The reader may easily become so lost in the maze of bizarre anecdotes as to lose sight of the essence of the legend. It is not earthly goods, enjoyments, or power that are Faust's downfall. These are secondary. It is his striving for the highest knowledge, his longing to solve the most secret problems of nature and of life. Faust is not only a theologian, he is a scholar, scientist, and thinker. At the time when the Faust legend took form, the study of the natural sciences awakened a belief in a league with the devil—a belief which still lives in Dayton, Tennessee—and other places. This Promethean struggle for knowledge, which stands out

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more prominently in the dramatic form into which the saga was cast, is what gives the legend its profound human significance.

CLAIR HAYDEN BELL.

Napoleon. By EMIL LUDWIG. Ernst Rowohlt Verlag, Berlin, 1925. 695 pp.

Colleagues frequently inquire: "What among the books that have recently appeared in German is especially worth reading?" In reply to that question I would recommend Ludwig's *Napoleon* as perhaps the most brilliantly written and fascinating book I have read for several years.

Ludwig's most prominent characteristics as an author are dramatic ability and a gift for psychological analysis and interpretation, associated with a thorough grounding in history. A glance at the list of his works already published shows his considerable experience in the field in which he is here engaged. Among his dramas we note his *Bismarck: Trilogy of a Warrior* (1923), and an earlier drama, *Napoleon*. Besides a number of novels, there are works on Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Wagner, Richard Dehmel, a psychological interpretation of Bismarck, and two works on Goethe, of which the popular one-volume work has reached its tenth, and the three-volume Goethe, its fifteenth edition. There is, further, his *Genius and Character: Portraits of Twenty Men* (1924), already in its twenty-fourth edition. Among these twenty character-portraits is one of Woodrow Wilson.

It is difficult to classify Ludwig's *Napoleon*. It does not fall into any of our common categories of literature. It is neither history nor biography in the ordinary sense. Nor, as Ludwig himself specifically declares, may it be called an historical novel, fusing elements of fact and fancy. It is history moulded into art. The outer form of the book, as well as the style, is attractive. It is strikingly illustrated by twenty-one portraits of Napoleon, from the time of his boyhood to his death-mask—eloquent likenesses which themselves tell the story of the Occident's most dramatic career. The volume is divided into five books: I, The Island; II, The Torrent; III, The Stream; IV, The Sea; V, The Rock. The beginning of each of these books is embellished with a pregnant quotation from the greatest spirit contemporary to Napoleon: Goethe.

Ludwig's style is distinctly modern. His subdivisions are short: a cross between the paragraph and the old chapter. We begin with live action: "In bivouac a young woman is sitting;

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wrapped in blankets, she is nursing her child. In the distance she hears a roar and a rumble. Are they shooting after sundown?" This young woman is Napoleon's mother, Laetitia; the setting, Corsica's struggle for freedom against France. From these initial lines the interest is held spellbound. Not the course of battles in minute detail, nor wearisome accounts of coalitions or opposing alliances are presented to us, but the inner man Napoleon: we see into the furnace of his breast, and follow the great chain of his emotions that constitute his history. He speaks to us in his own words. The author boasts that no sentence spoken by his characters in the book is invented except the monologues, that no date and no document is bent or retouched. "Whoever wishes to portray so overcrowded a life as Napoleon's," the author explains, "must follow him in his own tempo." This Ludwig does. We come here upon another unique trait in his technique. The narrative is told essentially in the present tense. This accentuates the dramatic, vivid quality of the style. The tremendous nature of his subject sustains him, whereas with a more commonplace theme the same style might seem overwrought, violent, bombastic, and tiring.

A further characteristic of Ludwig's style is fondness of short, crisp sentences; as: "What is Paris saying?" "Weeks of waiting: what will Paris say?" "He challenged the gods: now they are here!" Or again, when Napoleon, escaping from the Russian *débâcle* in a sleigh, assumes his secretary's name for safety's sake: "That is his fifth name. His fourth was Napoleon." "Among men Napoleon was brought to his fall by Talleyrand; among demons only by his own hand." Of the limping Talleyrand in the Emperor's wake: "The limper still follows the strider." Sometimes these sentences are suggestive of the *pointe* of French style. Closely allied is Ludwig's fondness for paradox and epigram, as: "He who a year ago had been leader of the Corsican volunteers against the artillery of the government is now named by the government commander of the artillery against the Corsican volunteers." Or: "As once Bonaparte battled the ruling princes in the name of freedom, and the peoples arose, so now in the name of freedom the people arise to defeat him, the ruling prince." Again, at a masked ball, where everyone recognizes a green domino as Napoleon: "They know him; for although no one thoroughly knew the unmasked Napoleon, Napoleon masked was always recognized."

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One lays aside Ludwig's book with a temporary delusion that one has experienced as a contemporary the stirring events that it relates. CLAIR HAYDEN BELL.

An Economic History of Russia. By JAMES MAVOR. Edition 2; two volumes. New York, P. E. Dutton and Company, 1925.

The second edition of the late Professor Mavor's *Economic History of Russia* does not differ in any important particular from the first one. A few additional paragraphs in the General Introduction of volume 1, one short paragraph appended to the Epilogue, and the correction of a small number of footnotes is all that the most diligent reader will find in the "revised and enlarged" edition.

It is true that there were not many additions or important changes necessary in the first volume containing: a scholarly sketch of the early economic and political development of Russia up to the middle of the eighteenth century; interesting successive chapters on the peasant problem in all its bearings; valuable appendices on the orography, hydrography, and climatography of the country, and an ethnographical sketch of the Russian people, with statistics of the peasant population. The chapters devoted in this volume to the rise and fall of bondage right, to industrial enterprises, and to the factory system before the Act of Emancipation are as full as they can well be.

The reader will be somewhat disappointed that no additions have been made to the second volume, *Industry and Revolution*, which is really a concise history of the revolutionary movement in Russia up to 1907. A supplementary chapter on Russian Economic History since 1907 would have brought this important work down to date, and rendered it still more valuable.

Yet this new edition will be warmly welcomed by all students interested in the subject. The two stout volumes are packed with a vast mass of material relating not only to the economic history of Russia, but to her general and political history as well. It is possible, here and there, to disagree with Professor Mavor, particularly in his discussions of the phenomenon of violence in revolution (Introduction, vol. 2), and in his interpretation of the *Narodnaya Volya* and Social Democratic movements in Russia (chapters 7, 9, vol. 2). In general, however, his attitude toward the various Russian revolutionary groups is as impartial as his analysis of very complicated social problems in Russia is clear.

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The serious student will find in Professor Mavor's monumental work a rich mine of study, and will always need it as an indispensable guide to Russian economics. GEORGE Z. PATRICK.

Selected Russian Short Stories. Chosen and translated by A. E. CHAMOT. *The World's Classics*, Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York, 1925.

This is a judicious selection of good short stories, written by such masters as Pushkin, Gogol, Lermontov, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Garshin, Chekhov, Gorki, Andreyev, and Kuprin. The fifteen stories now offered to the English reading public in Mr. Chamot's translation are all remarkable for the subtle shades of the Russian character which they disclose. All the authors of these stories reveal a marvelous knowledge of the Russian heart and soul. Those who like the short story as a study of character, as an analysis of moods, or as an essay in synthetic psychology will find this selection interesting.

The translation is remarkably good. Mr. Chamot has already favored us with a wonderful translation of Prince Volkonski's *Reminiscences*, and we hope that he will favor us with many more translations of Russian literature, for he seems to possess a thorough knowledge of both the English and the Russian language.

GEORGE Z. PATRICK.

Pencillings. J. MIDDLETON MURRY. New York, Thomas Seltzer, 1925. $3.00.

Pencillings, by Mr. Murry, is made up of "Little Essays on Literature," disconnected on the surface, floating apparently haphazardly from Dickens to swallows, from Molière to the Society for Pure English. Beneath these Essays is a firm foundation. "All the little butterflies and burglars have gone to bed," Mr. Murry quotes a girl of four as saying, and of her ideas as thus revealed he remarks: "Even I could construct a whole universe on so firm a foundation." A whole universe, Mr. Murry's universe, can be constructed on the firm foundation of these disconnected essays. It is a universe in which beauty is truth and truth is beauty, and the ways by which men reveal them one to another are more important than food and clothing. In it English literature, with its roots deep in Greek literature and Latin literature, is real, as in another world "hunger and babies and the beauty of women and the changes of the sky" are real. In it,

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therefore, the phrases of Shakespeare, of Homer, of Horace, are known to all, shared by all. "Surpassing visage, like mobled queen, is good," Mr. Murry comments on a quotation from a novel by Disraeli, a novel which he finds more amusing than interesting, except as showing "what a man may do and yet become Prime Minister of England."

In the landscape of Mr. Murry's universe, perspective is steadily maintained; perspective based on critical principles which give "permanence in change, security in unrest,—'this ever-more unrest,' as Shakespeare called it,—eternity in mortality." This perspective is of artistic quality, distorted neither by nearness nor remoteness in time, and attempts to hold Molière and Bernard Shaw, Congreve and James Joyce, Dr. Johnson and Mr. W. W. Jacobs, at a stature fixed by their work, not by their period.

Pencillings, though it is a slight book, made comfortably solid only by heavy paper and large type, yet has within it a mental universe, self-contained, humane, austere, light-hearted, and altogether restful.

HAROLD BRUCE.

Amerikanische Lyrik. Uebersetzt von TONI HARTEN-HOENCKE; eingeleitet von FR. SCHÖNEMANN. *Kunstwart-Bücherei*, vol. 33. München, 1925.

The editor of this little volume was an instructor at Harvard University during the world war and has since lectured on American life, literature, and institutions at the University at Münster in Westphalia. He is the author of an unflattering but eagerly accepted book on the art of manufacturing public opinion in America, and of some scholarly and sound essays on American literature, notably on Mark Twain. The translator is the author of many original poems. She is a native of Schleswig-Holstein, and in general a belated member of the Theodor Storm school of poetry, a poetry of retrospection and mild disappointment, of domestic joys and sorrows, and of gentle landscapes. She is also the wife of the editor.

The object of the book is evidently to present a fairly accurate picture of the development and present state of American verse. Introduction and collection together serve this purpose rather well, though to be sure each often goes its own way with a happy disregard for the other. About one-fifth of the introduction is devoted to Bryant, Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Emerson, while these same poets are represented by the established quota of only one or two short poems in translation.

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Of course their work had already become fairly well known through earlier renderings, some of them better than the ones here offered. On the whole, it might have been better to call the work *Amerikanische Lyrik seit Whitman*, giving additional poems for the period thus defined but letting the historical introduction stand as it is.

The introduction constitutes an objective and fair appraisement of our national lyric poetry together with a sincere and well directed attempt to gain for it new friends in Germany. There is an adroitly apologetic word even for the poetry of the commonplace and of the gladness cult. The editor is explicit also as to the guiding principle of selection. Such an anthology, he says, should contain on the one hand whatever the Americans themselves regard as important and beautiful, and on the other what the Germans would regard as the best and most valuable.

This accounts to be sure for the inclusion of Whitman's *O Captain! my Captain!* But why then should Bryant be represented by *America* and *Hymn to the City*, Longfellow only by *The Arrow and the Song* and *The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls*, and Lowell by *Without and Within*. Since space was obviously scant many Americans may wonder at the inclusion of Julia Dorr, Helen Fiske Jackson, Hannah Parker Kimball, H. G. Scheffauer, William Stanley Brathwaite, Alice Corbin, Carolyn Mary Davies, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, E. Knowles, and Leonore Speyer, who pass almost unnoticed in the preface. If in defense of other inclusions the translators should aver that old favorites must be considered and the stock of books on the farmhouse shelf represented, one would wonder still more at the omission of Mrs. Hemans and Alice and Phoebe Cary. And when space was at such a premium why should the Untermeyer family fare so well with two from the pen of Louis and one from the pen of Jean Starr? Ezra Pound is included but hardly represented, for the *Dachkammer* contains not a single learned allusion. The omission of T. S. Eliot might be explained but why is Edna St. Vincent Millay there to the exclusion of H. D., while from no point of view is it clear how William Ellery Leonard came to be disposed of by a single reference in the preface.

A partial explanation of some of these contradictions may be found in the preferences of the translator. In general it may be noted that poetesses fare rather better than poets at her hands and where the unexpected poet is included it seems to be the feminine touch that has commended him, as in the case of the three poems by Henry van Dyke; or, to put it otherwise, American

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poetry does not belong to the Theodor Storm school so much as one might conclude from this collection.

As to the translations, they read pleasantly and seem unforced. There is therefore no challenge to compare them with the originals. The Germans think their language one of the most suitable for the reception of foreign literature by way of translation; yet somehow in renderings from the English an obnoxious extra syllable seems bound to obtrude itself and this is particularly distressing in the case of old favorites. A few lines and titles may serve as illustrations: "O Dakota-Land, süsses Dakota-Land." "Vierzig Fahnen hat in der Stadt man gesehen" (*Barbara Fritchie;* an extra foot in this line). "Und tötete meine Annabel Lee." "O Kapitän, meine Kapitän, die schreckliche Fahrt ist zu Ende." "Hinter ihm lagen die grauen Azoren," "Der Mann mit der Hacke." "Ich hab' ein Rendezvous mit dem Tod."

Perhaps these lines seem at fault only to the American, and the German reader, for whom they are intended, may feel no rhythmical disappointment. Substitution of rhythms in the case of the modern free verses is less serious than with the old favorites; perhaps, however, their authors would not agree with this.

The collaborators have done a genuine service to American poets in this work, and despite its inadequacy we might well wish that there existed some little anthology of German verse in English translation that performed its function even approximately as well as this one does.

L. M. PRICE.

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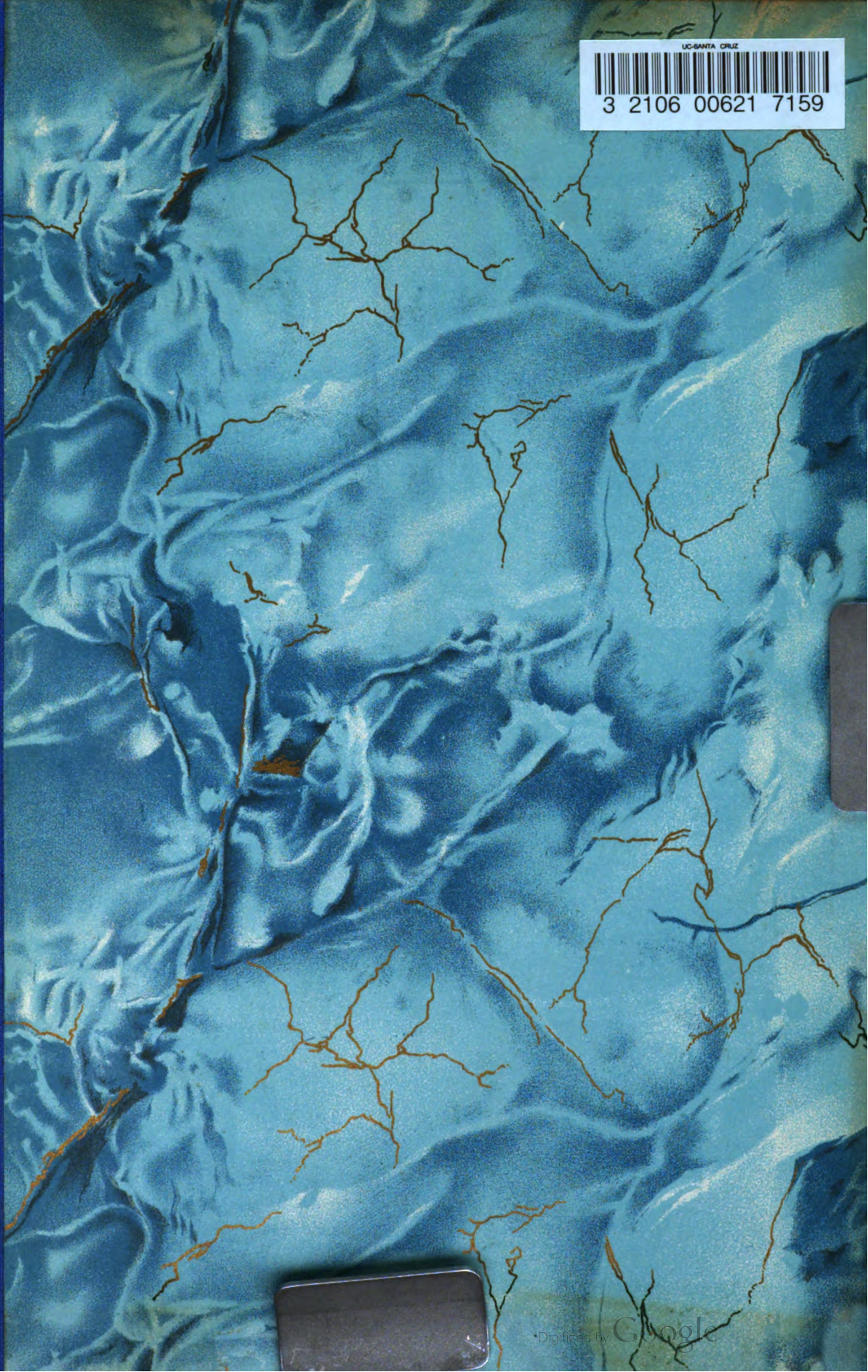
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